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THE

COURT AND CAMP

OF

BONAPARTE.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A COMPILATION, bearing the title of "The Court and Camp of Bonaparte," was drawn up some time ago by way of appendage to the *History of Napoleon*, which forms the fourth and fifth numbers of THE FAMILY LIBRARY. A new edition being called for, considerable pains have been taken to produce a more suitable companion for a work of which more than thirty thousand copies have been sold in the space of twenty months.

Of the several kinds of narrative writing, biography is allowed to be that which is most eagerly read, and most easily applied to the purposes of life; but the utility of publications of this description must, in a great measure, depend on the degree of confidence felt by the reader, that due caution has been taken to collect the materials from the most authentic sources.

To an editor desirous of discharging his duty, the attainment of this necessary end must, in most instances, be no easy task; but the difficulties with which it is attended, in the case of a work professing to give characteristic sketches of the individuals who composed the Court and Camp of Bonaparte, can only be appreciated by those who have had occasion to go over the many hundred volumes, in the shape of Memoirs, Lives, Narratives, Anecdotes, &c., connected with the career of that extraordinary personage, with which the press of France

has, for fifteen years past, been teeming. In this instance, "increase of appetite" may indeed be said to have "grown by what it fed on." The productions of Las Cases, Montholon, Gourgaud, Rapp, Savary, Fouché, Thibaudeau, Fleury de Chaboulon, and others, have but served to whet the public thirst; and, that the supply may keep pace with the demand, at Paris an establishment for the manufactory of *Mémoires Contemporains* has been set on foot, where every one who happens, in any capacity, to have been employed in the service of the deceased emperor, may find a ready mart for his recollections; and if, as in recent instances, the *contemporain* has been more accustomed to wield the brush or the razor than the pen, the Libraire-Editeur kindly steps in to supply his deficiencies. The latest issues from the establishment are, *Revelations touching the Imperial Court*, by a Page; and *Memoirs of Napoleon, his Family, and Court*, by his Valet-de-chambre, Constant. To render the imposture complete, nothing was wanted but the *Autobiography of Mustapha Roustan, the Mameluke, who for many years slept across the door of Napoleon's apartment;* and that may shortly be looked for. It was in ridicule of the pruriency for trash of this description, so derogatory to the dignity of history, and so calculated to perpetuate falsehood, that Prince de Talleyrand, on being asked if he intended shortly to publish his Memoirs, replied, "I have not made up my mind on that point; I only know that my cook's *Reminiscences* are in the press."

With respect to the Memoirs of Napoleon's private secretary, M. de Bourrienne, the loud panegy-

rics with which their opening chapters were ushered into the world have not, most certainly, been justified by the main body of the book. The public were told, that having been six-and-twenty years about the person of his hero, this author would narrate "nothing but what had taken place under his own eye," and that his "moral qualifications," taken along with his opportunities, entitled him to claim rank as not only the best, but the only faithful portrayer of the private life and political principles of his deceased master. He was held up as having been towards Napoleon what Boswell was with regard to Dr. Johnson; and we were assured that his work would rank, in point of fidelity and integrity of intention, with one of the most fascinating as well as trustworthy pieces of biography in this or in any language. A few facts, drawn from the Memoirs themselves, will enable the reader to judge of the accuracy of these representations.

Bourrienne was appointed private secretary to Bonaparte in April, 1796, and retained the situation till October, 1802; "when," says Savary, "he was dismissed for peculation, the First Consul abhorring nothing so much as illegal means of acquiring gold." For nearly three years he lived in obscurity; but in May, 1805, at the intercession of Josephine, he was appointed French minister at Hamburgh, and an agent of Fouché's police. He remained there till December, 1809, when he was suddenly dismissed; and, on his return to Paris, the emperor refused him an audience. Upon Napoleon's overthrow, in March, 1814, he instantly went over to the Bourbons, was made postmaster-general, and thanked, he says, by Louis XVIII., "for the ser-

vices he had rendered him at Hamburgh;" that is, while he was the agent of Bonaparte. He held his new office only three weeks. On going one morning to the Tuileries, to present his portfolio, it was unceremoniously taken from him, and access to the sovereign denied him. "Not an intimation!" he exclaims; "not a single line! no decree! no ordinance!" However, in March, 1815, on the escape of the ex-emperor from Elba, the king, thinking fit to restore the odious ministry of police, Bourrienne, "for his services to the royal cause," was placed at the head of it. On the very day that Louis appointed him to the office, Bonaparte, at Lyons, denounced him as a traitor.

It thus appears, from his own showing, that, in stead of being "for six-and-twenty years about the person of his hero," Bourrienne, during a part of the Consulship and the whole of the Empire, was not even permitted to approach him, and resided, for a great portion of that period, at the distance of a hundred leagues from Paris. Instead of narrating "nothing but what took place under his own eye," *all* his revelations, from 1803 to 1815, as far as Napoleon is concerned, are at second-hand. It would be easy to trace the sources whence he has borrowed, without the slightest acknowledgment, his statement of every leading event. Thus, the long account of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire is taken from certain valuable historical notes, supplied to Sir Walter Scott, which appear in the Appendix of that illustrious writer's Life of Bonaparte:—his narrative of the conspiracy of Georges, Moreau, and Pichegru is from Fauche Borel and Las Cases;—and the conversations

which he pretends to have held with Rapp are all copied from that veteran's own Memoirs. Of the same stamp are his "long and interesting interviews" with Bernadotte at Hamburgh. The friends of the King of Sweden have notified, in the French papers, that the alleged interviews never took place; and a second reference to Sir Walter Scott's work will show, that the details of the circumstances which led to Bernadotte's appointment to the throne of Sweden are all filched from the "Reflections on the Conduct of Napoleon towards the Prince Royal of Sweden," drawn up for, and first published in, its pages.

It was not to be expected that the private secretary would be long left by the friends and relatives of Bonaparte to tell his own story uncontradicted. Accordingly, in France, Generals Belliard and Gourgaud, Baron Meneval, Count d'Aure, Baron Massias, the present Prince of Eckmühl, the Duke de Cambacérès, Baron de Stein, and Count Boulai de la Meurthe, have stepped forward to expose the fallacy of many of Bourrienne's statements, and to deny that his "moral qualifications" render him the only faithful portrayer of the private life and political principles of his deceased master. Count Boulai de la Meurthe states it to be the opinion among well-informed persons at Paris, that Bourrienne did not prepare the Memoirs for the press, but only supplied certain documents, notes, and recollections; and he adds, that the name of the real editor is no secret. "I have gone over the work," says this ex-minister of state, "with a disgust which I cannot find words to express. Not that its contents have surprised me—I expected as

much from the extravagant way in which it was puffed on its first announcement; but what really does astonish me is, that this Bourrienne, who has so many grave reasons for keeping himself in the background, should have dared to stand forth before the public as the reviler of Napoleon and his whole family. From many causes, he is the last man on earth to be credited in matters relating to them—a more disgraceful instrument could not have been employed. Where is the reader who will not shrug up his shoulders at seeing the discarded secretary affecting, in every page, the man of importance, and, what is still worse, setting up for a moralist? He shelters himself under the mask of impartiality, by here and there bedaubing Napoleon with panegyric; but who does not at once see, that this is only thrown in to give greater effect to his detestable calumnies?"

Joseph Bonaparte, too, ever active in vindicating the object of Bourrienne's detraction, has, from his retreat on the banks of the Delaware, just sent into the world a collection of Notes, exposing many of the secretary's ungenerous and malignant misrepresentations. The cause of his restless hostility to Joseph is to be found in the ex-king's having denounced to the First Consul a scheme of the confidential secretary to take advantage of his superior means of information for speculating in the funds, which led to his being discharged, and succeeded by Baron Meneval, at that time Joseph's private secretary. The following is the Count de Survillier's account of the transaction :—

"Arriving one day from the country, Joseph was waiting for the First Consul in his cabinet, where

Bourrienne was sitting, surrounded by papers which required Napoleon's signature. After alluding to the great confidence placed in him by the consul, Bourrienne so far forgot himself as to make overtures to Joseph, which astonished as much as they distressed him. Joseph did not conceal what had occurred from his brother; who also, after breakfast, told Josephine of it. "If Bourrienne," said he to her, "indulges in such insinuations with Joseph, who is almost a stranger to him, what must be the case with you whom he sees every day?" Josephine replied, "Who does not know Bourrienne? It is only the First Consul who will not know him." Being from that moment narrowly watched, Bourrienne was soon *known* to the First Consul, who was contented with dismissing from his service, instead of destroying, as he might have done, a man with whom he had been long connected."

Joseph makes no scruple to assert that certain documents which Bourrienne boasts of having in his possession—such as the narrative of the revolution of the 13th Vendémiaire, and the originals of the negotiations between Louis XVIII. and Bonaparte—were purloined from Napoleon's cabinet by the man to whose charge they were confided. "Is M. de Bourrienne," he exclaims, "so blind as not to see, that this avowal of his breach of trust must astonish his readers? What a state would society be in, if people were suffered to boast that they possessed articles intrusted to their keeping! Can these autographs be the legitimate property of the private secretary? and if not, what are they but stolen goods?"

It has excited surprise that the schoolfellow at Brienne, the friend of early youth, the confidential secretary should, throughout his ten volumes, have laboured to render the dark shades of his hero's character still darker. Joseph Bonaparte's note on his attempt to implicate the First Consul in the death of Pichegru will be found at page 371. With regard to the affair of the Duke d'Enghien, though Bourrienne contributes nothing to the history of this tragical catastrophe, he makes no scruple of loading his benefactor with the entire atrocity of the project. The following important statement by Joseph Bonaparte reached the present editor too late to be incorporated in the outline of the life of the ex-king of Naples and Spain:—

"The idea of the death of the Duke d'Enghien never crossed the First Consul's mind, till he was astonished and confounded by the tidings communicated to him by Savary of his execution. The question was not whether he should be put to death, but whether he should be put on his trial. Joseph, Josephine, Cambacérès, Berthier, earnestly expostulated with the chief magistrate against it. Joseph, who was living at Morfontaine, and tran siently in town, on the 20th March, the day the Duke d'Enghien was taken a prisoner to Paris, spoke to his brother in his behalf, warmly urging the defence of the grandson of the Prince of Condé, who, he reminded his brother, had seven times crowned him for as many distinctions gained at the royal school: to which expostulation the First Consul's reply affords a curious proof of the state of his mind at the moment. His answer was given by declaiming the following passage from a speech

of Cæsar, in Corneille's tragedy of *La Mort de Pompée* :—

> Votre zèle est faux, si seul il redoutait
> Ce que le monde entier à pleins vœux souhaitait ;
> Et s'il vous a donné ces craintes trop subtiles,
> Qui m'ôtent tout le fruit de nos guerres civiles,
> Où l'honneur seul m'engage, et que pour terminer
> Je ne veux que celui de vaincre et pardonner ;
> Où mes plus dangereux et plus grands adversaires,
> Sitôt qu'ils sont vaincus, ne sont plus que mes frères ;
> Et mon ambition ne va qu'à les forcer,
> Ayant domté leur haine, à vivre et m'embrasser.
> Oh ! combien d'allegresse une si triste guerre
> Aurait-elle laissée dessus toute la terre,
> Si l'on voyait marcher dessus un même char,
> Vainqueurs de leur discorde, et Pompée et César."*

It has been often observed, that many highly important names do not appear in this compilation. We admit this, and hope ere long to supply the deficiency by another volume, under the title of "Further Sketches of the Court and Camp of Napoleon." There can be no doubt that the materials for such a volume are plentiful, and that if our sequel be deficient in interest, the fault will be entirely in the execution.

London, 1831.

* In contradiction of Bourrienne's assertion, that Bonaparte was totally insensible to the charms of elegant poetry, Joseph states, that his brother knew by heart, and often recited, the most brilliant passages in the tragedies of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire.

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THE

COURT AND CAMP

OF

BONAPARTE.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

The Bonapartes are of Tuscan origin. In the middle ages they figured as senators in the republics of Florence, Bologna, Sarzana, and Treviso, and as prelates attached to the court of Rome. They were allied to the Medici, Orsini, and Lomellini families. Some of them were engaged in the public affairs of their native states, while others employed themselves in literary pursuits at the period of the revival of learning in Italy. Picolo Bonaparte is the author of one of the earliest comedies of that age, entitled "The Widow." The original manuscript is in the Royal Library at Paris, and honourable mention is made of the writer in Mazzuchelli's Biography of the eminent men of Italy. It was a Bonaparte who instituted, at the university of Pisa, the class of jurisprudence which afterward became so distinguished. In the Royal Library at Paris there is also preserved "The History of the Sacking of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon, in 1527," of which Jacopo Bonaparte, an eyewitness of the event, is the author.

When Napoleon, as general-in-chief of the French army, entered Bologna in 1796, Counts Marascalchi, Caprara, and Aldini came, by order of the senate, to

lay before him their golden book, in which the names and arms of his family were inscribed. Again, after the battle of Arcola, the principal inhabitants of Treviso went out to meet and to present to him the acts and parchments which proved that his ancestors had once held the first rank in that city. Their armorial bearings, sculptured in stone, are still to be seen on several houses in Florence.

This family, like many others, suffered severely from the numerous revolutions which desolated the cities of Italy. Attached, during the civil war, to the party of the Ghibellines, they were of course persecuted by the Guelphs; and, being exiled from Tuscany, a cadet settled, first at Sarzana, and afterward at Ajaccio, in Corsica, where his successors were regularly enrolled among the noble natives of the island, and enjoyed all the privileges of gentle blood. But the family intercourse did not cease. His descendants continued to correspond with the branch settled at San Miniato, and confided to the care of these kinsmen those of their children whom they wished to be educated at Pisa.

At the period of Napoleon's first campaign in Italy, there was no one left of the Italian branches but the Abbate Filippe Bonaparte, canon of San Miniato. He was an old man of great respectability and considerable wealth. Napoleon, in his march to Leghorn, having a strong inclination to see this last shoot of the Tuscan branch of his family, stopped at San Miniato, and was entertained, with his whole staff, at the house of his relation. During supper, the conversation turned principally on a Capuchin, one Father Bonaventura, a member of the family who had been beatified a century before; and the abbate earnestly solicited the general-in-chief to procure his canonization, which had not taken place owing to the great expense it required. The next day, in return for the interest which the good old man took in the family, the general sent him a cross of the order

of St. Stephen, which he happened to have at his disposal. Dying shortly after, the abbate bequeathed his whole fortune to Napoleon, who presented it to one of the public charitable establishments in Tuscany.

Napoleon's great-grandfather had three sons,—Joseph, Napoleon, and Lucien. The first of these left only one son, whose name was Charles: the second left only a daughter, named Elizabeth, who was married to the head of the Ornano family: the third was a priest, and died in 1791, at the age of eighty. He was archdeacon of the Chapter of Ajaccio, one of the principal dignities of the island. It was his prudence and economy that re-established the affairs of the family, which had become greatly deranged during the war of Paoli. He was much revered, and enjoyed considerable authority in the district; the peasantry voluntarily submitting most of their disputes to his decision.

CHARLES BONAPARTE.

Charles Bonaparte, the father of Napoleon, received a regular education at Rome and Pisa; at the latter of which places he took his degree of doctor of laws. He is said to have possessed a remarkably handsome person, considerable talent for eloquence, and great vivacity of intellect. At the early age of nineteen he married Letitia Ramolini, a lady of a good family of the country, descended from that of Colalto of Naples.

At the breaking out of the war between France and Corsica in 1768, he was little more than twenty years of age. He was a stanch friend to Paoli, and a strenuous defender of the independence of his country. Deputed to the public assembly of Corsica, he

is said to have decided its resolutions by a speech remarkable for its energy. "Were it sufficient," he exclaimed, "to will liberty in order to become free, every nation in the world would be free; yet few have attained the enjoyment of the blessings of liberty, because few have possessed energy, courage, and virtue enough to deserve them." On the conquest of the island in June, 1769, he accompanied Paoli on his retirement as far as Porto Vecchio, and would even have embarked with the general, but for the influence of his uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien, and his attachment to his young wife.

The French government appointed provincial states in Corsica composed of three orders,—the nobility, clergy, and third estate. It also continued the magistracy of the twelve nobles, who, like the Burgundian deputies, governed the country. Charles Bonaparte, who had become very popular in the island, formed part of this magistracy, and was attached as assessor to the tribunal of Ajaccio. This was an intermediate step preparatory to his getting into the supreme council of the country. In 1777, the states elected him deputy to represent the nobles of Corsica at the court of Versailles. The clergy chose the Bishop of Nebbio, and the third estate a Casabianca.

Charles Bonaparte took with him on this occasion his two sons, Joseph and Napoleon; the one aged ten years, the other nine. He placed both in a public college at Autun, where Joseph, the eldest, completed his education; and from whence Napoleon, the youngest, was sent as an *elève* of the king to the military school at Brienne.

Charles Bonaparte died on the 24th of February, 1785, at the early age of thirty-eight, of a cancer in the stomach,—the same disease which was destined to prove fatal to his distinguished son. While at St. Helena, Napoleon gave the following details of the disorder of which his parent had died:—

"My father was going to Versailles as deputy of

the nobility of Corsica, and I accompanied him. We passed through Tuscany, where I saw Florence and the grand-duke, and arrived at Paris. We were recommended to the queen: my father met with a most flattering reception, and I entered Brienne. He was ill when he set off from Corsica, and change of air had not done him any good. He suffered, grew thin, and could not digest what he ate; and, finding no benefit to compensate for absence, he became desirous of seeing his family again. He started, and got as far as Montpellier; but suddenly the complaint took a serious turn. He consulted physicians and gorged himself with medicines, without deriving the least benefit from either. At last, he was advised to follow a certain diet, and to eat juicy pears. He ate a great quantity of them, took a great deal of exercise, and got well.

"Unfortunately, however, the principle of the disorder was not extirpated. This was but a reprieve: the disease had only halted, and it soon resumed its course with increased violence. My father had not been many months in Corsica before he found himself worse than before. The faculty had once saved his life, and he thought they might save it again. He therefore took Joseph with him, and set out for Montpellier. But his hour was come: all medicines proved unavailing. I was entirely ignorant of his situation, and was quietly pursuing my studies while he was struggling against the violence of a painful agony. He died, and I had not the consolation to close his eyes: this sad duty was reserved for Joseph, who acquitted himself of it with all the zeal of an affectionate son. A circumstance connected with this melancholy event struck me very forcibly. My father, who was far from being religiously inclined, and who had even composed some antireligious poetry, no sooner saw the grave half-opened than he became passionately fond of priests. He wished

for them,—called for them; there were not priests enough in Montpellier to satisfy him."

During the Consulate, the notables of Montpellier, through the medium of their countryman, Chaptal, minister of the interior, solicited the permission of the First Consul to erect a monument to the memory of his father. Napoleon thanked them for their kind intentions, but declined acceding to their solicitation. "Let us not disturb the repose of the dead," said he; "let their ashes remain in peace: had I lost my father yesterday, it would be proper and natural to pay his memory some mark of respect, consistent with my present situation; but it is nearly twenty years since the event, and it is one in which the public can take no concern."

Louis Bonaparte, however, at a subsequent period, without the knowledge of Napoleon, had his father's remains disinterred, and removed to St. Leu; where he erected a suitable monument to his memory.

LETITIA BONAPARTE.

(*Madame Mère.*)

Next to Napoleon, his venerable mother must, on many accounts, be considered the most important member of the Bonaparte family. Letitia Ramolini was born at Ajaccio, on the 24th of August, 1750. In the midst of civil discord, skirmishes, and fights, she was married to Charles Bonaparte ere she had completed her sixteenth year. She was one of the most beautiful young women of her day, and as such was celebrated throughout the island.

During the war for Corsican liberty, she shared the dangers of her husband; and is said to have frequently accompanied him on horseback while she

was pregnant with Napoleon. Her good constitution and strong character of mind had induced her to attend mass on the festival of the Assumption, August 15, 1769. She was, however, taken ill before she had reached the church, and immediately on her return home was delivered of the future victor, on a temporary couch, covered with an ancient piece of tapestry, representing the heroes of the Iliad.

Whenever he had occasion to speak of the events which preceded his birth, Napoleon invariably dwelt with admiration on the courage and magnanimity with which his mother had borne losses and privations, and braved fatigue and danger. "She had," he used to say, "the head of a man on the shoulders of a woman. Left without a guide and protector, she was compelled to take upon herself the direction of affairs; and the burden was not too much for her strength. She administered every thing with a degree of sagacity not to be expected from her age and sex."

Though Madame Letitia had only reached her thirty-fifth year when she was left a widow, she had already borne her husband thirteen children, of whom five sons and three daughters survived him. The sons were—1. Joseph, afterward successively king of Naples and of Spain. 2. Napoleon himself. 3. Lucien. 4. Louis, afterward king of Holland. 5. Jerome, afterward king of Westphalia. The daughters were—1. Eliza, afterward grand-dutchess of Tuscany. 2. Pauline, afterward princess Borghese; and 3. Caroline, afterward queen of Naples.

When, in the year 1793, Paoli manifested his determination to surrender Corsica to the English, the Bonaparte family continued to head the French party, and had the fatal honour of being threatened with a march of the inhabitants; that is to say, they were attacked by a levy *en masse*. Several thousand peasants made a descent from the mountains on Ajaccio. The house occupied by the family was pil-

laged,* and their vines and flocks destroyed. Napoleon (who happened to be at Corsica, on a visit to his mother), as well as his brothers Joseph and Lucien, were subjected to a decree of banishment from their native land; and Madame Bonaparte, with her three daughters, and Jerome, as yet a child, set sail under their protection. They first settled at Nice, and afterward at Marseilles; where the family is supposed to have undergone, for a time, the severest inconveniences of poverty.

Upon the first blush of good fortune, Napoleon, whose attachment to his mother was ever conspicuous, did not fail to assign a portion of his gains to the use of Madame Letitia; who thus found herself raised on a sudden from a state of comparative indigence to one of ease and comfort. Shortly after the revolution of November, 1799, by which Napoleon was placed at the head of the consular government, Madame Bonaparte removed with her children to Paris, where she lived in the most retired manner; nor was it until, in 1804, her son was proclaimed emperor, that the public attention was directed towards her. She then received the title of "Madame Mère," and had an income of a million of francs (41,600*l.*) settled upon her. Count Cassé Brizac was appointed her chamberlain, and M. de Cazes (afterward the favourite minister of Louis XVIII.) her secrétaire des commandemens; and, to invest her with a portion of political importance, she was made "Protectrice Générale" of all the charitable institutions of France—an office well befitting the mother of the sovereign.

On Lucien's quitting France, in 1804, she took

* The patrimonial house of Napoleon, at present in the possession of M. Ramolini, member of the Chamber of Deputies for the department of Corsica, continues an object of great veneration with travellers and military men. It forms one side of a court which leads out of the Rue Charles. Among other curiosities which this residence contains, is a little brass cannon, that was the favourite plaything of Napoleon's childhood.

possession of his splendid hotel; where a system of the most rigid economy succeeded to the princely style of living adopted by her son. When any one rallied her for pursuing such a course, she would reply, "Lucien is not settled; and as he cannot give his children a fortune, I must do so in his stead: besides, it is always right to economize, for there is no knowing what may happen." When all her sons, except one, were seated on thrones, she was unceasing in her applications to the most powerful of them, on behalf of Lucien. On being one day told by Napoleon that she loved Lucien more than she did the rest of the family—"The child," she replied, "of whom I am the most fond, is always the one that happens to be the most unfortunate." To the truth of this assertion, Napoleon, a few years after, bore ready and ample testimony.

Having alluded to Madame Letitia's love of economy, it would be unjust not to add, that she took delight in offices of kindness. Often called on to solicit her son to confer a favour, or repair an injury, she was happy whenever her exertions were crowned with success, and would herself hasten to announce to the parties the result of her application in their behalf.

On being informed by Josephine of the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, she flew to the Tuilleries, where she made use of all the authority over the First Consul which a mother might be supposed to possess, and even threw herself on her knees, imploring mercy for the unfortunate prince. She was highly dissatisfied with Napoleon's treatment of the pope at Fontainebleau, and would say to her brother, Cardinal Fesch, "Your nephew, by pursuing this course, will ruin himself and us too. He should stop where he is: by grasping at too much, he will lose all. I have my alarms for the whole family, and

think it right to provide against a rainy day." Indeed, those who have had the best opportunities of becoming acquainted with her disposition maintain, that her love of hoarding arose not so much from covetousness as excess of foresight. She had known the horrors of temporary want, and, during the extreme elevation of her son, they appear to have constantly haunted her imagination. "Who knows," she would say, "but I may one day have to provide bread for all these kings?" And we have Napoleon's authority for stating, that she gave a great deal to her children in secret.

On many occasions Madame Letitia has proved herself a woman of extraordinary vigour of mind, joined to a considerable share of pride and loftiness of spirit. Shortly after Napoleon's assumption of the imperial purple, happening to meet his mother in the gardens of St. Cloud, he, half-playfully, half-seriously, presented her his hand to kiss. She flung it back indignantly, and tendering her own, exclaimed, in the presence of her suite, "C'est à vous à baiser la main de celle qui vous a donné la vie." "It is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life." Napoleon immediately stooped over his mother's hand, and affectionately kissed it.

On the approach of the allies towards Paris in April, 1814, Madame Mère accompanied the empress Maria Louisa and her court to Blois. While there, her wonted prudence and prescience seem not to have forsaken her; for she is stated to have received 375,000 francs (15,600*l.*), being her arrears of allowance, and on the same evening to have dismissed the greater part of her attendants.

By the treaty of Paris she was suffered to retain the title of "Madame Mère," and an annuity of 200,000 francs (8,330*l.*), secured on the great book of France, was settled upon her. In the August of the same year, attended by two maids of honour, and her chamberlain, M. Colonna, she followed her son

to Elba, and presided, on the 15th, at a ball given in honor of his birthday.

On the escape of Napoleon from Elba, Madame Mère returned to Rome; where she has ever since resided. From that moment to the period of his death, her mind seems to have been engrossed by one object—that being, whose pride she had reproved in the days of his brightest glory. Immediately after his final overthrow at Waterloo, she proffered him all she possessed in the world to assist him in re-establishing his affairs. "And for me," he said, "she would, without a murmur, have doomed herself to live on brown bread. Loftiness of sentiment still reigned paramount in her breast: pride and noble ambition were not yet subdued by avarice."

Of all that Napoleon had said at St. Helena respecting his mother, Count Las Cases, on his return to Europe, witnessed the literal fulfilment. No sooner had he detailed his story of the ex-emperor's situation, than the answer returned by the courier was, that "her whole fortune was at her son's disposal." In October, 1818, she addressed an affecting appeal to the allied sovereigns assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, in his behalf: "Sires," said she, "I am a mother, and my son's life is dearer to me than my own. In the name of Him whose essence is goodness, and of whom your imperial and royal majesties are the image, I entreat you to put a period to his misery, and to restore him to liberty. For this, I implore God, and I implore you, who are his vicegerents on earth. Reasons of state have their limits; and posterity, which gives immortality, adores, above all things, the generosity of conquerors." Again, in 1819, Napoleon having expressed his determination, whatever might be the extremity of his case, not to permit the visits of an English physician, and his desire to have the company of a Catholic priest, she cheerfully defrayed the expense of a mission to St. Helena, selected by Cardinal Fesch, with the appro-

bation of the pope, consisting of Dr. Antommarchi, Father Bonavita, a pious, good man, and a young abbé, named Vignali.

Madame Letitia resides with her brother, Cardinal Fesch, in the Palazzo Falcone. She occupies an extensive suite of apartments, handsomely furnished, and with more attention to neatness and comfort than is usual in Italian houses. Her establishment is splendid, but private and unostentatious. She leads a very retired life, the circle of her acquaintance consisting only of a few intimate friends. Such of her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren as reside at Rome are unwearied in their attentions to her. Although she has nearly completed her eightieth year, she still bears the remains of her former beauty.* Canova's magnificent bust of her, while it strikingly resembles the original, is considered an admirable specimen of the art.

CARDINAL FESCH.

After the death of her first husband, the mother of Letitia Bonaparte entered into a second marriage with Francis Fesch, a captain in one of the Swiss regiments in the service of France, which happened to be garrisoned in Corsica. He was a native of Bâle, and a Protestant, and could only obtain the

* Madame Letitia is, or at least was, only a few weeks ago, in the enjoyment of good health. We nevertheless find, in a "Life of Bonaparte," recently published in this country, in four volumes, by a person styling himself a "Member of the Athenæum of Sciences and Arts at Paris," the following circumstantial and somewhat affecting narrative of her last illness and death:—"This remarkable woman paid the debt of nature at Marseilles, towards the close of 1822. She was supported on white velvet pillows; the bed being of crimson damask, in the centre of which hung a crown, decorated with flowers. She summoned her servants, one after another, who, kneeling, kissed her extended hand," &c. &c.

hand of the object of his affections, on the condition of becoming a Catholic—a condition with which he complied.

Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Joseph Fesch, was the issue of this second marriage. He was born at Ajaccio on the 3d of January, 1763, and remained there until he had reached his thirteenth year, when he was sent to pursue his studies at the college of Aix, in Provence, in which seminary he remained till 1789, when he was nominated by the pope archdeacon of the cathedral of Ajaccio, an office which had become vacant by the resignation of the great-uncle of Napoleon, Lucien Bonaparte.*

Napoleon having succeeded in re-establishing the Catholic religion in France, his uncle, M. Fesch, shortly after the ratification of the Concordat, was made archbishop of Lyons: in August, 1802, he was consecrated by Caprara, the pope's legate; and in the early part of the following year was presented with a cardinal's hat.

The relations with the court of Rome being now renewed, Cardinal Fesch was sent ambassador to the Holy See: and, thinking no one so likely to give éclat to the appointment as the author of the "Beauties of Christianity," Napoleon made the Viscount de Chateaubriand first secretary of the embassy. From the sovereign pontiff M. Fesch met with a distinguished reception. During his stay in the capital of the Christian world, he gave concerts in his palace, even in Lent, to which he invited the members of the sacred college; but, in consequence of an intimation from La Somaglia, the cardinal vicar, the greater part of these refused to be present at them.

* The original English work and many previous ones state, that at the breaking out of the French revolution in 1789, Joseph Fesch laid aside the clerical habit, became attached to the French army under General Montesquiou in Savoy, and to that under Napoleon in Italy. There is no truth whatever in these statements

In 1804, Fesch accompanied the pope to Paris, and assisted at his nephew's coronation. In the following year, he obtained the charge of grand almoner, was invested with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and chosen by the electoral college of Lot a member of the senate. He was also presented by the King of Spain with the order of the Golden Fleece. In 1806, the Prince Primate named him his coadjutor and successor; and in 1809 he was nominated to the archbishopric of Paris. This high dignity, however, the cardinal, for reasons connected with the discussions which had for some time been going on between the emperor and the Holy Father, thought it his duty to decline. Elected president of the sacred council of the French metropolis in 1810, the firmness with which he opposed Napoleon's measures of violence against the sovereign pontiff excited general astonishment. This honourable conduct, however, while it gained for him the esteem of good men, proved injurious to his own interests. Napoleon compelled him to retire to Lyons, and revoked the consent which he had given to the arrangement made in the cardinal's favour by the Prince Primate.

In this state matters continued until the advance of the Austrians towards Lyons, in January, 1814; when the cardinal, balancing between love of kindred and love of country, and finding the former to preponderate in his breast, quitted his see, and followed the civil authorities to Roanne; not, however, at all pleased at the apathy betrayed by the citizens of Lyons, who had, he remarked, "the amazing folly not to defend themselves against the approach of the enemy."

From Roanne he repaired to a convent which he had founded at Pradines; but scarcely had he arrived there before he was compelled to abandon this retreat, and narrowly escaped capture by a detachment of the enemy's cavalry. So closely, indeed, was his

eminence pursued, that he had scarcely time to mount his horse, and escape at full gallop. After a circuitous route through Auvergne, Lower Languedoc, and across the Vivarais mountains, M. Fesch, nearly exhausted with fatigue, had the good fortune to reach Blois—just at the moment that the Empress Maria Louisa and her court were about to start for Orleans. He, nevertheless, joined the fugitives, and after reposing in this last-mentioned city on Easter Sunday and Monday, set out, accompanied by his sister Madam Letitia, for Rome; where his recent fatigues were soon forgotten in the kind reception which he met with from his old friend, Pius VII.

From this period M. Fesch appeared anxious to live in a state of great privacy. No sooner, however, did he hear of Napoleon's escape from Elba than he threw open his palace, and commenced, as it were, a new existence. He became unusually cheerful, gave splendid evening parties, and acknowledged openly that he considered his nephew's return to France as the especial work of Divine Providence. On Napoleon's reaching Paris, the cardinal quitted Rome for that capital; and, only a fortnight previous to the battle of Waterloo, was created a member of Bonaparte's chamber of peers. His stay in France was, however, of very brief duration. On the second return of the king, the cardinal hastily retraced his steps to Rome; where he has ever since tranquilly resided, under the protection of his holiness's benign government.

Though repeatedly entreated to resign the archbishopric of Lyons, he has constantly refused to do so; neither is he disposed to nominate a coadjutor. Nor ought, perhaps, this obstinacy to excite surprise; coming as it does from a prelate, who, when Napoleon was at the summit of his power, had the boldness to resist his encroachments on the church, and prefer voluntary disgrace to criminal compliance.

In this dilemma, the Abbé de Rohan has recently been appointed Grand Vicar-General of Lyons.

During his imperial nephew's reign, Cardinal Fesch was lavish in his expenditure; especially upon objects connected with the fine arts, of which he has shown himself to be a judicious and munificent patron. His gallery occupies three stories of the elegant palace in which he resides. The whole collection, consisting of no fewer than fourteen hundred pictures, is allowed to be one of the best and most extensive in Rome. Besides many of the first Italian masters, it is singularly rich in the works of the Flemish and Dutch schools.

The cardinal is liberal and affable to all strangers who may be desirous of going over his residence. There is nothing stern or intolerant about him. In person he is described as being tall, but not commanding; in manners, if not dignified, at least not arrogant: smooth faced, calm featured, comely and portly; with the sleekness of good-humour and good situation in every muscle.

NAPOLEON'S BROTHERS

JOSEPH.

Joseph, the eldest of Napoleon's brothers, was born at Corte, on the 7th of January, 1768. Having finished his education at the college of Autun in France, he returned to Corsica; and in 1791 became president of the district of Ajaccio. In 1792 he was appointed member of the directory of the department. In 1793, being obliged to quit Corsica in consequence of the occupation of that island by the English, he repaired to France, where he was nominated by the committee of public safety their commissioner to

the army of Dugomier, which was destined to reconquer Corsica, but the departure of which was delayed by the taking possession of Toulon by the English. At the siege of that place, Joseph served as chief of battalion.

In the year 1794, Joseph married Mademoiselle Julie Clary, daughter of one of the richest merchants of Marseilles; and in 1795 was elected a member of the Council of Five Hundred. In the same year he was nominated minister of the French republic to Parma, and in the following was sent as their ambassador to Rome. In this capacity he seconded the views of those who wished for a change in the government, and protested against the nomination of the Austrian general Provera to the command of the Roman troops; in which, as well as in other matters discussed during the early part of his embassy, he was successful. Among other things, he obtained the diminution of the pope's military force, the expulsion of the French emigrants from the papal dominions, and the release of all persons imprisoned on account of their religious opinions.

In December, 1797, a great movement towards republicanism took place among the youth of Rome. On the 26th, several of them waited on Joseph to ask whether they might depend on the assistance of France, in case they succeeded in overthrowing the existing government of Rome, and substituting a republic in its place. He gave them no encouragement, but exhorted them to desist from an attempt which he represented as rash and impracticable. "The fate of nations, like that of individuals, was," he said, "hidden in the bosom of futurity, and it was not for him to penetrate it." Nevertheless, on the following day, on the occasion of a public dinner, given by him at the Corsini palace, a band of young men appeared under his window, and shouted "Viva la Republica!" The pope's troops having impru-

dently fired on them, and pursued them into the courtyard, Joseph endeavoured to persuade them to withdraw, with assurances that the insurgents should be given up. As they paid no attention to him, and were preparing to fire another volley, General Duphot, who, on the following morning, was to have been married to Mademoiselle Eugénie Clary, Joseph's sister-in-law—(the object of Napoleon's first affection, and the wife of the present King of Sweden)—stepped up to them, to second the ambassador's remonstrances; but while he was expostulating with them, a soldier shot him through the body, and he fell by the side of Joseph. Finding he could no longer remain at Rome without compromising the dignity of his official character, Joseph immediately demanded his passports, and on reaching Florence, sent a relation of what had taken place to the Directory, who expressed themselves, through Talleyrand, well satisfied with "the courage, the judgment, and the presence of mind which he had shown on the trying occasion, and the magnanimity with which he had supported the honour of the French name."

In January, 1798, Joseph took his seat in the council of Five Hundred; and, though he rarely took a part in the discussions, he was, in the June following, chosen secretary. One who was well acquainted with him at this period describes him as being "polite and affable; of a cool and steady disposition; intrepid, sagacious, and peculiarly qualified for civil and diplomatic employments." It is not surprising, therefore, that he made friends and partisans of a large portion of his colleagues. It is even said, that in concert with Lucien, who was also a member of the council, he prepared the return of his brother from Egypt. Be that as it may, it is at any rate certain, that, by his personal exertions and influence, he contributed to the success of that revolution which, on the 18th Brumaire (9th November, 1799), placed

his brother at the head of the consular government.

Napoleon having now become all-powerful, Joseph was made a member of the Council of State, and minister plenipotentiary to conclude a treaty of peace and commerce with the United States of America. The treaty was signed at Mortfontaine, in September, 1800, and Joseph gave, on the occasion, splendid entertainment to the American ministers, at his newly purchased villa. His success as a negotiator determined the government to send him, in that capacity, to the congress of Luneville; where, assisted by skilful diplomatists, and seconded by the brilliant victories of Marengo and Hohenlinden, he concluded, in February, 1801, a treaty of peace with the Emperor of Germany.

In the following year, Joseph met with the like success at the congress of Amiens; where, on the 25th of March, peace was signed between France and England. In July, he was made grand officer of the Legion of Honour, and member of the Conservative Senate; and in August, on his return from the waters of Plombières, he presided over the electoral college of the department of the Oise.

Napoleon's first public act, on his elevation to the imperial throne, was to exalt Joseph to the dignity of Grand Elector and Prince. Shortly after, he was chosen to preside over the senate, and direct the administration during the emperor's absence in Germany. But, great as were these marks of fraternal confidence, they were only preludes to honours of a still higher order. On signing the peace of Presburgh, in December, 1805, Napoleon issued a decree, announcing, that the Neapolitan dynasty "had ceased to reign;" and Joseph was placed at the head of the army destined to invade that kingdom.

Ferdinand having embarked for Sicily, Joseph, in February, 1806, accompanied by Massena, Gouvion St. Cyr, and other distinguished generals, made his

public entry into Naples, alighting at the palace which the unfortunate monarch had just quitted. On the following morning, he publicly attended mass, which was celebrated by Cardinal Ruffo; when, to prove the sincerity of his devotion, in a manner the most gratifying to the populace, he presented a valuable diamond necklace to Januarius, the tutelar saint of Naples.

In pursuance of an imperial decree, Joseph, on the 30th of March, was proclaimed King of Naples and the Two Sicilies. The city was illuminated on the occasion, amid every demonstration of joy, even more on the part of the nobles than of the lower orders.* Those who had held situations under the late government hastened to renounce all connexion with it, and attached themselves to the fortunes of their new monarch. The country may, indeed, be said to have been conquered almost without bloodshed.

In the government of the kingdom of Naples, Joseph introduced as many of the elements of that of France as his subjects could bear. He suppressed the monastic orders, abolished feudal rights, disposed of the national domains, applied the produce to the liquidation of the public debt, equalized the taxes, and established an available sinking fund. He simplified the legal code; endowed schools, colleges, and hospitals; founded thirty establishments for gratuitous instruction; restored professorships in the different branches of belles-lettres and science; and caused plans to be drawn up for the construction of new roads and bridges. He also turned his attention to the embellishment of Naples, introduced a general system of lighting the city, and ordered workshops to be constructed for the lazzaroni. During the first year of his reign, such was the activity he displayed, that he visited all the provinces of his kingdom.

* Botta, t. iv. p. 264.

While Joseph was thus industriously engaged in giving stability to his government of Naples, by enlightening the minds and promoting the prosperity of the people at whose head he had been placed, he received a pressing invitation from Napoleon to meet him at Bayonne, whither Napoleon had repaired to meet the Spanish princes. At an interview held with the latter some months previous, at Venice, Joseph had been made acquainted with the feuds which distracted the reigning house of Spain, and of the embarrassments to which they would probably lead; still, then, no definitive resolution was taken, and Joseph quitted Naples and his family in the expectation of shortly returning thither. But he was met by Napoleon at a short distance from Bayonne, and informed by him that the affairs of Spain had assumed a highly critical character; that a reconciliation between the Spanish princes was impracticable; that to make an election between Charles and his son Ferdinand was attended with insuperable difficulty, for that the former refused to return without his favourite Godoy, Prince of Peace, and that the latter possessed not talents or disposition to render the Spanish nation happy, or his government popular. That under such a dynasty the regeneration of Spain was impracticable; of which fact the national junta, assembled at Bayonne, and composed of the first personages of the kingdom, had expressed their conviction; and that, therefore, he had transferred to Joseph the right to the throne of Spain, ceded to him by the Spanish monarch and princes; a cession which met the wishes of the Spanish nobles collected at Bayonne, and which the will of the whole nation would ratify.

But Joseph still hesitated, even though arguments of a different character were urged by Napoleon, who observed to Joseph, that his compliance would produce a reconciliation among all the members of their own family; for in that case he proposed to

place Lucien on the throne of Naples: that his hesitation might in a political point of view be injurious to him; as it would lead Spain and foreign powers to believe that his intention was to annex Spain to France, as he had some years before the territory of Lombardy, when Joseph refused to assume the reins of government of that country: and, lastly, he appealed to more elevated feelings,—he pointed out the glory Joseph would derive from restoring a great nation like Spain to her rank among nations, by a course of policy compatible with the enlightened spirit of the age, and which his own good judgment would dictate.

On the arrival of Joseph at Bayonne, he found the members of the junta assembled at the chateau of Marrac, and was obliged to listen to their addresses; to which he returned but indefinite answers. On the following day he had interviews with the Duke del Infantado and Cevallos, who were regarded as the most violent partisans of Ferdinand, and afterward with the members of the junta, consisting of nearly one hundred persons; all of whom expressed their anxious hope that he would accept the crown, and thereby restore tranquillity and prosperity to their country, which was already, at Saragossa, and in several of the provinces, in commotion, in consequence of a belief having gained ground that Napoleon was seeking to annex Spain to France.

Thus situated, Joseph yielded, apparently from a sense of duty, and not influenced by any motive of ambition; but ere he would quit the throne of Naples, he expressly conditioned that the institutions he had introduced in that country should be made permanent, and that they should be guarantied to its inhabitants by Napoleon.

The accession of Joseph to the throne of Spain was notified by the Spanish secretary of state, Cevallos, to foreign powers; by all of whom he was recognised, except England. The Emperor of Russia even added felicitations to his acknowledgment,

founded on the estimation in which he held the personal character of the new king. Ferdinand, too, wrote him letters of congratulation, and implored him to induce Napoleon to give him one of his nieces in marriage.

Surrounded by the grandees of Spain, and followed by a numerous suite, Joseph, on the 9th of July, 1808, crossed the Spanish frontiers. Upon his entry into Madrid, he found the people greatly exasperated at the events of the 2d of May, 1808, and immediately set about conciliating public opinion by such measures as would seem well calculated to produce that effect. He convened at his palace an assemblage of persons taken from all the different classes of society, entered into conversation with them, and explained to them the motives of his conduct, his views, and intentions. The current of popular feeling was by these and other judicious acts soon turned in his favour. But the flattering hopes to which such a state of things gave birth were shortly afterward dissipated, by the intelligence which reached Madrid of the capitulation of the French army at Baylen: an event that rendered necessary the retreat of Marshal Bessiere's army, which but three weeks before had fought and won the battle of Rio Seco. Joseph was of course under the necessity of accompanying them; and he left Madrid, directing the minister of justice, Pinuella, Cevallos, and the Duke del Infantado, to ascertain the feelings of the chiefs of the Spanish army who had recently conquered at Baylen. Besides the disaster which befell the French army at that place, General Junot had been compelled to capitulate in Portugal, and thus left all the English and Portuguese forces at liberty to advance, and act on the offensive.

Napoleon hastened to the seat of war, and the battles of Tudela, Burgos, and Somma Sierra, in which the Spanish armies were beaten and dispersed, opened again the gates of Madrid. But the march

of the English army to Galicia under Sir John Moore, and the threatening aspect of affairs with Austria, soon summoned him away, and he left Spain, intrusting to Joseph the command of the French forces in that country.

Joseph returned to Madrid on the 22d of January, 1809, and formed a ministry and council of state: the members of each were of a character to conciliate the opinions of their countrymen, and to satisfy the people that a renovation was at hand, in the unwise and unenlightened system of government pursued by their late monarch. The early military occurrences of his reign were also propitious: Saragossa surrendered to Marshal Lannes; Marshal Victor was victorious at Medelin; and Joseph himself, at the head of his guard and a division of the French army, drove the army of Venegas beyond the Sierra Morena.

This state of things, however, soon underwent a change. A British army advanced from Portugal under the command of Sir Arthur Wellesley; Marshal Beresford pushed forward with a Portuguese army on the upper Duero; and the grand Spanish army under General Cuesta passed the Tagus at Almanez to form a junction with the English.

The object of the allied generals being evidently to concentrate their forces and fall upon Madrid, Joseph determined to frustrate this intention, and attack them at a distance from the capital. He advanced with all his disposable force, consisting of the first corps under the command of Victor, and the fourth corps, which had been employed in covering Madrid. The Spaniards, however, succeeded in forming a junction at Talavera, on the 27th July, 1809, with the English; their numerical force was thus double that of the French, but the critical posture of affairs determined the latter to attack, and a bloody action ensued. Talavera was evacuated by the Spaniards, but the British troops could not

be driven from their position, the consequences of the battle were however favourable to the French. It compelled their opponents to make a retrograde movement, and permitted Joseph, by a rapid march on the Val de Moro, to compel the Spanish army under Venegas to abandon its designs upon Madrid, left unprotected by the previous advance of Joseph.

This army of Venegas was subsequently, on the 4th of August, attacked at Almonacid, and dispersed and destroyed. The rearguard of the English and Spanish army was overtaken at the bridge *Del Arzobispo*, and cut to pieces.

Joseph, having returned to Madrid, received intelligence a few months afterward that fifty thousand Spaniards had descended from the Sierra Morena into La Mancha: he marched against them, and entirely defeated them at Ocana with immense loss. In other parts of Spain, the French commanders had also been successful; and Joseph determined to profit by this series of good fortune. A few days after the battle of Ocana, he found himself at the foot of the Sierra Morena with a force of sixty thousand men, and carried the positions of the enemy in a few hours, who lost eight or ten thousand prisoners. Cordova surrendered without firing a gun. Grenada, Jaen, and Seville opened their gates, and Marshal Victor advanced upon Cadiz.

The Duke of Albuquerque threw himself into the latter city with ten thousand Spanish troops; the English reinforced the garrison and blockaded the harbour, and thus frustrated the expectations of Joseph, that the conciliatory measures he had adopted would also put Cadiz in his power. A protracted siege was now to be expected, and all the preparations for it being completed, Joseph returned to Madrid, leaving the command of the army to Marshal Soult.

In the mean time the French government had become weary of the enormous sacrifices which the

war in Spain cost them. They thought that the system pursued by them in other countries ought to be followed in Spain; and that from the country itself those resources ought to be drawn which were required to support the war. Joseph, on the contrary, forbade exactions, as naturally tending to alienate the Spaniards from his government; and required that France should continue to provide for the exigencies of her troops. At this time, too, a measure was taken by Napoleon which was directly at variance with the line of policy pursued by Joseph, and calculated to produce effects injurious to his interest. By an imperial decree military governments were established in the provinces of Spain; the French general became president of the administrative junta, and the Spanish intendant was reduced to the station of simple secretary to a body over which he had before presided. Joseph, in consequence, despatched two of his ministers to Paris with a letter, announcing his determination to leave the country if this system of military governments was not abandoned. They returned with an unsatisfactory answer; and Joseph himself, therefore, proceeded to the French capital, where he had an interview with Napoleon; and was induced by him to return to Spain, under the assurance that the military governments should soon cease, and that his complaints on other topics should meet the earliest redress which circumstances permitted.

It is not consistent with the plan of this work to dwell on the events of the war which followed the return of Joseph to his capital. Marshal Massena, after entering Portugal at the head of a large army, and taking Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo, was compelled to withdraw his troops from that kingdom with considerable loss. The English, no longer held in check by him, reoccupied the latter place and Badajos, which had been captured by Marshal Victor, who was recalled to France with the re-

mainder of the imperial guard and several regiments of the line: at the same moment, the Spanish guerilla parties became daily more formidable, and the communications with France and the different corps of the army more difficult. In this situation of affairs the first accounts of an impending war between Russia and France were received: Joseph was invested by Napoleon with the command of all the armies in Spain, and thus compelled by a sense of honour to remain at the post conferred on him, now become one of difficulty and danger.

His first operations were successful; and by a skilful junction of his forces he discomfited the combined English, Spanish, and Portuguese army, on the field of Arapiles, taking five or six thousand prisoners and the English general of cavalry, Lord Paget; but the advantages which he might have expected to derive from this victory were prevented by a positive order from Napoleon, that he should leave Madrid, and take up the line of the Duero. The situation of affairs between France and Russia made obedience to this order a matter of duty. Compliance was unavoidable; and Joseph immediately left the capital for Valladolid. His departure was the signal for the advance of Spaniards, Portuguese, and English on the French army.

At Valladolid Joseph remained no longer than was necessary to assemble the different corps that were on the Tormes, and resumed his march immediately afterward. Leaving Burgos, he passed the Ebro, and took up a position before Vittoria; where he was attacked by the combined armies under Lord Wellington with an immense superiority of force, and compelled to retreat: it was effected in good order.*

Joseph returned to Paris; where his brother con-

* It has been stated, that in this engagement Joseph barely escaped from his carriage with his life. There is no truth in this statement whatever; Joseph was not in his carriage during the whole of the day

ferred on him the title of his lieutenant, when he departed to put himself at the head of that army which, after assailing all the armies of Europe in their respective countries, was now reduced to defend France itself. The Empress Maria Louisa was left regent; but the honours of the military command were conferred on Joseph, who, under the trying circumstances in which he soon found himself placed by the arrival of the whole allied army under the walls of Paris, acted with his usual discretion and devotion to the orders of Napoleon. The orders of the latter, in a given case which actually occurred, were precise. They were to assemble on the Loire the national authorities around the person of the regent, and to collect at the same point all the forces he could obtain. This was punctually complied with, but the idea of resistance was soon abandoned; and, the abdication of Napoleon being consummated, Joseph retired to Switzerland, where he remained until March, 1815, when he learned the arrival of his brother Napoleon at Grenoble, from Elba: he hastened to join him, and arrived with his children at Paris on the 22d of March.

The result of the battle of Waterloo having again overthrown the government of Napoleon, Joseph retired to the United States, where he now resides at Bordentown, in New-Jersey. His time is principally spent in embellishing the spot which he has selected as a retirement: his solitude sweetened by the possession of a conscience void of offence.

LUCIEN.

Lucien Bonaparte, Napoleon's second brother, was born at Ajaccio, in the year 1775. At the early age of fifteen, he was taken to France by M. Semon-

ville, who soon made him a zealous revolutionist and ardent clubbist. In 1793, when Corsica was given up to the English by Paoli, he took refuge with his family in Provence; and after the recapture of Toulon by the French, in 1794, he was appointed to a situation in the civil administration of the army destined to act in the maritime Alps. At this period his ambition only aspired to the superintendence of a magazine for military subsistence at St. Maximin, a small town situated between Toulon and Antibes, where he married Christine, the daughter of M. Boyer, an hotel-keeper of the place.

In 1795, on Napoleon's elevation to the command of the army of the interior, Lucien succeeded in obtaining from the Directory the provisional appointment of commissary at war, and was ordered to proceed to the Belgic provinces.

In 1797, his political career may be said to have commenced. Although he had not completed his twenty-third year, he contrived to have himself nominated a member of the Council of Five Hundred by the electors of the Liamone, his native department. His first appearance in the tribune was in July, 1798, when, for the purpose of enforcing the observance of the decades, it was proposed to compel tradesmen to keep their shops open on all the days not enumerated in the republican calendar. Upon this occasion Lucien advocated the cause of the Catholics. "Tolerance," he said, "is the sister of liberty; persecution the daughter of tyranny. What right have we to prevent a citizen from celebrating any day which may be indicated by his profession of faith? At Rome, an Israelite is not forced to work on a Saturday; and shall we, the representatives of a free people, afford less scope for the unshackled exercise of religion than the sovereign pontiff?"

When, in September, 1799, the debates took place on the motion of General Jourdan, for declaring the

country in danger, Lucien opposed it with much talent and ingenuity. He declared, that the only mode of surmounting the crisis was, by intrusting a great extent of power to the executive authority. He, however, thought it his duty to combat the idea of a dictatorship. "Is there one among us," he cried, "who would not arm himself with the poniard of Brutus, and chastise the base and ambitious enemy of his country?"

After this, Lucien, on several occasions, distinguished himself in the Council of Five Hundred; and although he had hitherto affected much republican zeal, he now opposed the reviving influence of the democrats. Notwithstanding the interruption of the communication between Toulon and Alexandria, there is little doubt that he found means of announcing to his brother in Egypt the unsatisfactory state of parties in Paris, and the dreadful disasters which had taken place on the frontiers; indeed, a Greek called Bambuki has been named as the bearer of letters to Napoleon from his family. In the mean time, the nineteenth of Brumaire was drawing on, and Lucien contrived to have himself nominated to the presidency of the Council of Five Hundred—a circumstance highly favourable to his views.

On Napoleon's return to France, Lucien presided at all the private meetings preparatory to the revolution of Brumaire. On that memorable day, when the legislative body held the extraordinary sitting at St. Cloud, he exerted every effort to stay the opposition which manifested itself against his brother; and when Napoleon entered unarmed into the council, he firmly opposed the sentence of outlawry called for against him. "Can you ask me," he cried, "to put the outlawry of my own brother to the vote?" Finding this appeal to his personal situation and feelings to make no impression upon the assembly, he flung on the desk his hat, scarf, and

other insignia of his office. "Let me be rather heard," he said, "as the advocate of him whom you falsely and rashly accuse." At this moment, a small party of guards, sent by Napoleon to his assistance, marched into the hall and carried him out. Lucien mounted on horseback, and called out, in a voice naturally deep and sonorous, "General Bonaparte, and you, soldiers! the president of the Council of Five Hundred announces to you, that factious men, with daggers, have interrupted the deliberations of the assembly. He authorizes you to employ force against these disturbers. The Assembly of Five Hundred is dissolved." De Bourrienne, who was present, tells us, that perceiving a slight hesitation on the part of the troops, Lucien, drawing his sword, added, "I swear that I will plunge this into the bosom of my own brother, if he should ever aim a blow at the liberties of France."

To Lucien the success of this memorable day may, in no inconsiderable degree, be attributed. The portfolio of the minister of the interior was the reward of his services; and though he had scarcely attained his twenty-fifth year, his administration acquired a character of energy and elevation which commanded respect. By great vigilance and close attention to certain mysteries of office, he contrived to make up for that profound knowledge which he had not had time to acquire. His official duties were discharged with firmness and activity; and without any sacrifice of personal consequence, he knew how to assume the most amiable suavity of manners towards individuals of all classes. He was the friend of public instruction, and the patron of science and the arts. Under his ministry, the prefectures were organized, and a second prytanæum established. He was uncommonly partial to public ceremonies and processions; being of opinion that they produced a powerful effect on the public mind,

and tended to facilitate the operations of the government.

While he was minister of the interior, Lucien lost his wife, Christine Boyer. She is said to have been a woman of a mild disposition, amiable manners, and great goodness of heart. He caused a handsome monument to be erected to her memory in the park of Du Plessis, near Senlis, on which is the following simple inscription:—"A daughter—wife—and mother—without reproach!"

Marked as were the services which Lucien had performed for the First Consul, the two brothers nevertheless did not long continue on brotherly terms. Both were equally ambitious, although their ambition exhibited a different shape and character. It had not escaped the notice of Lucien, that he frequently displeased and annoyed his brother, either by speaking with too much pride and self-satisfaction of the events of the nineteenth Brumaire, or by attempting to exercise too great a preponderance in the operations of government. According to Fouché, he had, at first, entertained a design of urging Napoleon to establish a species of consular duumvirate, by means of which he hoped to retain in his own hands all the civil power; thus dividing authority with a brother who never contemplated the idea of any such participation. In other words, he wished to govern the state, and to leave to Napoleon nothing but the management of the army. Hence the misunderstanding which, in July, 1800, immediately after the First Consul's return from his brilliant exploits in Italy, broke out between the two brothers; and the breach was studiously widened by the Beauharnais family, who, at that time, had considerable influence over the mind of Napoleon, and regarded with distrust the artful proceedings and ambitious character of Lucien.

This project having, however, failed, Lucien sought every means of restoring his credit. Availing him-

self of the impression produced by a species of republican conspiracy which had just been suppressed, and exaggerating to the eye of his brother the inconveniences attendant on the instability of his power, and the dangers to which he would be exposed through the republican spirit, he hoped from that time to induce him to establish a constitutional monarchy, of which he meant himself to be the directing minister.

In furtherance of this object, in December, 1800, shortly after the affair of the infernal machine, he caused a little pamphlet to be secretly printed, entitled, "Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, Monck, and Bonaparte,"* in which the principles of monarchy were overtly advocated. Great numbers of this pamphlet having been struck off, Lucien, in his private office, ordered as many packets as there were prefectures to be made up, and each packet contained copies equal in number to the functionaries of the departments. Appearing at such a moment, it could not fail to excite a vivid sensation. The confidential friends of Napoleon assured him, that the publication was likely to injure him. He sent for Fouché, and reproached him for suffering it to appear. The minister of police replied, that he had not thought proper to interfere, because he had traced the manuscript to the office of his brother Lucien. "And why not denounce Lucien?" cried Napoleon; "he ought to have been arrested, and sent to the Temple." The consul, having spoken thus, quitted the apartment. Fouché smiled, and whispered to De Bourrienne, "Confine the author in the Temple! Lucien showed me the manuscript, and I found it full of corrections in the handwriting of the First Consul!" Lucien, informed of his brother's wrath, came forthwith to the Tuileries, and complained that "he had been made a puppet,

* A copy of this tract will be found in the Mémoires de Bourrienne, tom. vi. p. 81.

and abandoned." "The fault is your own," answered Napoleon; "it was your business not to be detected."*

On the following day an order was issued by Fouché, directing the suppression of the pamphlet; which, to obviate the suspicion that it had emanated from government, was designated as the production of "a contemptible and culpable intrigue." From this moment the quarrels between the two brothers assumed a complexion of hostility, which frequently degenerated into violent scenes. At the conclusion of one of these disputes, Lucien passionately threw on his brother's desk his portfolio of minister, exclaiming, that "he the more readily divested himself of his public character, as he had suffered nothing but torment from subjection to such a despot;" upon which Napoleon, calling to his aids-de-camp on duty, told them to "turn out the citizen who had forgotten the respect due to the First Consul." On another occasion, Lucien, taking out his watch and flinging it violently on the floor, addressed his brother in these remarkable words: "You will one day be smashed to pieces as I have smashed that watch; and a time will come, when your family and friends will not have a resting-place for their heads."†

Decorum and reasons of state combined required the separation of the two brothers without further scandal and violence. The task was undertaken by Talleyrand and Fouché; and all was, politically, made up. Lucien resigned the home department, and in a short time set off for Madrid with the title of ambassador, and with an express mission to try to change the resolution of the King of Spain, and urge him to a war against Portugal,—a kingdom which Napoleon viewed with an eye of jealousy, on account of its close connexion with England.

This mission, which at the time was regarded as

* Life of Napoleon, vol. i.—*Family Library*, No. IV.
† Mémoires du Général Rapp, p. 11.

little better than a brilliant disgrace, proved to Lucien the source of considerable riches. In his capacity of ambassador he zealously promoted his brother's ambitious projects. He became a great favourite with Charles the Fourth, who seemed quite delighted at having a relative of the First Consul so near his person. Lucien is said to have considerably weakened the British influence at the court of Madrid. He also contrived, during his short stay, to send out supplies to the distressed French army in Egypt; and had a considerable share in the creation of the kingdom of Etruria, and the cession to France of the dutchies of Parma, Placenza, and Guastalla.

Nor was this all. Considering an heir essential to the stability of his brother's power, and seeing no prospect of Josephine becoming a mother, he conceived the project of replacing the sterile wife by a young and beautiful infanta. His election fell on Isabella, the king's second daughter, sixteen years of age. Napoleon approved of the choice, and the weak old monarch yielded a ready compliance; but, so great at that time was Josephine's ascendency over her husband, that Lucien shortly after received a positive order to break off the negotiation. In a conversation which he had with Josephine on his return to Paris, the latter said, "And is it possible, my brother, that you wished to separate me from the family?"—"Yes," replied the former, "by sacrificing my affections for the good of the state!" This ingenious answer did not disarm Josephine's anger; and from this period the disputes between the two families became every day more violent.

A French army, under the orders of Lucien's brother-in-law, General Le Clerc, having entered Portugal, the court of Lisbon endeavoured to find safety by lavishing its treasures on the invaders. It accordingly opened negotiations with Lucien, and in June, 1801, preliminaries of peace were signed at Badajos, on a secret subsidy of thirty millions of

francs being paid; which was divided between Lucien and Godoi, the notorious Prince of the Peace. Lucien's share is reported to have been ten millions (400,000*l.*); "and this," says Fouché, "was the source of his immense fortune."*

It was now that Lucien began to form his famous gallery. He had already acquired some valuable pictures, when an English prize was brought into Malaga, laden with the effects of Lord St. Helen's, who had quitted his embassy at Constantinople; and M. Le Thiers, the distinguished painter, then a follower of Lucien, was commissioned to purchase for him many of those masterpieces which his lordship had collected during his travels.

On his return to France in November, Lucien plunged into a refinement of luxury which excited public attention, and is said to have given great offence to Napoleon. The Abbé de Montgaillard assures us, that at his château at Plessis-Chamand, between four and five hundred workmen were employed in embellishing the mansion and laying out the gardens, and that the very kitchens and stables were lighted with wax candles.†

In March, 1802, Lucien was appointed a member of the Tribunate, and took an active part in the two great political measures which closely followed each other—the concordat with Pius VII., and the institution of the Legion of Honour. He was a zealous promoter of the latter project, and pronounced an energetic oration in defence of it; "touched up," says Fouché, "by the poet Fontanes, whose pen was devoted to the torrent of the new power, which was about to become for him a golden Pactolus." In July, he was named one of the seven members of the Grand Council for its administration; and in that capacity he took his seat in the Conservative Senate. But what apparently gratified his ambition more

* Mémoires, tom. i. p. 209. † Histoire de France, tom. v. p. 277.

than all his other appointments was the being chosen a member of the Institute, for the class of language and French literature. The revenues destined for the Legion of Honour, chiefly situated in the Belgic provinces and the new departments of the Rhine, requiring especial attention, Lucien, in July, 1803, proceeded to them as commissioner of the Grand Council; and at the same time paid a visit to the senatorial estate which had been allotted to himself. It was called Popplesdorf—a country-house formerly belonging to the Elector of Treves, and situated near Bonn, on the Rhine.

Upon his return from this mission Lucien took a step which was highly offensive to Napoleon, by marrying the widow of an exchange-broker, named Juberthou, who, "for greater convenience," observes De Bourrienne, significantly, "had been despatched to the West Indies, where in the course of a couple of months the yellow fever snatched him from the cares of this transitory life." This marriage was a severe blow to the system of Napoleon, who contemplated nothing less than royal alliances for all the branches of his family. When assured of the fact by the curate who had performed the ceremony at the Hotel de Brienne, he fell into a violent rage, and from that moment determined never to make Lucien a prince of France, on account of what he termed his unequal match.*

The old misunderstanding was now revived with increased bitterness; and to such lengths were matters carried, that Lucien formed a sort of league against his brother in his own family. He encouraged Jerome in his short resistance to the First Consul's wishes, and induced Joseph to refuse the viceroyalty of Italy. Directions were given, that Napoleon's name should never be mentioned by his household, and the family portraits were taken down

* De Bourrienne, tom. vi. p. 80.

and consigned to the lumber-room. The only one that escaped the proscription was that of his mother. He was shortly after commanded to leave the French territory.

It was in March, 1804, during the preparations for this exile, that the Duke d'Enghien's death took place. Lucien was an utter stranger to that horrible event, until after its perpetration. He had not been in the habit of visiting the First Consul for some months previous to the execution. Neither did he take any part in the proceedings against General Moreau, which occurred immediately after; although he certainly entertained some prepossessions not at all favourable to that general, whom he considered an enemy to his family, and dangerous to the success of his brother's ambitious designs. Several months before the famous trial in which the conqueror of Hohenlinden was implicated, Lucien said to a friend, "Moreau is an incendiary: let him take care! for at the very first step he falls!"

In April, 1804, only a few weeks previous to the change of the government from consular to imperial, Lucien quitted Paris. The conjuncture was, in one respect, favourable to his reputation; since it created a general impression, that the cause of his disgrace was his opposition to his brother's ambitious policy —an impression which Lucien, of course, was not very anxious to weaken. He proceeded to Milan; but, on Napoleon's arriving there, to place on his brow the iron crown of Lombardy, he removed to Pesaro; and, in 1805, to Rome, where the pope, calling to mind the active part he had taken in the negotiation relative to the concordat, treated him with marked attention and kindness.

After the treaty of Tilsit, in June, 1807, an attempt was made by Joseph to reconcile the brothers. An interview was arranged at Mantua, but no accommodation resulted therefrom. Lucien was willing to comply with certain conditions proposed by the

emperor, among which was the marriage of his daughter to the Prince of the Asturias; but, to his great honour, he refused to repudiate his wife. "Separate from her," said Napoleon, "for a time, and we shall see what can be done."—"Not for an hour!" rejoined Lucien.

When, in the early part of 1808, Napoleon resolved upon dethroning the Spanish Bourbons, it was his wish to have made Lucien king of Spain; but Lucien, who had so recently resided in Spain, and knew the Spanish character, and who was at this time living at Rome, happy in his family and in his pursuits, declined, without hesitation, the proffered elevation.* In the following April, while at his country-seat, near Frascati, the same that belonged to Cicero, and to which Lucien had restored its original name of Tusculum, he received a letter from his brother Joseph, then king of Naples, recommending him to leave the papal territories without delay, as they no longer afforded him an asylum.

He retired to an estate which he had recently purchased at Canino twenty-five leagues from the capital. Here all his attention seemed directed to agricultural and rural pursuits, for which he had always manifested much fondness. Dressed in a coarse woollen coat and thick shoes, he would pass whole days in superintending the labourers, and the workmen employed in excavations. Rarely do the latter undertakings repay the expense attendant on them; but it was not so with Lucien. A beautiful marble statue of Juno, and numerous valuable fragments, amply requited the trouble he had taken. He kept many ploughs at work, each drawn by four bullocks, chosen for the purpose. Numerous herds and flocks covered the pastures, and among the latter he had introduced a number of the best merino breed. He also established foundries and iron

* Southey's Peninsular War. vol. i. p. 327.

works, and the whole country assumed new life and vigour.

While Lucien was thus laudably occupied, far other objects engrossed the attention of his imperial brother. In May, 1809, he issued his first decree, declaring the temporal sovereignty of the pope to be at an end, and incorporating Rome with the French empire. Lucien, now considering himself no longer safe in the papal dominions, left Canino, on the 1st of August, 1810, intending to embark at Civita Vecchia for the United States, in the Hercules, a fine American vessel, furnished him by his brother-in-law, Murat, king of Naples. His suite consisted of his wife and six children, a nephew, a physician, a tutor, who also officiated as chaplain, a secretary, and about a dozen domestics.

When the family were clear out of the harbour, the Hercules hove to, for the purpose of receiving them; and there happening to be a considerable swell, the boats had great difficulty in getting alongside of her. Lucien beheld his children successively handed out of the frail bark; and when a billow intervened between the boat and the ship's side, he trembled lest some fatal accident should befall them. This state of horrid suspense bringing back the recollection of his long persecutions, with a countenance full of indignation and anguish, he was heard to exclaim—

"Ils m'ont fait toue ces maux; que les Dieux les leur rendent!"*

A storm having arisen on the night of their sailing, the vessel was compelled to take shelter in Cagliari; but the King of Sardinia would not permit Lucien to land; nor could he obtain a safe-conduct from the British minister on that station. Being, therefore, compelled to put to sea, the Hercules was captured by two British frigates, and conveyed to Malta, to await the orders of the British government

* Philoctète, de La Harpe.

respecting Lucien. In conformity with those orders, he was transferred to England. He landed at Portsmouth in December, and was conveyed to Ludlow, in Shropshire, which he soon after quitted for an estate called Thorngrove, fifteen miles from that town, which he had purchased for nine thousand pounds, and where he was permitted to live in freedom upon his parole; one officer only having the superintendence of his movements and correspondence. These were, in every respect, blameless; and the ex-statesman, who had played so distinguished a part in the great revolutionary game, was found able to amuse himself with the completion of his epic on the subject of Charlemagne. His ambition seemed now to be confined to the attainment of a distinguished rank in literature, and to be numbered among the eminent poets of France.

Restored to personal liberty by the peace of Paris, in 1814, Lucien immediately turned his eyes towards Italy. With a view of proceeding to that country, he solicited permission to pass through France on his way; but this was refused, and, indeed, the individual whom Lucien had despatched with letters to Talleyrand was treated with marked coldness. He reached Rome on the 25th of May, and was received by the sovereign pontiff on the very night of his arrival. The holy father immediately conferred on him the dignity of a Roman prince; and the next day all the nobles came to salute him by his new title of Prince of Canino. He was at the same time recognised as Count of Apollino, Lord of Nemori and other places.

Thus it would appear that Lucien's fortune had acquired fresh strength by the recent events, gaining in stability what it might have lost in grandeur; while that of Napoleon, lately so gigantic, was now limited to the possession of a little island, scarcely acknowledged as a part of that empire which he had shaken to its foundation. This astounding

reverse sensibly affected Lucien. He tendered his brother his fortune and his services; and while the latter was at Elba, a full reconciliation was effected, through the mediation of their mother and their sister Pauline.

In 1815, as soon as Lucien had heard of Napoleon's escape from Elba, he wrote him a letter of congratulation. "Your return," he said, "fills up the measure of your military glory; but there is another glory still greater—civil glory. The sentiments and intentions which you have solemnly promulgated promise France that you know how to acquire it."* He quitted Rome for Paris; the ostensible object of his journey being to procure the evacuation of the Roman States, which had been invaded by Murat. It is said, that after having fulfilled his mission he prepared to return to Italy, but was prevented from leaving France by Napoleon. Be that as it may, Lucien took his seat in the Chamber of Peers, and exhibited more devotion to the imperial cause than he had ever done during its most prosperous days. The Palais Royal was allotted for his residence, and fitted up in the most sumptuous style; and the "Journal de l'Empire" was placed under his superintendence as one of the papers most in circulation, and having the greatest effect in directing public opinion.

When Napoleon, apparently paralyzed by the unexpected reverses at Waterloo, betrayed symptoms of irresolution, Lucien did all he could to reanimate his drooping spirits. "You give up the game," he said, "without having lost it. The death of thirty thousand men cannot decide the fate of France." Finding his brother still undetermined, he remarked to his secretary, that "the smoke of Mount St. Jean had turned his brain."

The second abdication obliged Lucien to retire to his sister Pauline's château at Neuilly, where he pre-

* Mémoires de Fleury de Chaboulon, tom. i. p. 439.

pared to leave France. He reached Turin on the 12th of July, with the intention of going on to Rome; but scarcely had he alighted at the inn, before he was conducted to the citadel, as a prisoner of state. At the intercession of his steady friend Pius VII., however, he was released in September, on the condition of being subjected to the surveillance of the holy father; and immediately rejoined his family in the Roman States, where he has resided ever since.

While Napoleon was at St. Helena, Lucien's mind and heart were incessantly directed to that spot. He applied to the British government to be allowed to proceed thither, and to reside there two years, with or without his wife and children; engaging not to occasion any augmentation of expense, and promising to submit to every restriction imposed on his brother, or that might be imposed upon himself, either before his departure or after his return.

He has a handsome palace in the Via Condotti, and a few select pictures. He lives in the bosom of his family, all the branches of which assemble in the evening at his house; which is open also to strangers who have been previously introduced to him. Besides his son, Prince Musignano, married to his brother Joseph's daughter, his eldest daughter, by his first wife, is united to the Prince Prossedi. She is an amiable and accomplished woman. It is she who refused to be the wife of Ferdinand of Spain. Her answer to an inquiry, whether she did not feel afraid of irritating her imperial uncle by a refusal, will explain her character—"O, que non! on ne craint pas celui qu'on n'estime pas."

In 1799, Lucien published a romance, in two volumes, called "Stellina," which fell stillborn from the press. His "Charlemagne, ou l'Eglise delivrée," an epic in twenty-four books, commenced at Tusculum, continued at Malta, and completed in England, appeared in 1814, with the following dedication to his protector, Pius VII ·

"Most Holy Father,

"After four years of captivity, Providence again brings me to the feet of your holiness. During these years of trial I have completed the long poem, the first cantos of which you deigned to receive so graciously. My residence at Rome for so many years has made my sentiments sufficiently known to your holiness. Your remembrance of us, and your inestimable letters, supported myself and my wife and children in adversity, even when our hopes of seeing you again seemed lost for ever.

"Restored now to our asylum, under your paternal protection, what do we not owe you? By allowing me to speak of the kindnesses with which you have loaded us for ten years, and by deigning to receive this dedication, your holiness adds, if possible, to my debt of gratitude. Permit me then, holy father, to renew my vows of fidelity and devotion, which can only end with my life, and to kiss your feet, while I fervently implore your holy benediction.

"Your holiness's most faithful

"And devoted son in Christ,

"Lucien Bonaparte.

"Rome, May, 1814."

This poem, which had been extravagantly extolled before its appearance,* was fatal to Lucien's literary reputation. It was translated into English by Dr. Butler and Mr. Hodgson, and much was expected from it; but its success was very indifferent. The French critics persist in regarding it as one of the most tedious and monotonous productions, in the shape of an epic poem, that ever appeared. From the eighteenth canto, which was written at Malta, and which opens with a digression personal to the poet, we shall make a short extract. It will be seen

* "I have seen much of Lucien Bonaparte's MS., and he really surpasses every thing beneath Tasso."—*Life of Lord Byron*, by Thomas Moore, vol. i. p. 422.

that Lucien, instead of the Alexandrine measure, since the time of Ronsard the established heroic verse of France, has preferred the form of stanza:—

Je n'oublirai jamais ta bonté paternelle
Favori du très-haut, Clermont, Pontife-roi!
Au nouvel hémisphère entraîné loin de toi,
Je t'y conserverai le cœur le plus fidèle:
Confiant à la mer et ma femme et mes fils
Sur des bords ennemis,
J'espérai vainement un asile éphémère,
Par un triste refus rejetté sur les flots,
Après avoir long-temps erré loin de la terre,
Mélite dans son port enferma nos vaisseaux.

De la captivité je sens ici le poids!
Rien ne plait en ces lieux à mon ame abbattue;
Rien ne parle à mon cœur; rien ne s'offre à ma vue
Accourez, mes enfants: viens, épouse chérie,
Doux charme de ma vie,
D'un seul de tes regards viens me rendre la paix.
Il n'est plus de désert où brille ton sourire,
Fuyez, sombres chagrins, souvenirs inquiets,
Sur ce roc Africain je resaisis ma lyre.

Prince, pontiff! loved of heaven—O, Clermont! say,
What filial duties shall thy cares repay?
E'en on the shores that skirt the western main,
Still shall this heart its loyal faith maintain.
My precious freight confiding to the deep,
Children and wife, I left Frascati's steep,
And ask'd a short retreat,—I sought no more,—
But vainly sought it on a hostile shore.
Thence by refusal stern and harsh repell'd,
O'er the wide wat'ry waste my course I held,
In sufferings oft, and oft in perils cast,
Till Malta's port received our ships at last

Here sad captivity's dull weight I find;
Naught pleases here, naught soothes my listless mind;
Naught here can bid my sickening heart rejoice,
Speak to my soul, or animate my voice.
Run to my knees, my children! cherish'd wife,
Come, softest charm and solace of my life!
One look from thee shall all my peace restore:
Where beams thy smile the desert is no more.
Hence, restless memory,—hence, repinings vain!—
On Afric's rock I seize my lyre again.

In 1819 Lucien published another poem, in twelve cantos, entitled "La Cirnéide, ou la Corse sauvée." I as Cases says, that after Napoleon's return in 1815,

when Lucien arrived in Paris, Joseph advised the emperor to appoint him governor-general of Corsica, and that this measure was even determined on; the importance and hurry of passing events alone preventing its execution.

LOUIS.

Louis, the third brother of Napoleon, was born at Ajaccio on the 2d of September, 1778. During the siege of Toulon, in the early part of 1793, Napoleon frequently visited Marseilles, for the purpose of hastening the preparations for the siege, and at the same time of seeing his family. In one of these visits, he prevailed on his mother to send Louis, then little more than fourteen years of age, to the school at Châlons, to undergo the examination necessary to his entrance into the artillery; for which service he had always been intended.

On the recapture of Toulon, Napoleon, being appointed to survey the line of fortifications on the Mediterranean coast of France, took Louis with him, intending to place him on his staff, with the rank of sub-lieutenant.

When, in 1794, Napoleon joined the army of Italy, then stationed at Nice, the representatives of the people wished to confer on Louis the rank of captain; but as he was little more than fifteen, the measure was objected to by his brother. Napoleon used to relate sundry anecdotes of Louis, which, while they evince the most ardent fraternal attachment, afford proofs of courage and coolness. The first time he was led into an engagement, Louis, far from betraying any astonishment, was anxious to serve as a rampart to his brother. This was before Saorgio, on the high road from Nice to Tenda.

While the enemy were keeping up a brisk fire of artillery, Louis placed himself before Napoleon, as he proceeded along the outside of the intrenchments, for the purpose of examining them; and in this position he continued during the whole of the inspection.

On another occasion, they happened to be together at a battery, upon which the enemy kept up a smart fire. As the breastworks were only three or four feet high, the garrison frequently stooped down to shelter themselves. Napoleon, observing that Louis, imitating his own example, remained immoveable, asked him the reason: "I have heard you say," replied Louis, "that an artillery-officer should never fear cannon, it being our best weapon."

Louis was little more than seventeen when he a second time joined the army of Italy, then commanded by his brother; to whom, though he had only the rank of lieutenant, he was appointed aid-de-camp. At this early stage of his career, he was of an observant and silent character. "He felt," he says, "a vacuity of heart and a sentiment of deep regret, at seeing himself impelled into a career of troublesome ambition." He already sighed for retirement and a peaceful occupation. He displayed courage on several occasions, but only by fits; and the acquirement of a military reputation gave him no concern.

At Nice, he met with an accident which had nearly cost him an eye. While returning from a mission at full gallop, on a young and fiery horse, he was met by his brother aid-de-camp, Junot, on foot, who frightened the animal in order to try the skill of its rider. Louis fell, and the wound he received was so improperly treated, that the scar still remains.

He and the brave Lannes, afterward Duke of Montebello, were the first who, in May, 1796, passed the Po. At the taking of Pizzighitone, Louis

entered the breach with Dommartin, the general of artillery. He was present at the driving in of the gates of Pavia, and the reduction and partial pillage of that city. At this horrible spectacle he says he was greatly shocked, and became thenceforward still more cold and taciturn. He was present at the battle of Valeggio, after which the Mincio was forcibly passed, with the Austrian army in front. He presented to the Directory the colours taken at the battle of Castiglione, and had the rank of captain conferred on him as a mark of their satisfaction.

He was also at the battles of Brenta, Coldiero, and Rivoli; and at the memorable one of Arcola, which lasted three days, he was exposed during the hottest period of the attack to imminent peril. The brave Lannes fell wounded by his side; and Napoleon's horse having sunk with him in a morass, Louis succeeded in getting hold of one of his brother's hands; but not being sufficiently strong, he was drawn along with him, and both must have perished, had not Marmont, with two subalterns, extricated them from their perilous situation. This took place on the first day. On the second, Louis was charged with important orders from the general-in-chief to General Robert, and being the only person on horseback, he was marked out by the tirailleurs of the enemy, and exposed for a long time to their fire. On regaining his brother, Napoleon expressed a feeling of surprise and joy at seeing him: "I believed you dead," said he; and his death had been actually announced to him by some of the grenadiers.

Pending the negotiations in 1797, previous to the treaty of Campo Formio, Louis was sent to reconnoitre the advanced posts of the enemy. This important duty lasted eight days, and his conduct received the highest praise from his brother. On this inspection he first saw the young Bertrand, who then belonged to the engineers at Osappo. He soon

appreciated his merit, and recommended him to his brother. This is the person who was afterward grand marshal, and accompanied Napoleon into exile.

When the expedition to Egypt was in contemplation, Louis was anxious to serve in it; but, for a personal reason, he was desirous of setting out later than the rest of the aids-de-camp. His sister Caroline was then at the celebrated boarding-school of Madame Campan, at St. Germain. Thither he frequently repaired, and became acquainted with a female friend of his sister, whose father had emigrated at the commencement of the Revolution.—He felt a warm interest in her behalf, esteemed the qualities of her heart and mind, and thought her altogether the most beautiful young lady he had ever seen. Walking one evening with Casabianca, a naval officer and a friend of his brother, he could not conceal his sentiments, but confided them to that gentleman. Casabianca was alarmed. "Do you know," said he, "that a marriage of this description might be highly injurious to your brother, and make him an object of suspicion with the government?" On the following day, Napoleon sent for Louis, and desired him to set out instantly for Toulon. Instead of losing time in fruitless attempts to convince a love-sick youth of the folly of his passion, he procured from the minister of war an order for his immediate departure.

In May, 1798, Louis embarked with the expedition for Egypt. Being greatly fatigued with the voyage, he was permitted to remain at Alexandria, where he was an eyewitness of the ever-memorable battle of the Nile. On the blowing up of the French admiral's ship, L'Orient, "the whole horizon," he says, "seemed on fire; the earth shook, and the smoke which proceeded from the vessel ascended heavily in a mass, like an immense black balloon. It then brightened up, and exhibited the objects of all de-

scriptions which were precipitated on the scene of the battle. What a terrible moment of fear and desolation for the French who witnessed this awful catastrophe!"

While in Egypt, Louis wrote several letters to his friends in France. One to his brother Joseph, which was intercepted by the British cruisers and made public, breathes a tone of philanthropy very creditable to the youthful writer. "The Mamelukes," he says, "have no idea of children's play: they either kill or are killed. The Bedouins are an invincible people, inhabiting a burning desert, mounted on the fleetest horses in the world, and full of courage.—They live, with their wives and children, in flying camps, which are never pitched two nights together in the same place. They are horrible savages, and yet they have some notion of gold! A small quantity of it serves to excite their admiration. Yes, my dear brother, they love gold; they pass their lives in extorting it from such Europeans as fall into their hands; and for what purpose?—for continuing the course of life which I have described, and for teaching it to their children. O, Jean Jacques! why was it not thy fate to see those men whom thou callest 'the men of Nature?' thou wouldst sink with shame and startle with horror at the thought of having once admired them! Oh! how many misanthropes would be converted, if chance should conduct them into the midst of the deserts of Arabia!"

On setting out for Syria, Napoleon, yielding to the entreaties of his brother, consented to his return to France. Louis accordingly, on the 11th of May, 1799, took his departure from Egypt, in a small gunboat, carrying with him despatches for the Directory; and, after a voyage of two months, during which he escaped, as it were, by miracle, the Turkish, Russian, English, and even Portuguese vessels, he reached Porto Vecchio. On his way to Paris, he stopped at

Sens, and was not a little surprised to find, at Madame de Bourrienne's, the *intercepted correspondence*, seized by the English and printed at London, containing his own letter to his brother Joseph, of which the above is an extract, as well as others, "the publication of which would," he observed, "on the return of the army to France, give birth to unpleasant scenes in more families than one."*

In December, 1799, on Napoleon's elevation to the consulship, Louis was appointed colonel of a regiment of dragoons, and sent to serve in Normandy, where the troubles had not entirely ceased. Peace soon followed, but it was thought expedient that four of the Chouan leaders should be tried by a court-martial, and Louis was called upon to preside. This, however, he obstinately refused, nor could entreaties or threats induce him to consent. He protested against the sentence of death passed upon these unfortunate persons, and, during its execution, not only confined himself to his quarters, as if it had been a day of mourning, but ordered his officers to do the same. His regiment was soon after recalled to Paris; and from this time he appears to have lost, in a great degree, the good-will of his brother.

It seems, however, to have been a favourite object with Napoleon, and more especially with Josephine, to effect a marriage between her daughter Hortense and Louis. The proposition was made to him in July, 1800, shortly after the return of the First Consul from the brilliant campaign of Marengo, and he then gave it a decided negative; "not," he says, "from any unfavourable opinion entertained of the character or morals of the young lady, who was the subject of general praise, but because he was afraid their characters were not suited to each other."

Not long after the proposition was renewed, but with no better success; and, to escape further im-

* De Bourrienne, tom ii. p. 207.

portunities, Louis made a tour of several months in Germany. He there met with a gracious reception from the King and Queen of Prussia, and from that time never ceased to express the highest esteem for that illustrious house. "And what an iron heart," he gallantly observes, "must that man have had, who would not have been touched with the enchanting spectacle of a court at once military and polished, in which the most beautiful, most gracious, and most amiable of women enjoyed the love and affection of her subjects!"

On his return from this excursion, he was assailed with a fresh repetition of the proposal. An expedition was at that time organizing for Portugal, in which he contrived to have his regiment included, and thus obtained a new pretence for eluding the importunities of his over-kind relations, who, like certain parents and uncles on the stage, seemed obstinately bent upon making poor Louis happy against his will.

On passing through Mont-de-Marsan, in the department of Landes, he was received with demonstrations of joy, on account of his brother. Scarcely had he entered the hotel of the prefecture, when the prefect presented to him all the constituted authorities; at the head of whom was the venerable president of the tribunal, who had his speech ready prepared in his hand, and was intent on delivering it. The orator advanced, and with solemn voice began—"Young and valiant hero!"—This was too much for Louis. He instantly stepped forward, and snatching, in a good-humoured manner, the oration out of the hand of the spokesman, said, "M. le Président, this address is, I perceive, intended for my brother. I will take care to acquaint him with the kind sentiments you entertain towards him." This put an end to the harangue, as well as to the presentations.

Immediately after Louis's return from Portugal, in October, 1801, Josephine returned with fresh spirits to the matrimonial charge, and with better success

than heretofore. One evening, when there was a ball at Malmaison, she took him aside, Napoleon joined the conference, and after a long conversation, Louis says, "they made him give his consent"—"on lui fit donner son consentement." The day of the nuptials was fixed, and on the 4th of January, 1802, the contract, the civil marriage, and the religious ceremony took place at the First Consul's private residence in the Rue de la Victoire.

"Without connubial Juno's aid they wed:
Nor Hymen nor the Graces bless the bed!"

"Never," exclaims Louis, in a tone of anguish, "was there a more gloomy ceremony! Never had husband and wife a stronger presentiment of the horrors of a reluctant and ill-assorted union!" From this he dates the commencement of his unhappiness, his bodily and mental sufferings. It stamped on his whole existence a profound melancholy, a dejection, a drying of the heart, which, he adds, "nothing ever could, or ever will remedy." As for Hortense, who had only left Madame Campan's boarding-school a few weeks before the wedding, a lady who was present at a ball given in honour of it by Madame de Montesson, states, that "every countenance beamed with satisfaction, save that of the bride, whose profound melancholy formed a sad contrast to the happiness which she might have been expected to evince: she seemed to shun her husband's very looks, lest he should read in hers the indifference she felt towards him."

During the years 1802, 1803, and 1804, Louis was almost entirely with his regiment, or at the mineral baths. In 1804 he was appointed general of brigade; and at this period the death of the Duke d'Enghien took place. On learning the sad catastrophe, he repaired to Paris; but he was too late, and could only add his tears to those of Josephine, Hortense, and Caroline. Louis represents his brother as

being, for several days, melancholy, absent, and slovenly; and declares, that he must have been drawn into the adoption of the fatal measure in a hasty and perfidious manner.

On Napoleon being crowned emperor, Louis was made general of division and counsellor of state; and, in 1805, during his brother's absence in Germany, he received the command of the garrison of Paris; in which situation he displayed a zeal and activity that could scarcely have been expected from him.

We now arrive at the period when Louis was elevated to the throne of Holland. The first intimation he had of Napoleon's intention was conveyed to him during the campaign of Austerlitz. At that time Louis commanded a corps of troops stationed in Holland, to protect the northern portion of the empire against a diversion on the part of Prussia; and his conduct while there was praised by Napoleon in one of the bulletins of the grand army. At the close of the campaign, Louis sent back most of the troops to Paris, and went to meet the emperor at Strasburg. He was received with coldness, and reprimanded for his hasty departure from Holland. Louis replied, that the rumours which were in circulation in Holland, with respect to certain changes in the government of that country, had hastened his departure, and were of a nature to displease that estimable nation. Napoleon gave him to understand that they were not unfounded, and that he was to be created king of Holland.

Thinking he should be able to find pretexts for declining an honour for which he was not ambitious, Louis gave himself little uneasiness about it. However, in the spring of 1806 there arrived at Paris from Holland a deputation of five ambassadors, all men of rank and consequence; and after four months of negotiation, a treaty was concluded, by which the Dutch republic was transformed into a monarchy.

Louis was not invited to their sittings, and received no official intimation that his personal interest was at all connected with them; but, at length, the ambassadors made him acquainted with what had been going on, and assured him that their nation gave him the preference for king. He did what he could to avoid expatriation, but was insultingly told by his brother, that he need not be frightened before he was hurt; and on every thing being matured, Napoleon informed him that he was to be king of Holland, and that if he had not hitherto been consulted, it was because it was the duty of a subject to obey.

Louis still held out. He pleaded the delicacy of his constitution, and the unfavourableness of the climate. "Better to die a king than to live a prince," was the unbrotherly reply;* and in a day or two after, Talleyrand waited on him at St. Leu, and read aloud to him and Hortense the treaty and constitution which had just been concluded. On being asked whether he approved of them, he answered, that not having been in the secret, he could not form an opinion at a single reading, but that he would endeavour to do his best. This took place on the 3d of June, 1806. On the 5th Louis and his wife were proclaimed king and queen of Holland.

Louis now gave himself up with enthusiasm to the hope of being useful to two millions of men, and resolved to devote himself to their happiness. He remained a week at St. Leu, and during that time endeavoured to gain from the deputation a general notion of the state of the country over which he was about to rule. Finding its treasury empty, and that France owed it three millions of florins (250,000*l.*), lent to the French governors of the colonies in the East Indies, he demanded of the emperor the repayment of it, but without success. All the money he

* De Bourrienne, tom. viii. p. 126.

carried with him into Holland was seven hundred thousand francs, not 30,000*l.*, the arrears of his annual allowance from the state, and which belonged to him personally.

Louis and his family left Paris on the 15th of June. On approaching the Dutch frontiers he changed his cockade; not, he says, "without great pain, and shedding sincere tears." He arrived on the 18th at the Hague, and his first care was to form a ministry. He inquired into the integrity and merit of individuals, and on these he founded his confidence. To the several addresses presented to him, he replied, "that from the moment he set foot on the soil, he had become a Dutchman." He promised to protect justice, as he would protect commerce, by throwing the access to it open, and removing every thing that might impede it. "With me," he said, "there shall be no different religions —no different parties; merit and services shall form the sole ground of distinction."

The necessities of his treasury demanding immediate attention, he despatched an individual to Paris, to inform his brother that unless he liquidated the debt due to Holland, took the French troops into his own pay, and lessened the naval force, he would instantly abdicate; meantime, without waiting for an answer, he gave directions for such reductions as it was in his power to make. He also represented to Napoleon, that the suppression of all commerce and navigation, which was merely a severe loss for France, was the same thing as depriving Holland of its very soil.

He soon perceived that the government of Holland must found its chief support on public opinion. He set about drawing up in silence the plan of a constitution, of the most simple description, alike suited to the taste and the habits of his subjects; and he took steps for obtaining a uniform civil and criminal code, which should unite the principles of

justice with those of humanity. He also appointed two committees, composed of the ablest professors and men of letters, to draw up a uniform system of weights and measures; and though the good he thus intended was not attained during his reign, it has since been carried into complete effect by the present sovereign of the Netherlands. Besides these, Louis projected sundry ameliorations connected with the health of his subjects and the salubrity of the country. Himself a victim, ever since the age of two-and-twenty, to a slow and extraordinary disease, he had often had occasion to direct his attention to this important object. He enlarged the public libraries, encouraged the fine arts, by distributing prizes and sending pupils to Paris and Rome, founded a General Institution of Arts and Sciences, and created the order of Union and Merit, selecting for its device the Dutch maxim, "Doe wel en zie niet om"—"Do what you ought; happen what may."

In January, 1807, a shock like that of an earthquake was felt at the Hague, and a light in the horizon announced a terrible fire, in the direction of Leyden. Louis happened to be on his way thither, when he was informed that a vessel laden with gunpowder had blown up in the centre of the city. On his arrival, he was horrorstruck at the spectacle that presented itself. Eight hundred houses had been levelled with the ground; and with their fall, numerous families, while enjoying the repast of dinner, were precipitated into eternity—fathers, mothers, children, and domestics, all were hurried to a promiscuous grave. Every window in the place was smashed to atoms, and thus the bread, flour, and other necessaries of life were rendered dangerous and useless, by the showers of powdered glass that fell in all directions.

Attended by the magistrates, Louis traversed the scene of desolation. He ascended the ruins, mixed with the labourers, visited the wounded, promised a

reward to every one who succeeded in rescuing a fellow-creature from beneath the rubbish, and did not quit the spot till daybreak of the following morning. He sent off to the principal towns for succours of all kinds, and ordered his palace in the Wood, between Leyden and the Hague, to be thrown open to those respectable families whom the accident had left houseless. On afterward receiving the thanks of the magistrates, he returned a most benignant answer. "The dead," said he, "I cannot restore to you; that is above human power; but all that I can I will do for your city." Louis kept his word. He proposed to the legislative body the measures necessary to its restoration; directed a general subscription to be set on foot, which was so productive, that the inhabitants were indemnified for their pecuniary losses; and decreed that Leyden should become the seat of the Royal University.

Again, in 1809, when a sudden inundation spread desolation over several districts, Louis was on the spot, performing the same beneficent offices. He traversed the whole of it during two days and a night, visited every village, consoled and encouraged the inhabitants, and promptly rewarded those who most exposed themselves to danger.

At the close of 1806, the famous Berlin decree was enacted, prohibiting all intercourse with England, and Louis was required to enforce it in Holland. He could not avoid taking some analogous steps, but he would not re-enact the decree. On complaints being made, that a contraband traffic was carrying on, Louis coolly replied, "Empêchez donc la peau de transpirer!"—"You might as well forbid the skin to perspire!" At another time, while he was standing on one of the quays, with some French courtiers, a Swedish vessel was seen coming up, with her flags flying. The circumstance being pointed out to him, he replied coolly, that he

saw nothing but a merchant-ship, and turned his back on the officious informer.

After the conquest of Prussia, he sent a deputation to his brother at Berlin to congratulate him on the achievement; but instead of meeting with a gracious reception, Napoleon loaded them and their master with the grossest insults, and shortly after compelled Louis to concede several provinces, including Flushing.

About this time, Napoleon, who was making arrangements for taking possession of Spain, conceived the design of transferring Louis to the throne of that country. He accordingly addressed a letter to him, in March, 1808, in which he opened his plan, intimating, among other things, that the climate of Holland was unfavourable to his health. "Tell me categorically," he said, "if I make you king of Spain, will you agree to it? answer me—*yes*, or *no*." The surprise of Louis, on receiving so impolitic, unjust, and shameful a proposition, was only equalled by his indignation:—"I am not the governor of a province," he said: "for a king there is no promotion but to heaven; they are all equal: with what face can I demand an oath of fidelity from another people, if I am unfaithful to that which I have taken to the Dutch?" His answer was a direct refusal; and the throne of Spain was given to Joseph.

What the feelings of Louis at this time were, with reference to his brother, may be collected from the following anecdote. He was one day conversing with the Russian minister, Prince Dolgorouki, on the possibility of enforcing the decree against commerce in Holland. "We live on hope," said Louis, "and by expedients, as Heaven permits"—"comme le Ciel le permet." The ambassador, in allusion to the word "heaven," and wishing to discover whether the king had authorized any relaxation of his prohibitory measures, quoted, with a smile, the line from Tartuffe—

"Il est avec le ciel des accommodemens."*—

"Oui, monsieur," said Louis, "mais il n'en est pas avec l'enfer,"† and changed the conversation.

The relations between France and Holland continued in this state until the peace with Austria, in 1809; when Napoleon would frequently say to his officers at Schoënbrunn, "We have nothing to do now but to march against Spain and Holland." In speaking of his brother, he would exclaim, "Louis is no longer French; he is rather the brother and ally of King George." In this state of things, Louis was advised to pay Napoleon a visit, and endeavour to induce him to change his determination. He reached Paris in December, but had little reason to be satisfied with the success of his journey. At their first interview, the brothers had a warm dispute on the affairs of Holland. Advantage, however, was taken of his presence to make an overture to the British ministry for the repeal of the orders in council, and Louis was given to understand, that if those orders were not revoked, Holland would be united to the French empire. The British government declined the overture; and Louis, pressed in every way, was induced to sign a treaty, providing for the introduction of a body of French troops into Holland, to co-operate in enforcing the continental system.

Louis returned to Holland in April, 1810. In submitting to the humiliating conditions imposed on him, he seems to have intended to put Napoleon as much as possible in the wrong, that he might, in the end, appeal to the spirit of the people for the purpose of making an active resistance; and when, on the 29th of June, the French troops were about to establish their head-quarters in Amsterdam, he had come to the determination to place the country

* "There is such a thing as coming to a compromise with heaven."
† "Yes, sir, but not with hell."

in a posture of defence by cutting the dikes; but on communicating this determination to his ministers, all gave their opinion against a defence. "This is enough," said Louis; "this determines me. I will drive the emperor to the wall, and compel him to avow, in the face of all Europe, the secret of his policy towards Holland. I will put my son in my place. If the complaints against me be well founded, he will acknowledge the boy. If, on the contrary, he avails himself of my abdication to seize upon Holland, it will prove that all his accusations were merely attempts to pick a quarrel."

He accordingly, on the 1st of July, abdicated in favour of his son. The act of abdication was, however, declared a nullity. Napoleon sent an aid-de-camp for the minor, and assigned him a dwelling in the park of St. Cloud; and Holland was, in a fortnight after, formally united to the French empire. One who was with the emperor when he received the news of Louis's abdication states, that he never saw him so much struck with astonishment. He remained silent for a few minutes, and after a kind of momentary stupor, suddenly appeared to be greatly agitated. "Was it possible," he exclaimed, "to suspect conduct so mischievous from the brother most indebted to me? When I was a mere lieutenant of artillery, I brought him up with the scanty means afforded me: I divided my bread with him; and this is the return he makes me!"*

Louis took his departure from Haarlem in the strictest incognito, proceeding to the baths of Tœplitz, in Bohemia. He then retired to Gratz, in Styria, taking the title of Count de St. Leu, a small estate he possessed near Paris. He left with his son the revenues of the month of June, taking with him only ten thousand florins, to defray the expenses of the journey, and his diamond decorations. By a

* Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo.

decree of the French senate, an apanage of two million francs (80,000*l.*) was settled on him and his family; but as he considered the decree calculated to injure him in the esteem of the Dutch, he published a protest, expressive of his determination to refuse it.

At Gratz Louis lived a retired life, endeavouring to re-establish his health. On Napoleon's first reverse, and again after the battle of Leipsic, he made an attempt to recover the possession of his lost crown, and even thought of returning to Holland by way of Paris; but he was not permitted to enter that city. He therefore retraced his steps to Switzerland, and on arriving there found a letter from his brother, in which Napoleon admitted, that he would rather that Holland should return into the government of the Prince of Orange than to that of his brother. Louis next made a direct address to the magistrates of Amsterdam, but the Dutch paid no attention to his letter, and conferred the sovereign power on the heir of their ancient stadtholders.

Being now released from all obligations to his former subjects, Louis wished to retire to St. Leu for the remainder of his life. He reached Paris on the 1st of January, 1814; but Napoleon at first not only refused to see him, but ordered him to remove to the distance of forty leagues from Paris; however, through the mediation of Maria Louisa, a meeting took place, which passed very coldly. He remained at or near Paris till the 30th of March, when he attended the empress to Blois; and after his brother's abdication, he retired, with the pope's permission, to Rome; where he has ever since enjoyed that repose which he so much loves, and so well deserves.

In 1808 Louis gave to the world a sentimental romance, called "Marie, ou les Peines de l'Amour," of which a second edition appeared in 1814, under

the more attractive title of "Marie, ou les Hollandaises."

His treatise entitled "Documens Historiques, et Reflexions sur le Gouvernement de la Hollande," has met with a better fate. Besides the English, Italian, and German translations, four separate ones have been made into Dutch. It is a work of no literary pretensions, being merely an unpresuming account of his administration in Holland. It appears clear from it, that he ascended the throne with unfeigned reluctance,—under an influence amounting to little less than absolute duresse,—and, at the same time, with a settled determination not to be made an instrument of oppression. He certainly evinced some feebleness of mind, and a kind of willing deception, in imagining that he could carry this system into effect; but these are mere blemishes in an honourable and virtuous character. He found his reward in the respect and affection of his subjects, and his name continues to be mentioned among them with honour and regret.

He has been blamed by the Duke of Rovigo and others for deserting a nation which did ample justice to his qualities, and had given proofs of fidelity and obedience to his service; but De Bourrienne, on the other hand, maintains, that he could not have submitted to his brother's exorbitant demands without inducing the entire ruin of Holland.* If Louis did not always effect the best that could possibly be done, it was, at least, his constant aim to do so; his favourite maxim being the motto of his order—"Doe wel en zie niet om."

The following short anecdotes will show the spirit of mildness by which his government was actuated. One of the persons about him expressed his regret that Louis had not punished with severity a sort of revolt which took place at Rotterdam. "It should

* De Bourrienne, tom. viii. p. 255.

have finished," said the person, "by hanging up some fifty of the ringleaders." "I chose rather to put an end to it by a letter," answered Louis, with a smile. In the same spirit, he said to the Duke de Cazes, then his private secretary, "For my part, I cannot see why bayonets should be employed to quell every petty tumult in a playhouse. To put an end to them, artificial shower-baths should be placed in the ceiling over the pit, to give it a sprinkling when too noisy. This would be far more suitable; for there is a great deal of sportiveness in theatrical riots, and to punish them as crimes is to crush a fly with a rock."

With respect to his marriage with Hortense Beauharnais, it was, in all respects, an unfortunate one. They had three children, whom they loved with equal affection—Napoleon Charles, who died in Holland in 1807; Napoleon Louis, nominated Grand Duke of Berg in 1809, married to his cousin Charlotte, the daughter of the ex-king Joseph; and Charles Louis Napoleon.

JEROME.

Jerome, the youngest of Napoleon's brothers, was born at Ajaccio, on the 15th of December, 1784; and, on the family being compelled to leave Corsica in 1793, he accompanied them to France. Shortly after his brother assumed the command of the army of Italy, Jerome was sent, with his sister Caroline and the two children of Josephine, to Madame Campan's establishment at St. Germain, and from thence to the college of Juilly, in the department of the Seine and Marne; where he remained until the revolution of November, 1799, which placed Napoleon at the head of the consular government.

He then left college, and, before he had completed his fifteenth year, entered the navy—a service for which he had always been intended.

In 1801 he was appointed to the command of a small sloop of war, L'Epervier, and employed in the expedition to St. Domingo commanded by his brother-in-law, General Le Clerc. In March, 1802, he returned to France, the bearer of despatches announcing the landing of the expedition and the capture of Cape François; intelligence which was received with transports of exultation, as it was looked upon as the forerunner of the repossession of that important colony.

In June of the same year, we find Jerome at Brest, launching into extravagances, contracting debts which he had not the means to pay, and drawing on De Bourrienne, his brother's secretary, for sums which the First Consul discharged with much reluctance. One of his letters, in particular, excited Napoleon's anger: it was filled with accounts of the entertainments he was giving and receiving, and concluded with notifying that he had drawn for seventeen thousand francs. To this Bonaparte wrote the following reply:—"I have seen your letter, Monsieur l'Enseigne de Vaisseau, and am impatient to hear that you are on board your frigate, studying a profession intended to be the scene of your glory. Die young, and I shall have some consolation; but if you live to sixty, without having served your country and leaving behind you any honourable recollections, you had better not have been born."*

Jerome never realized the wishes and expectations of his brother, who always called him a "*petit polisson.*" On the receipt of this letter, he set sail for Martinique, and resided while there with Madame de la Pagérie, the mother of Josephine. In 1803, on the resumption of hostilities between England and

* De Bourrienne, tom. iv. p. 343.

France, he had frequent opportunities of distinguishing himself; but, after cruising for a few months off Tobago, he thought proper to put into New-York, where he passed in dissipation that time which should have been employed in facing the enemy.

Towards the close of the year, he married Miss Elizabeth Patterson, the daughter of a rich merchant of Baltimore. He remained in America until the spring of 1805, when he embarked in a neutral vessel, the Erin, and landed at Lisbon in May; whence he set off, by land, for Paris, directing the ship to proceed to Amsterdam; from which city he intended his wife should follow him, as soon as he had obtained the requisite permission from his imperial brother. On the arrival, however, of the Erin in the Texel, Madame Jerome Bonaparte, not being permitted to go on shore, thought it advisable to trust herself to the English. She accordingly landed at Dover in June, took up her residence during the summer at Camberwell, and in the autumn returned to her native country.

Napoleon was highly incensed at the idle and dissolute conduct of a brother whom he had hoped one day to place at the head of the French navy. He nevertheless sent him on a mission to the Dey of Algiers, to demand the restitution of certain Genoese, who had been carried into slavery. Jerome is said to have acquitted himself, on this occasion, in a spirited manner, and brought back with him two hundred and fifty of those unfortunate persons.

In December, he was appointed to the command of the Vétéran, of seventy-four guns, and visited a third time the West Indies. After a cruise of eight months, he sailed for France, and captured on his way six merchant vessels laden with timber from Quebec. Being closely pursued by an English man-of-war, the Gibraltar, Captain Lukin, he made for the small bay of Concarneau, on the coast of Brit

tany; where his ship was stranded, and Jerome and his crew with difficulty got on shore.

Immediately on his arrival at Paris, he was decorated with the cordon of the Legion of Honour, made rear-admiral, and created a prince. The *Moniteur* of the 17th of September gave a pompous detail of his gallant exploits. "The prince," it said, "was constantly at sea, in the midst of the enemy's squadron, and everywhere maintaining the honour of the French flag; now compelling Cochrane to take refuge in Barbadoes; now terrifying, by his presence, the commerce and colonies of the enemy! The value of the six merchant vessels captured by him on their way from Quebec is estimated at twenty millions of francs (830,000*l.*), and the loss is said to have caused a dreadful sensation in London."*

Happily, however, for England and her navy, the future Nelson of France suddenly quitted "the scene of his glory," and passed from the sea to the land service. In November, we find "the prince" at the head of a small corps of Bavarians and Wurtembergers, employed in the reduction of the fortresses of Silesia; and again, in December, directing the blockade of Glogau, and expressing his entire satisfaction at the conduct of the Bavarian cavalry. In March, 1807, he was made general of division.

Hitherto Jerome had displayed no want of affection for his American wife—a lady distinguished alike for her beauty and her talents; but, in July, on the conclusion of the peace of Tilsit, Napoleon having represented to him that the branches of the imperial family were not entitled to enter into alliances according to the dictates of their own feelings, but

* The muses also were put in requisition. At a splendid entertainment given upon the occasion by the Princess Eliza, and at which Napoleon was present, the venerable Chevalier de Boufflers was delivered of the following *concetto*:

"Sur le front couronné de ce jeune vainqueur,
J'admire ce qu'ont fait deux ou trois ans de guérre;
Je l'avais vu partir ressemblant à sa sœur,
Je le vois revenir ressemblant à son frère."

were bound to form such as were most suitable to his policy, Jerome was tempted to sacrifice the connexion which his heart had chosen, and become the tool of his brother's overweening ambition. The better to secure his influence in Germany, Napoleon demanded in marriage for him a daughter of the Elector of Saxony; but as that princess would not listen to the proposal, another was immediately sought after. On the 12th of August, Jerome espoused the Princess Frederica Catharina, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg, and, a few days after, was proclaimed King of Westphalia. On the 7th of December, a decree was issued, containing, in four pages, the constitution of the new kingdom; by an article of which, in default of legal descendants of King Jerome, the throne was to devolve on Napoleon or his heirs. It was published on the 15th, the new monarch's birthday, who had then completed his twenty-second year; and on the 21st, the "*petit polisson*" made his public entry into Cassel.

Jerome had no lack of common sense: where he was not imposed on by intriguers, but was left to pursue the dictates of his heart, he generally took the right course, and had his ministers united a turn for business with integrity and a knowledge of the world, he might have become popular; but, from the individuals whom he had collected around him, it was soon very evident that his government would not be a wise one. Volatile as a boy just escaped from school, he had a passion for imitating, in public, the pomp and state of his imperial brother; but, shut up within the walls of his palace, he would give loose to all the idle gayeties of childhood, down to the taking a part in a game at leapfrog with his courtiers.

On his arrival at Cassel, he had the mortification to find his treasury empty. Every branch of the public service was three months in arrear, and the civil, military, and ecclesiastical pensions had not been discharged for twelve months. In this dilemma

he determined on calling together the states of the kingdom, and laying before them the actual condition of affairs. One of his ministers prepared an oration for the occasion, and produced it at the council;—but Jerome insisted on drawing up his own speech, which, we are told, he "committed to memory, and delivered with sufficient fluency and considerable grace." It did not, however, produce the desired effect; and, in the unpleasant dilemma, Jerome found himself under the necessity of passing into the hands of the money-lenders. He accordingly applied to one Isaac Jacobson, a Jew banker, who obligingly advanced him two millions of francs, at a *reasonable* interest:—which sum was entirely swallowed up by the civil list.

Jerome was not ungrateful. A few days after he had received the moneys, a deputation from the Jews residing in Westphalia, consisting partly of rabbis and partly of elders, were introduced to him by Jacobson, who was their spokesman on the occasion; and the following was the royal reply:—"I am satisfied with your speech. The article in the constitution of my kingdom which establishes the equality of all religions is in unison with the feelings of my heart. The law ought to interrupt no one in the exercise of his worship. Each subject is as much at liberty to observe the rules of his faith, as the king is to follow his religion. The duties of the citizen are the only objects which the laws of the government can regulate. I trust I shall never have reason to regret what I am doing in favour of your people." Westphalia became, indeed, a sort of land of promise for the Tribes of Israel. Individuals with long beards were seen in all the public offices. The minister of state was a Jew; the counsellor of finances (the aforementioned Jacobson) was a Jew; the commissary at war was a Jew; the superintendent of hospitals was a Jew; the barrackmaster was a Jew. The most extravagant prices were paid to the fol-

lowers of this faith; while the moderate proposals of the honest Westphalian merchants were rejected.

Cassel now presented a most singular spectacle. Round the dissolute and extravagant court crowded a host of rapacious foreigners and idle hangers-on, of both sexes and of every age and condition, altogether unknown under the homely administration of the expelled elector. Unlike his brother Louis, Jerome affected to despise the native manners of his subjects, and would not even give himself the trouble to learn their language. The luxury and dissipation of the court had only an influence on the habits of the people; but the proscription of the national language in public acts mortified their self-love, and inflicted a deep wound on their feelings. As the French were to be imitated in every thing, a newspaper, called *Le Moniteur Westphalien*, was set up, mechanically detailing whatever the imperial police permitted to be made public; and thus a revolution in German manners and German morals was sought to be effected by Parisian boys of twenty and courtiers grown gray in profligacy.

In furtherance of the French plan of removing every thing which might recall the memory of the expelled family, Jerome caused the statues of the landgraves, which ornamented the two principal squares, to be taken down; and the plea for this mischievous violence was the want of taste of the sculptor.

Jerome, at one time, was seized with the mania for building. He ordered a part of the town to be pulled down; and as German activity could not keep pace with his impatience, he summoned M. Grandjean, the architect, from Paris; who would soon have transformed the royal city into another Babylon, if the resources of the treasury had corresponded with the vast conceptions of his genius. The labour of the morning was frequently destroyed in the evening, because, when the job was completed, Jerome fancied it was not done in good taste. He would

say, "I will have this done to-night; I expect to find that finished by the morning;" and four or five hundred workmen have often been seen toiling by torchlight to execute the supreme command. Contractors and architects found their account in the frivolity and caprice of the royal puppet.

In 1812, when his revellings were at their height, he received an unexpected summons from his brother to attend him in the Russian expedition. He had the command of a German division intrusted to him, and, at the battle of Mohilow, his exertions were crowned with success; but having suffered himself to be surprised at Smolensko, by which an important movement was disconcerted, he was sent for to head-quarters; and, after being severely reprimanded, ordered back to Cassel. To conceal his mortification, he retired to Neundorff, where he shut himself up with his favourites, and sought to dissipate his chagrin by a train of frivolous amusements.

In the following year, on the evacuation of Germany by the French, Jerome's own subjects rose up against him; and, aided by Russian and Saxon troops, forced him to abandon his capital. At daybreak on the 28th of September, a brisk firing awakened the court of Cassel out of its slumbers. It was Czernicheff in person, with his Cossacks. Jerome, who had scarcely time to dress, put himself at the head of a regiment of French hussars, which he had taken into his service, and fled with his ministers and generals to Coblentz. In a letter to his brother, which was intercepted, he states that, in his retreat, he had been so unlucky as to lose the greater part of the hussars, because "malheureusement n'ayant pas l'habitude du cheval," they tumbled off when they attempted to charge the enemy.*

Czernicheff did not enter Cassel till the evening

* Dépêches et Lettres interceptées, p. 7.

of the 30th, when he set the state prisoners at liberty, and compelled Jerome's troop of comedians to perform gratis. After staying in the town a few days, he marched in another direction: upon which the fugitive monarch returned to his capital; but, notwithstanding the lesson given by the Russian general, there was the same blind folly on the part of the ministers, the same profligacy on the part of the court.

Jerome was ignorant of the catastrophe of Leipsic until the afternoon of the 25th of October. On the evening of that day he quitted Cassel for the last time, escorted by a small detachment of body-guards. He remained several days at Cologne, surrounded by fugitives, all in a most pitiable condition. Here the handful of body-guards who had protected his person to the last were dismissed, without a kind word from the king at parting—without even the means to enable them to join their families. To such a pitch were indignities proceeded in, that their uniforms, arms, and horses were taken from them; and the frivolous Jerome, on reaching Aix-la-Chapelle, had a play performed for his amusement, by the French strollers who had followed him from Cassel.

Jerome took refuge in France, accompanied by the amiable princess his wife, whose attachment seemed to increase with her husband's reverses.—On the abdication of Napoleon, in April, 1814, they were compelled to quit Paris. On her way to Switzerland, Catharine was stopped near Montereau by De Maubreuil and his gang, despoiled of her money and jewels, and reduced to the necessity of receiving from the hand of the man who had recently been her equery a sum sufficient to defray her expenses to Berne, where her husband was waiting her arrival.

Jerome was at Trieste when his brother returned from Elba. Though closely watched by the Aus-

trian government, he contrived to embark in a frigate provided by Murat, and reached Paris; where he assisted at the meeting of the Champ de Mai, and took his seat in the Chamber of Peers. He soon after set off for the army with the emperor; who acknowledged, at St. Helena, that he found him greatly improved, and that, at the battle of Waterloo, he discovered considerable military talents.

After the second abdication, Jerome quitted Paris, and, assuming a disguise, wandered about from place to place, until at length he obtained permission from his father-in-law to join his wife at Wurtemberg. In December, the king accorded him the castle of Elvangen for a residence, on condition that he never quitted it, and kept no Frenchmen in his service. In February, 1816, he conferred on him the title of Count de Montfort,—still not allowing him to appear at court, or enjoy unrestrained liberty. Jerome, however, two years afterward, obtained leave to settle in the Austrian dominions. He has a fine château near Vienna, and a mansion at Trieste; in the one or the other of which he constantly resides. He has a son and daughter by the princess. Jerome Napoleon, his son by his first wife, recently married a Miss Williams, the daughter of a merchant at Baltimore.

Of all Napoleon's brothers, Jerome is unquestionably the least indebted to nature. He has been truly described as a good-natured, silly, unprincipled voluptuary; whose only wish was to enjoy the sensual gratifications of royalty, without submitting to its toils, but, at the same time, without any natural inclination to exercise its rigours. His subjects were accustomed to call him "Heliogabalus in miniature." Notwithstanding the bustle and splendour which he created among them, the Hessians most cordially detested him, and his whole crew of corrupters and squanderers. Napoleon they feared and cursed; Jerome they despised and laughed at. When, on

his flight, he carried off the public treasures, and even the furniture of the palace, they were thunderstruck, "not at the meanness of the thing, but at the possibility of King Jerome possessing so much foresight."* Their joy on being delivered from his yoke was unbounded. Upon the return of the elector, Cassel poured out her population to hail his arrival; and on the shoulders of his subjects the old man was carried in tears into the capital of his fathers.

In spite of Jerome's royalty, his brother, who heartily despised him, was in the practice of giving him the most humiliating advice, and telling him the harshest truths. It was to Jerome that Napoleon said, "If the majesty of kings is imprinted on the countenance, *you* may safely travel *incognito*." In December, 1813, shortly after his flight from Westphalia, Napoleon sent for him into his closet, and thus addressed him:—

"*Napoleon.*—I have sent for you to make you acquainted with my real sentiments. Have you purchased an estate, as I ordered you?

Jerome.—Yes, I have; near Montrichard.

Napoleon.—Then go and reside there.

Jerome.—It is sending me into exile.

Napoleon.—Call it what you please—you shall not be near me. You are hateful to me. Your conduct disgusts me. I know no one so base, so stupid, so cowardly; you are destitute of virtue, talents, and resources. I hate you as much as I hate Lucien. *Va-t-en!*"

On leaving the emperor, Jerome immediately sent for his private secretary, M. Bruguière, to whom he dictated this singular conversation, and preserved the record.†

The throne of this "anointed deputy of heaven"

* Russell's Tour in Germany, vol. i. p. 235.
† Journal of a Detenu, p. 284

was afterward purchased by the proprietors of the Caffé des Milles Colonnes, in the Palais Royal, and the celebrated *belle limonadière* was nightly seen seated on it, exhibiting her charms, as in the early part of her life she had done at the corners of the streets of Paris.

There is, however, one evidence in Jerome's favour, of which it would be unjust to deprive him. On the downfall of Napoleon, the King of Wurtemberg tried hard to prevail on his daughter to separate from her husband. The princess, in reply to her father's solicitations, wrote two affectionate, touching, and truly noble-minded letters, by which, to use Napoleon's expression, she "honourably inscribed her name in history." The first of these letters was written on the 17th of April, 1814, the day before she left Paris; the second upon her reaching Berne, on the 1st of May. She therein avowed her irrevocable resolution to live and die with one to whom she was bound by honour and duty, and whom neither could permit her to leave, especially in his misfortunes. She appealed to her irreproachable conduct while a child, to prove that she was no stranger to the voice of duty, and that her conduct as a wife and a mother might be expected to be equally blameless. She acknowledged that the match was originally one of policy, but affirmed, that her husband now possessed her heart, and that her happiness depended on her continuing with him. "Best of fathers," concluded this amiable woman, "I throw myself at your feet, and implore you to desist from your purpose; for, on this point, my resolution and my principles are unalterable. It would be cruel to compel me to continue a contest in which I should be opposed to a father, whom I cherish more than I do my own existence."

NAPOLEON'S SISTERS.

ELIZA.

Marie-Anne-Elise, the eldest of Napoleon's three sisters, was born on the 8th of January, 1777. She received an excellent education at the well-known establishment founded by Louis XIV. at St. Cyr, under the patronage of Madame de Maintenon; and in May, 1797, was married to Felix Bacciochi, a native of Corsica, of a noble family, but at that time only a captain of infantry.

In the early part of the year 1800, her husband being absent with his regiment, Madame Bacciochi came to reside at Paris with her brother Lucien, then minister of the interior. Here it was that she acquired a taste for literature and the arts, and became fond of the society of those by whom they were cultivated. She fostered talent to the extent of her means; and where she had not herself the power to reward, she seldom failed to exert her interest with one who had. Among the constant guests of Lucien were La Harpe, Viscount Chateaubriand, and the elegant poet Fontanes. For the latter, if we may credit Fouché, Eliza conceived a violent passion; her favour certainly seems to have been the means of opening to him the gates of favour and of fortune.

In 1805, the republic of Lucca, and shortly after that of Piombino, were changed by Napoleon into a principality, and bestowed on Madame Bacciochi. Upon this occasion, her husband was created a prince—a rank for which he was altogether unfit. It is related of him, that when the gonfaloniere and some of the principal personages of the capital were presented to his new-made highness, being accustomed

to republican manners, they apologized for acquitting themselves rather awkwardly at court. Bacciochi, however, put them quite at their ease, by good-naturedly answering, "In that case, we must excuse one another; for I have been just as little in the habit of acting the prince, as you the courtiers."

In March, 1809, Eliza was further created Grand Dutchess and Governess-general of Tuscany; and in her administration of Lucca, "l' industriosa," she displayed a good deal of that energy of character which marked the genius of Napoleon. She conducted the department for foreign affairs herself, corresponded directly with the French minister, whom she often resisted, and sometimes obliged her brother to interfere in the discussions. Her mania consisted in imitating his habits, and affecting his *brusquerie* and predilection for pomp and military parade. In a country where agriculture and commerce had flourished to a considerable extent, she occupied herself in organizing battalions of conscripts, and appointing and cashiering generals; too neglectful of the arts of peace, and that literature of which she had formerly professed herself the protectress,—"gli studj e la Toscana fama assai freddamente risguardando."*

Jealous of her authority, Eliza allowed her husband to take little or no share in the government. At public ceremonies his place was always after hers; and at reviews he was merely her aid-de-camp. She was fond of luxury, and gave way to the feminine weakness of encouraging admirers, who, if common fame may be credited, were not suffered to sigh in vain. By a lively writer of the day she has been designated as "the Semiramis of Lucca." She nevertheless proved herself, on numerous occasions, the friend of improvement. She constructed new roads, drained marshes, colonized

* Botta, tom. iv. p. 293

the deserted wastes of Piombino, founded seminaries for education, and, when called upon to relinquish her throne, had taken measures for the establishment of an institute for the encouragement of arts and sciences. An enlightened traveller states her to have been greatly beloved by her subjects; and he goes so far as to add, that during her reign the principality of Lucca "had become a paradise."*

When in January, 1814, Murat, then King of Naples, made his entry into Rome, with all that pomp to which he was so fondly attached, and was received by the antigallican party with great demonstrations of joy, Eliza became alarmed at the precarious situation of Tuscany, which it grieved her to think was about to escape from her hands; and when, on the movement of his troops upon Parma, there no longer remained any doubt of his defection, she complained bitterly of being thus despoiled by one so nearly allied to her.

Finding herself unable to resist the storm, she determined to retire to Lucca, and gave directions to her husband, who had the command of her troops, to evacuate Tuscany. Fouché, an eyewitness of this convulsion, which was but the rehearsal upon a small scale of what was so soon to take place at Paris, describes it as having been effected without any effusion of blood. On one side it was nothing but a flight, and on the other but a sarcastic war of words, with which the Florentines pursued the chiefs and inferior agents of the government.†

In 1815, on the occupation of her states by the troops of the allies, Eliza was desirous of taking up

* Williams's Travels, vol. i. p. 285.

† *E.G.*—Bacciochi having upon his accession of fortune thought proper to change his name, and to adopt that of Felix (the happy) instead of Pasquale,—a cognomen as ridiculous in Italy as that of Jocrisse in France, or Tony Lumpkin in England,—the Florentines, in allusion to this, upon his forced retreat, indulged in this jeu de mots:—"Quando eri Felice, eravamo Pasquali; adesso che sei ritornato Pasquale, saremo felici."

her abode at Bologna; but she was sent to join her sister Caroline, the ex-queen of Naples, in Bohemia. Some time afterward she obtained permission to settle at Trieste, where, on the 9th of August, 1820, she died. We are told that Napoleon, on accidentally reading at St. Helena an account of his sister's death, was thrown into a state of stupor, and continued for some time motionless, like one a prey to the most violent grief. "Eliza," he said, "has just shown us the way. Death, which seemed to have overlooked our family, now begins to strike it. I shall be the next to follow her to the grave."

The peaceable disposition of Bacciochi formed a striking contrast with the active, bustling spirit of his wife. He seems to have been considered a good sort of man, who did not care to apply himself to business, and only sought to indulge in the comforts and advantages of his situation. This soldier of fortune is now enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* at Bologna, where he is esteemed for the good use which he makes of his great wealth.

PAULINE.

Marie-Pauline, the second of Napoleon's sisters, and the one to whom he was most attached, was born at Ajaccio, on the 20th of October, 1780. When, therefore, the family, in 1793, quitted Corsica, and settled at Marseilles, she had not completed her thirteenth year. Her personal charms being of the very first order, she soon had numerous offers of marriage; but the earliest object of her choice would seem to have been the notorious Stanislaus Freron, son of the well-known antagonist and victim of Voltaire, and godson of the unfortunate King of Poland. Freron was then on a revolutionary mission to the

south, and resided principally at Marseilles. At the period of the French expedition to St. Domingo in 1802, being appointed sub-prefect at the Cayes, he sunk almost immediately under the influence of the climate; and his portfolio falling into the hands of the black government, a large portion of its contents was published by the authority of Dessaline, and subjoined to a work, entitled, "Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire d'Hayti." Among them are several amatory epistles from Pauline, by which it appears, that although Freron had completely succeeded in making himself master of the young lady's affections, both Napoleon and Josephine were very properly opposed to an alliance with the friend and schoolfellow of Robespierre, and ready instrument of his atrocities. Pauline's letters are composed partly in French and partly in Italian, and are highly characteristic. The following extract from one of them, written at the age of fifteen, may serve as a specimen of the style of the future Princess Borghese. It is dated "Marseilles, le 23 Messidor (13 Juillet), 1796," and must consequently have been written shortly after Napoleon's marriage, and while he was absent from Josephine in Italy.

"Mon bon ami, tout le monde s'entend pour nous contrarier: je vois par ta lettre que tes amis sont des ingrats, jusqu'à la femme de Napoléone, que tu croyais pour toi. Elle écrit à son mari que je serais déshonorée si je me mariais avec toi, ainsi qu'elle l'espérait t'empêcher. Est-il possible? tout est contre nous! que nous sommes malheureux! Il n'est pas possible à Paulette de vivre éloignée de Stanislas. Autrefois j'avois la consolation de pouvoir parler de toi, et de m'épancher avec Elise; mais je ne l'ai plus. Adieu, mon bon ami; écris-moi souvent, et épanche ton cœur dans celui de ton amante.

"Sono inquieta di non aver ricevuto dei tuoi letteri. Ah! caro mio, ben nume, che soffranza d'essere separati cosi molto tempo!—ma conservo la

speranza che saremo presto riuniti; credo che alla fine la sorte si stancharà di perseguitarci. Ti amo sempre apassionatissimamente; per sempre ti amo, ti amo, bel idol mio: sei cuore mio, tenero amico. Ti amo, amo, amo, amo, si amatissimo amante."

In 1801, this loving lady married General Le Clerc, whom, according to public report, she cordially hated. The ceremony was performed at Montebello, and Le Clerc received as a marriage portion, first, the command of the French army in Portugal, and afterward that of the expedition to St. Domingo. Being taken ill, and averse to accompany her husband, Pauline, by Napoleon's order, was carried in a litter on board the admiral's ship. Consumed by the burning heat of a tropical climate, and banished, in consequence of the unfortunate result of the expedition, to the Isle of Turtles, the better to dispel ennui she plunged into all kinds of dissipation. Le Clerc, however, soon falling a victim to contagion, the beautiful widow hastened to take ship, not like the wife of Britannicus, dissolved in tears and embracing the funeral urn of her departed lord, but depositing her treasures, for greater security, in the triple coffin which carried his remains to France,* and eager to revel afresh in all the luxuries of its gay capital.

In November, 1803, Pauline entered into a second marriage with Prince Camille Borghese, one of the richest subjects in Italy. During the early period of the revolution, he was known only by his having filled, with many other noble names, the muster-roll of a corps of national guards raised by the patriots of the city of Rome, where he was remembered for the more than Roman indolence of his disposition, and the perfect stoicism with which he performed the duties of his military toilet, amid the crash of empires and the dissolution of the entire frame of European society. He was then called "the citizen

* Montgaillard, tom. vi. p. 24.

Borghese," but was so far removed from the character, that it was pasquinaded of him that he displayed, like the Egyptian sultan, a new habit every day, and sent his linen to Paris to be washed. The presumed rental of his estates was fifty thousand a year, and the widow of Le Clerc brought him a dowry of twelve million francs (500,000*l.*), together with the revenues of Guastalla and Piacenza, possessions which he afterward exchanged for an indemnity.

Shortly after Pauline's marriage, the prince took her to his estates in Italy. Her journey from Paris to Rome partook of the character of a public progress. She was everywhere accompanied by a guard of honour, and received homage in every town and village, as sister of the emperor and wife of a wealthy Italian prince. In a few months after his marriage, Borghese reverted to the frivolous and dissipated habits of his youth. The princess soon had rivals; the public decencies were not always preserved; and in a few years a separation took place, which, notwithstanding various attempts to negotiate a return, continued uninterrupted till within a few months of the lady's decease.

Pauline now took up her residence principally at Paris or Neuilly. She is allowed to have been at this time one of the most beautiful women in Europe. Neither jealousy nor envy, so quick to discover faults in whatever claims general admiration, ever presumed to hint at the slightest blemish in her classical countenance. Artists were unanimous in considering her a perfect Venus de Medicis; and so little was her encouragement of the fine arts limited by the ordinary ideas of decorum, that Canova was permitted to model from her person a naked Venus, which is esteemed one of the most exquisite of his works. It is reported of Pauline, that being asked by an English peeress how she could submit to such an exposure of her person, she conceived that the question only related to physical inconveniences,

and answered that "there was a fire in the apartment."

Giddy, whimsical, and devoted to pleasure, without talent, but not without some quickness and a smattering of things, Pauline delighted in splendour, in dissipation, and all kinds of flattery. Though the favourite sister of Napoleon, he was stern and decisive with her whenever she attempted to interfere with the lowest wheel of his administration. Fouché goes the horrible length of imputing to her an intrigue with her own brother. "Voluptuous château de Neuilly! magnificent palace of the Fauxbourg St. Honoré!" he exclaims; "if your walls, like those of the palaces of the kings of Babylon, could reveal the truth, what licentious scenes would you not depict in large characters!"* This odious story, however, has been universally rejected. "The gross and guilty enormities of the ancient Roman emperors do not," observes Sir Walter Scott, "belong to the character of Bonaparte, though foul aspersions have been cast upon him by those who were willing to represent him as, in all respects, the counterpart of Tiberius and Caligula."†

With the marriage of Napoleon to Maria Louisa the imperial court underwent a thorough reform in its habits, morals, and etiquette; and from that moment the saloons of the Princess Borghese became deserted. In consequence of this, Pauline conceived a mortal jealousy against her sister-in-law, and nourished the most intense resentment in the recesses of her heart. Her health was impaired by it; and, by the advice of her physician, she had recourse to the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle. At Brussels she met Napoleon and his bride, who were travelling towards the frontiers of Holland. Compelled to appear at the court of the new empress, and eagerly seizing an opportunity of insulting her,

* Mémoires, tom. ii. p. 33 † Life of Napoleon, vol. viii. p. 254.

Pauline went so far as to make behind her back, while passing through the *salon*, a sign with her two fingers, accompanied by an indecent tittering, which the common people apply, in their gross style of derision, to a credulous and deluded spouse. Napoleon, who accidently witnessed the impertinence, never forgave his sister; who received, on that very day, an order to withdraw from court. From that time, disdaining submission, she preferred to live at Rome, in exile and disgrace, until the events of 1814, when the misfortunes of her brother recalled her affections and devotedness.

Before Napoleon quitted France, Pauline concerted an interview with him at Bouillidou, near the village of Luc; and in October, attended by three maids of honour, she sailed for Elba, in the emperor's brig, the Inconstant, which had been sent to Naples for her. She lived in the palace, and her brother had a room built for her in the garden, in which she gave concerts and balls weekly. He was in the habit, when they were in company, of placing her close to him, and would sometimes turn round while at dinner, and desire one of his officers to compose some quatrain in honour of her beauty. "One of those officers," says Mr. Williams, "showed a friend of mine several verses, that had been composed by himself, in obedience to his master's injunctions."*

Throughout the whole of Napoleon's short reign in the island of Elba, Pauline proved that she had some head and more heart; and a large share of the execution of the popular conspiracy which ensued was in her hands. The greater portion of her own private jewels were sacrificed to the emperor on his return to France; and when every hope was lost, she proposed, with a frame and health debilitated in the extreme, to watch by his death-bed at St. Helena. With this view she addressed, in July, 1821, only

* Travels, vol. ii. p. 1.

three weeks before the intelligence of her brother's death reached Europe, an earnest appeal to the Earl of Liverpool, then at the head of the British government. "The malady," said she, "by which the emperor is attacked, is mortal at St. Helena. In the name of all the members of the family, I claim a change of climate. If so just a request be refused, it will be a sentence of death passed upon him; and, in this case, I demand permission to depart for St. Helena, to rejoin my brother, and to receive his parting breath. I know that the moments of his life are counted, and I should eternally reproach myself, if I did not employ all the means in my power to soften his last hours, and to prove my devotion to him." The prayer was granted; but the concession came too late.

After the fall of Napoleon, Pauline preserved her position at Rome with great éclât; though certainly with some diminution, in consequence of her separation from her husband. She was allowed to occupy the splendid building of the Borghese palace, the prince himself residing at Florence. At the Villa Paolina, a delicious retreat which she had chosen within the walls of the city, near the Porta Pia, she spent the greater part of the spring and autumn. Her residence was distinguished by order, elegance, and comfort. It was the most hospitable house at Rome; her dinner-parties were frequent and sumptuous; her concerts and *soirées* weekly. In her lively circle a great portion of the conclave were always to be found; and it has often been observed, by way of pleasantry, that, since the days of Pope Joan, no lady was ever so attended by cardinals as the beautiful Pauline.

Her person and manners have been repeatedly described by intelligent travellers, who possessed opportunities of approaching her in those moments of domestic intercourse, when the real features of a character appear, unaffected by the assumed colour-

ing and false light of public representation. All unite in acknowledging, that at this time Pauline was not below her reputation, either in personal attractions or the graces of a singularly elegant woman, and that she still preserved traces, which time had touched but not blotted, of the *chef-d'œuvre* of Canova.

Her person was not tall, nor imposing; nor did she appear moulded in that form which, when obtained, seems to have been predestined to empire; but she had about her all that indefinable persuasiveness which captures the affections in silence. Her forehead was classically small; her eyes of a gentle blue, and generally suffused with a sort of coquettish sleepishness, which, whether produced by pain or pleasure, wooed and won the imagination more effectually than the brightest sparkle from the haughtiest eye. The nose was straight and delicate; the mouth exquisite, particularly when she spoke. On her head the most beautiful hair was generally moulded into the choicest forms of Herculaneum and Pompeii, without ever diverging into any of those poor caprices of modern fashion, to which she largely sacrificed in other parts of her apparel.

Her voice was of the most fascinating sweetness, and enveloped every thing in its charm. Her conversation is represented as having been perfectly easy, often graceful, but always trifling. There was nothing in it of the daring and decision of her family. Once, however, when the ambassador Blacas had caused a French painter, whom she had employed in the decoration of the Villa Paolina, to retire from her service, she replied to the notification, that "a government which feared women could have little to hope from men:" and, on another occasion, when one of her ci-devant chamberlains approached her carriage to apologize for not having presented himself at her parties at Rome, she turned round to a gentleman near her, and observed with a smile,

"that it was rather extraordinary he should not know the way to her *salon*, seeing he had passed so much time in her antechamber."

She spent the greater part of her latter days in Tuscany and the Lucchese, far from Rome and her former circle. Negotiations had withdrawn her from both, and subsequently reconciled her to her husband; in whose arms she expired, at the Borghese palace near Florence, on the 9th of June, 1825. She left a will, in which she appointed her brothers Louis and Jerome her principal heirs. To the daughters of her sister Caroline she left thirty thousand piastres: to Louis's eldest son her villa near the Porta Pia at Rome; a villa to each of the children of her brother Joseph; to Prince Borghese the use for life of another villa near Viareggio, in the dutchy of Lucca; and to several cardinals and gentlemen and ladies of Rome, who used to frequent her societies, remembrances of more or less value. Mindful, like Napoleon, of the town of her birth, she directed that a pretty considerable capital should be set apart, the interest of which is to be applied, in perpetuity, to enable two young men of Ajaccio to study surgery and medicine.

CAROLINE.

Caroline-Marie-Annonciade, the youngest of Napoleon's sisters, was born the 26th of March, 1782. While she was still in her childhood, Bonaparte had attained supreme rank in France; so that, unlike her sisters, Caroline entered life without any thing of the experience of humble station. She was acknowledged to be, not only a very pretty, but a very clever woman.

She was sent with Hortense, the daughter of

Josephine, to Madame Campan's establishment at St. Germain; and, in January, 1800, was married to General Murat. On her way to the Opera, in the October of that year, while pregnant of her first son, she had nearly fallen a victim to the plot of the *infernal machine*. Every glass of her carriage was shattered by the effect of the explosion; and the shock she sustained was so great, that the child was born of a very delicate frame, and the epileptic attacks to which he was subject were ascribed to this circumstance.

In 1806 Caroline was created Grand Dutchess of Berg; and two years after, she became Queen of Naples. In this latter capacity, she is acknowledged on all hands to have shown considerable ability, an engaging condescension, an incessant activity in promoting the industry and consequent comfort of the people, and in establishing useful institutions; but, above all, a firmness of purpose which formed a striking contrast with the lamentable vacillation of her brave but fickle-minded husband.

When, in 1813, it was known at Naples that Napoleon, after gaining the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, was assembling a numerous army in Saxony, Caroline wrote to her brother, entreating that he would be more considerate to her husband; and used all her influence with the latter to induce him to break off his connexion with Austria. "Your husband," answered Napoleon, "is a very brave man in the field of battle, but he is more cowardly than a woman or a monk, when not in presence of the enemy. He has no moral courage. He has been frightened, and has not hazarded losing for a moment that which he can only hold by me and with me. Make him fully sensible of his absurdity. If he be sincerely sorry, let him watch the opportunity for proving to me that he has not been so ungrateful as he is pusillanimous."*

* Papers relating to Naples, laid before the British parliament in 1815.

King Joachim having shortly after repaired to Napoleon's head-quarters at Dresden, Caroline kept up a regular correspondence with him; and the following passages from two of her letters are alike creditable to the good sense and to the conjugal feelings of the writer.

"SIRE,

"Your letters respecting the brilliant battle of the last days of August,* in which you took so glorious a part, reached me just as I was going to take the little voyage I had projected in the gulf; and it was amid the thunder of the cannon which you directed to be fired that I went on board, rejoicing in your success, and still more rejoicing at finding myself free from all uneasiness respecting your health.

"According to your instructions, I have ordered *Te Deum* to be performed. I send your majesty the proceedings of administration, together with the ordinary statements and reports, and some particular demands, on which it will be for you to determine. I annex to these three reports of the intendant-general. He establishes in one of them the necessity of an augmentation of 350,000 francs to the surplus fund in the budget. It is to be wished that your majesty will quickly determine on the subject, for there are some expenses as to which I shall otherwise be under the necessity of anticipating your majesty's decision, which I am, in all cases, very desirous to avoid doing.

"We have again sustained a considerable robbery of the public money in the Val di Bovino. Measures have been taken to secure the procacci, but I am not satisfied with them, and am occupied in giving them more force and extent." * * *

"MY GOOD FRIEND,

"I have read, or rather *we* have read your report

* The battle of Dresden.

to the emperor, and were much affected by it. My dear friend, how would you have me remain easy? I cannot express to you how unhappy I have been for some days past; why, I know not, since I expect your speedy return, and peace. The prince-royal set off the day before yesterday to make the circuit of the bay, on board the same vessel: he returned quite enchanted. The princesses are to go to-morrow, and promise themselves the same pleasure, with Lucien for their beau.

"I don't know whether you receive my letters, but I write to you very often. Every thing is perfectly calm and tranquil, and I hope you will be so too. My health is not very bad; that of your children is excellent. I have ordered Camponelle to send you every thing you may stand in need of, and told him to get some woollen hosiery, which will be very comfortable to you in travelling. I send a box of liquorice for the emperor. Present my respects to him. Adieu, my friend; take care of yourself, I beg you, and think of us. I embrace you as I love you.

"CAROLINE."*

In March, 1815, when the reverses of the French and the advance of the Austrian army overthrew the government of Murat, and the city of Naples was on the brink of anarchy, plunder, and massacre, Caroline adopted measures, equally prompt, wise, and energetic, for preserving the public tranquillity. She assembled the national guards, and, assuming their uniform, addressed them in a speech full of spirit and eloquence. She was on horseback nearly the whole of the day, and remained to the last hour, visiting every post, and assuring herself of the vigilance of all the authorities, until the approach of the Austrians compelled her to capitulate to Captain Campbell, of the Tremendous, who received her and

* Dépêches et Lettres interceptées par l'Armée Combinée du Nord de l'Allemagne, p. 21, 29

her children on board his ship; to which she was actually followed by the infuriated lazzaroni, insulting and shocking her ears by the most licentious songs in spite of the interference of the British captain, whose conduct upon the trying occasion is acknowledged to have been gallant and generous. He had promised Caroline a free passage to France, with her suite; but upon the declaration of Lord Exmouth that the commodore had exceeded his instructions, fresh negotiations were entered into with Austria; in consequence of which she threw herself under the protection of his imperial majesty, and has ever since resided, as Countess of Lipano, in his dominions, under an engagement never to return to France or Italy without his express permission. In June of the present year (1830), in consequence of an accident which had befallen her venerable mother, she obtained leave to proceed to Rome on a visit to her, and to remain there for the space of a month.

Nature had endowed the ex-queen with a resolute temper, a vigorous understanding, lofty ideas, and a flexible and delicate mind. Her manners are highly graceful and captivating. Talleyrand said of her, that "she had Cromwell's head on the shoulders of a pretty woman." Nothing mortified her more, when only Grand Dutchess of Berg, than to be constrained to address the wife of her brother Joseph as "your majesty;" and she often complained to the emperor of what she called his undue partiality to that prince, and his forgetfulness of herself and husband. "Your complaints surprise me," said Napoleon, on one occasion: "to hear you talk, any one would imagine that I had deprived you of your succession to the inheritance of the late king your father."

She one day said to her former governess, "I am astonished that you are not more awed in our presence; you speak to us with as much familiarity as

when we were your pupils." "The best thing you can do," replied Madame Campan, "is to forget your titles when you are with me; for I can never be afraid of queens whom I have held under the rod."

She thought herself entitled to assume an ascendency over Maria Louisa; and had she proceeded more adroitly, she might possibly have gained her object. From the first moment she beheld the Austrian princess, she fancied she understood her character; but she was completely deceived. She mistook timidity for folly: she thought she had only to command, and totally alienated the heart which she hoped to govern.

NAPOLEON'S WIVES.

JOSEPHINE.*

Marie-Josephine-Rose, daughter of Joseph Gaspard Tascher de la Pagerie, by Rose Claire des Verges de Sanois, his wife, was born in the island of Martinique, on the 23d of June, 1763. Before she had reached her fifteenth year she quitted the island, and resided for some time at Paris, under the care of an aunt of the name of Renaudin, who superintended the household concerns of the Marquis de Beauharnais. At this period few remarked any thing about Josephine, except that she had a tall, fine figure, and an extremely small foot: she was, however, simple, modest, and of a sweet and amiable temper.

Viscount Alexander Beauharnais, second son of the marquis, suddenly became enamoured of the

* See "Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. By John S. Memes, LL.D."—*Family Library.*

young Creole; and Josephine, on her part, could not be insensible to the blandishments and handsome person of her youthful lover. The parties were united at Noisy-le-Grand, on the 13th of December, 1779. The lovely bride was introduced at the court of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, whose successor on the throne of France she was one day destined to become; and such were her wit and vivacity, that she was soon accounted one of its ornaments. This circumstance was, however, a misfortune for Josephine; since it imparted to her character a taint of levity which even her subsequent heavy afflictions could not entirely remove, and led her into habits of improvidence with which all Napoleon's liberality was unable to keep pace.

The marriage was not a felicitous one. Certain suspicions took place on the part of the husband, and a separation was demanded; the tribunals, however, adjudged that the proofs were not sufficiently conclusive to warrant a process of so serious a nature, and the husband and wife were prevailed on to resume their former cordiality. But shortly after the reconciliation, the conduct of M. de Beauharnais himself gave Josephine serious cause for jealousy. At first, she complained with gentleness; but finding that, so far from altering his conduct, he affected a violent passion for the woman who interfered with her happiness, she infused into her reproaches a degree of bitterness which alienated the affections of her husband, and a separation became necessary.

The revolution ensued. Viscount de Beauharnais, who had for some time been a field-officer, was denounced as an aristocrat by his own troops, deprived of his commission, and confined in the prison of the Carmelites. As soon as Josephine was apprized of his situation, forgetful of her wrongs, she adopted every possible mode, through the medium of friends and her own personal solicitations, to obtain his release. The viscount, on his part, was deeply

moved by the attachment and assiduity of his wife; who was soon after not only denied the melancholy happiness of attending on her unhappy spouse, but deprived of her own liberty.

In the course of a few weeks, the unfortunate viscount was dragged before the revolutionary tribunal, which instantly condemned him to death. He suffered with great courage, on the 23d of July, 1794, and on the evening before his execution wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, recommending their two children to her maternal attentions, and expressing an earnest hope that justice would be done to his memory.

On learning the sad news, the disconsolate Josephine became insensible, and was for a time confined to her bed. Her jailer, having been desired to call in medical assistance, coolly replied, that there was no occasion for a physician, as on the morrow it would be her turn to experience the fate of her husband. Indeed, so confident was she that such would be her lot, that her beautiful tresses had been cut off, with the view of being transmitted to her children, as the last and only present she could make them; but, in six days, the death of Robespierre restored her to liberty.

Josephine appeared, however, to have escaped proscription only to be exposed to new misfortunes. All the family fortune in Europe had been seized on, and the conflagrations and massacres in the West Indies had bereaved her of the possibility of receiving a supply from that quarter of the world. So cheerless was her prospect, that her son Eugene, afterward Viceroy of Italy, was bound apprentice to a joiner; while his sister Hortense, the future Queen of Holland, was sent to learn the business of a sempstress.*

During her imprisonment, Josephine had formed

* Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 301

a close intimacy with the celebrated Theresa Cabarrus, then Madame Fontenai, and when this lady married Tallien, she partook largely in the advantages of her changed fortune. Both these ladies were at that period conspicuous, on account of the Grecian costume which they adopted. Thus attired, they were generally present at the civic feasts, the theatres, and the directorial circles. They were the first to proscribe the revolutionary manners: they held in detestation all who delighted in blood, and seized every opportunity of saving those whom the existing government wished to immolate.

Barras, now at the head of the Directory, himself an ex-noble, and remarkably fond of show and pleasure, began at this time to hold a sort of court at his apartments in the Luxembourg. These two beautiful women formed the soul of his assemblies, and it is generally supposed that Josephine possessed great influence over him. Certain it is, that he interested himself warmly in her favour, and that, under the title of indemnification, she reobtained a small portion of her late husband's property, including the villa of Malmaison, to which she now occasionally retired. Here she began to embellish the garden with rare and expensive plants, cultivated her taste for botany, and occupied her time in acquiring a variety of useful knowledge.

Napoleon has himself explained the circumstance which first brought about his acquaintance with Josephine. While he commanded in Paris, and shortly after the disarming of the sections in October, 1795, a fine youth, about twelve years of age, presented himself to the staff, to solicit the return of a sword which had belonged to his father, a general in the service of the republic, who had been murdered by Robespierre. This youth was Eugene Beauharnais. Bonaparte caused the request to be complied with; and the tears of the boy on beholding the relic excited his interest. He treated him

so kindly, that next day his mother, Josephine, waited on the general to thank him. Napoleon was struck with the singular gracefulness of her manners: the acquaintance became intimate and tender; and on the 6th of March, 1796, they were married.

Josephine was one of those who put faith in presentiments and prophecies. There is a tradition at Martinique, that during her childhood it was predicted by a celebrated negro sorceress, named David, that she would one day rise to a dignity higher than that of a queen, and yet outlive it.* A lady of rank, who resided for some time in the same convent at Paris where Josephine was also a pensioner, or boarder, heard her mention the prophecy, and told it herself to Sir Walter Scott just about the period of the Italian expedition;† and after Josephine became the wife of Bonaparte, she frequently assured him, that her heart beat high when she first heard Eugene describe him, and that she then caught a glimpse of her future greatness, and the accomplishment of the prediction respecting her.‡

On his marriage with Josephine, Napoleon promised to adopt her children, and treat them as his own; and it is well known with what fidelity he adhered to the engagement. The dowry of the bride has generally been supposed to have been the command of the army of Italy; but Louis Bonaparte, the ex-king of Holland, in a recent publication, pronounces this to be "an absurdity gathered from various libels of the time."§

Napoleon quitted his wife ten days after the marriage. Some of the letters which he wrote to her during his absence in Italy have been published, and present a curious picture of a temperament as fiery in love as in war. The following is an extract from one of them:—

* Description de Martinique, par M. Traversay.
† Life of Napoleon, vol. iii. p. 82. ‡ Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 300.
§ Réponse à Sir Walter Scott, p. 18.

"By what art is it that you have been able to captivate all my faculties, and to concentrate in yourself my moral existence? It is a magic, my sweet love, which will finish only with my life. To live for Josephine—there is the history of my life. I am trying to reach you—I am dying to be near you. Fool that I am, I do not perceive that I increase the distance between us. What lands, what countries separate us! What a time before you read these weak expressions of a troubled soul in which you reign! Ah! my adorable wife, I know not what fate awaits me, but if it keep me much longer from you, it will be insupportable. I stop, my sweet love: my soul is sad—my body is fatigued—my head is giddy—men disgust me—I ought to hate them—they separate me from my beloved.

"I am at Port Maurice, near Oneille: to-morrow I shall be at Albegno: the two armies are in motion. We are endeavouring to deceive each other. Victory to the most skilful! I am pretty well satisfied with Beaulieu. If he alarm me much, he is a better man than his predecessor. I shall beat him in good style. Do not be uneasy—love me as your eyes—but that is not enough—as yourself, more than yourself, your mind, your sight, your all. Sweet love, forgive me—I am sinking. Nature is weak for him who feels strongly—for him whom you love!"*

Having rejoined her husband in August, at the commencement of the campaign against Wurmser, Josephine witnessed at Verona the first shots that were fired. When she returned to Castel Nuovo, and saw the wounded as they passed, she was desirous of being at Brescia, but found herself stopped by the enemy. In the agitation of the moment, she

* Published in a Tour through the Netherlands, Holland, Germany, and France, in the years 1821 and 1822, by Charles Tennant, Esq., the present member for St. Albans. Autographs of the letters are given and there is no doubt whatever of their authenticity.

was seized with fear, and wept bitterly on quitting Napoleon, who exclaimed, "Wurmser shall pay dearly for the tears he causes you to shed!"

In December, she was at Genoa, where she was received with studied magnificence by those of that ancient state who adhered to the French interest. After settling the affairs of Venice and establishing the new Ligurian republic, Napoleon took up his residence at the beautiful palace of Montebello; where ladies of the highest rank, as well as those celebrated for beauty and accomplishments, were daily seen paying their homage to Josephine, who received them with a felicity of address which excited universal admiration.

In December, 1797, Napoleon returned to Paris, and took up his abode in the same modest house which he formerly occupied in the Rue Chantereine. To lessen the influence which Josephine possessed from the love of her husband, more than one of his brothers endeavoured to excite his jealousy; and they so far succeeded, that previously to his departure for Egypt in the May following, his distrust of her had shown itself on several occasions. He nevertheless continued passionately fond of her. To enjoy the pleasure of her society up to the last moment, he took her with him to Toulon, and nothing could be more affecting than their parting.

While Napoleon was at Cairo, his jealousy was again powerfully excited by the reports of Junot, who pretended to have received from Paris positive accounts of Josephine's coquetry. "I know not what I would give," he said one day to Bourrienne, "if what Junot has been telling me should be untrue, so greatly do I love that woman. If Josephine be really guilty, a divorce shall separate us for ever. I will not submit to be the laughing-stock of the imbeciles of Paris. I will write to Joseph." He accordingly did write to Joseph on the 25th of July; but the letter, instead of reaching its destination,

was intercepted by the British fleet under the command of Lord Nelson. The following extract from it shows the agitated state of Napoleon's mind at this time. Like all his writings, it abounds in errors of orthography :—

"Je pense être en France dans 2 mois. Je te recomande mes intérets. J'ai beaup, beaup de chagrin domestique, car le voile est entièrement levée. Toi seul me reste sur la terre; ton amitié m'est bien chère: il ne me reste plus pour devenir misantrope qu'à te perdre, et te voir me trair. C'est ma triste position que d'avoir à la fois tous les sentimens pour une même personne dans son cœur. Tu m'entend! Fais ensorte que j'aye une campagne à mon arrivée, soit près de Paris ou en Burgogne: je compte y passer l'hiver et m'y enserrer. Je suis annué de la nature humaine! j'ai besoin de solitude et disolement: la grandeur m'annue, le sentimen es deseches, la gloire est fade: à 29 ans j'ai tou épuisé; il ne me reste plus qu'à devenir bien vraiment égoiste. Adieu, mon unique ami, je n'ai jamais été injuste envers toi! tu m'entend!"*

On Napoleon's return to France in October, 1799, he received Josephine with studied severity and an air of cold indifference; but after three days of con-

* "I think of being in France in two months. I recommend my interests to thee. I have much, much domestic chagrin, for the veil is entirely removed. Thou only remainest to me on earth: thy friendship is very dear to me. To make me a mere misanthrope nothing more is wanting but to lose thee, and see thee betray me. It is my sad position to have at the same time all the sentiments for the same person in my heart. Thou understandest me! Arrange it so that I may have a country-seat at my arrival, either in the neighbourhood of Paris or in Burgundy. I reckon on passing the winter there, and shutting myself up. I am weary of human nature! I have need for solitude and retirement. Grandeur is irksome; feeling is dried up; glory is insipid; at nine-and-twenty years of age, I have exhausted every thing; it only remains for me to become in sad sincerity a creature wrapped up in selfish ness. Adieu, my only friend! I have never been unjust towards thee! Thou understandest me!"

The original of this very singular production, endorsed with the words, "Found on the person of the courier," in the handwriting of Lord Nelson, is in the valuable collection of Dawson Turner, Esq.

jugal misunderstanding, a complete reconciliation was brought about, and from that hour their happiness was never disturbed by a similar cause.

Josephine had, however, one great failing, which led to many violent reproaches on the part of her husband; and this was incurable. It was impossible to regulate her expenditure. She plunged into debt without at all reflecting how that debt was to be discharged; and thus there was always a grand dispute when the day of payment came. At one time, during the consulate, she owed no less than 1,200,000 francs (50,000*l.*); but, fearing her husband's violence, she would not allow the secretary to mention more than half that sum. "The anger of the First Consul," says Bourrienne, "may be conceived. He said, 'Take the 600,000 francs, but let that sum suffice; let me be pestered no more with her debts. Threaten the creditors with the loss of their accounts, if they do not forego their enormous profits.' These accounts Madame Bonaparte laid before me. The exorbitant price of every article was incredible, and many were charged which had never been delivered. In one bill, for instance, thirty-eight hats of a very high price were supplied in one month; the feathers alone were eighteen hundred francs. I asked Josephine, whether she wore two hats a-day; she said, 'It must be an error.' I followed the consul's advice, and spared neither reproaches nor threats; and I am ashamed to say, that the greater part of the tradesmen were satisfied with one-half of their bills." At a later period she had quite a passion for shawls, and at one time possessed no fewer than one hundred and fifty, all extremely beautiful and high-priced. When after her death they were disposed of by auction at Malmaison, nearly all Paris went to the sale.

But whatever might be Josephine's failing on this score, the First Consul was really attached to no other woman; and she answered with her whole heart to the fondness of her husband, and constantly

proved herself his sincerest friend. Whenever she could, she would accompany Napoleon on his journeys. Neither fatigue nor privation could deter her from following him. If he stepped into his carriage at midnight, to set out on the longest journey, he found her all ready prepared. "But," he would say, "you cannot possibly go; the journey will be too fatiguing for you."—"Not at all," she would reply. —"Besides, I must set out instantly."—"Well, I am quite ready."—"But you must take a great deal of luggage."—"Oh, no; every thing is packed up;" and Napoleon was generally obliged to yield.

Josephine could talk on any subject, and on all agreeably. Napoleon used to call her his memorandum-book; and, in relating an anecdote, would frequently pretend to have forgotten the date, in order to give her an opportunity of correcting him. She was known for a peacemaker upon all occasions, and frequently restored harmony in a domestic circle too often agitated by the slightest preference shown by its chief. Her gentle and engaging manners generally succeeded in reconciling the pretensions and interests of all parties.

She was a great patroness of the fine arts. All the fashions emanated from her, and every thing she put on appeared elegant. Her husband used to say, that she was grace personified. "If I gain battles, it is she who wins hearts." She hated every kind of restraint and ostentation, and would often say, "How all this fatigues and annoys me! I have not a moment to myself." Nor was this simplicity of character confined to matters of etiquette: she manifested the same unaffected modesty and good sense in restraining the encroachments of power, and appears to have been kept in continual alarm by the projects at this time in agitation for declaring Napoleon Chief Consul for life. As far back as the explosion of the infernal machine in 1800, she observed that "those were Bonaparte's worst enemies who

wished to inspire him with ideas of hereditary succession." While these discussions were pending she fluttered about, trembling with apprehension, listening to every breath, and uttering her dissatisfaction and doubts to all whom she could interest in her behalf. She seemed to shrink instinctively from this new and pathless career, of which she only saw the danger, and held her husband from it as from the edge of a precipice.

Her kindness and condescension to every one remained the same after she became empress. She was profuse of her bounties, and bestowed them with such good grace, that the partakers of them would have deemed it an act of incivility to refuse her. Charity was, indeed, the brightest trait in her character; but she took so much pains to conceal her acts of benevolence, that the greater part are buried in oblivion. Her maid of honour, Madame de la Rochefaucault, superintended the application of them; while two honest and respectable men were appointed to seek out deserving objects, and to inquire into the situation of those who solicited relief. A small sum, thus judiciously dealt out, has restored many a family to life and happiness. Party-spirit never stood in the way of her relieving the distressed: her very enemies found in her a protectress. On the discovery of Georges' conspiracy, she exerted her interest in favour of Prince Polignac and his brother; and when the sentence of death was pronounced, she obtained a commutation of the punishment to imprisonment. Rapp, Savary, De Bourrienne, Montgaillard, all agree, that but for Josephine's intercession the late prime minister of France would have ended his days on the scaffold in 1804. At times she suffered much from Napoleon's ill temper, kindled in consequence of her remonstrances against his violent measures: till at last the courage of goodness, which she long maintained, gave way, and she became afraid to apply to him.

The murder of the Duke d'Enghien was a blow which she seems never to have recovered.

It was Fouché who first ventured to touch the fatal string of the imperial divorce. One Sunday, at Fontainbleau, he drew Josephine aside into a recess of a window, and, after dwelling on the necessities of the empire, gave the hint of a separation; which he represented as the most sublime of sacrifices. Josephine instantly ordered him out of her presence, and went to demand of Napoleon whether the minister had any authority for this proceeding. The emperor answered in the negative; but when Josephine went on to ask the dismissal of Fouché, he refused to comply. From that hour she must have been convinced that her doom was fixed. "The apartments of Napoleon and those of his wife, at the Tuileries, had communication by means of a private staircase: it was the custom of the emperor to signify by a tap on the door of her sitting-room his desire to converse with her in her cabinet, and it was not unusual for them to remain shut up for hours. Soon after his return from Schoenbrunn the ladies in attendance remarked that the emperor's knock was heard more frequently than it had used to be, and that their mistress did not obey the signal with her accustomed alacrity. One evening Napoleon surprised them by carrying Josephine into the midst of them, pale, apparently lifeless. She was but awaking from a long swoon into which she had fallen, on hearing him at last pronounce the decree which terminated their connexion."*

This was on the 5th of December, 1809. On the 15th Napoleon summoned the imperial council, and announced to them, that at the expense of the sweetest affections of his heart he, devoted wholly to the welfare of the state, had resolved to separate from his well-beloved consort. Josephine then ap-

* Napoleon Bonaparte, vol. ii.—*Family Library*, No. V.

peared among them, and, in a speech which was interrupted by her repeated sobs, expressed her acquiescence. A decree of the senate assured to her the rank of empress during her life, and a dowry of two millions of francs, to which Napoleon added a third million out of his privy purse, that she might feel no inconvenience from those habits of expense which had by this time become quite incurable. On the following morning she withdrew from the Tuileries to her villa of Malmaison; and in quitting the court she drew the hearts of all its votaries after her, for she had endeared herself to all by a kindness of disposition almost without parallel.

But, notwithstanding the attractions with which she was surrounded, the ex-empress was a prey to grief. To change the scene she took a journey to Navarre, where she had a noble residence that had been presented to her by Napoleon; and as it was out of repair, he advanced her a million of francs to cover all expenses. This sum, in addition to her revenue, enabled her to do much good. Every thing speedily assumed a new aspect at the ancient domain of the house of Bouillon. She directed the roads of the forest of Evreux to be repaired, raised many plantations, caused the marshes to be dried up, public buildings to be erected, and, by procuring employment for the peasantry, substituted a state of comfort for that frightful misery which had previously prevailed.

Napoleon treated the ex-empress with great respect after the divorce. He never came back from his wars without paying her a visit, and he uniformly bade her farewell before he set out. He used to grasp her arm familiarly and say, "Come along and show me your pictures;" which request he knew would afford her pleasure.

Josephine saw Napoleon for the last time in May, 1812, previous to his departure for Moscow. On his reverses all her affection for him seems to have

returned. The disasters of the Russian expedition, and still more the melancholy termination of the Saxon campaign, made her tremble for his fate. On the approach of the allies in March, 1814, she retired to Navarre; but being assured of their friendly protection, returned to Malmaison. On expressing herself much gratified by a visit from the Emperor of Russia, he replied that it was a homage gratifying to his feelings, for that in entering every house and cottage he had heard the praise of her goodness. When she was made acquainted with Napoleon's abdication her distress was unspeakable. Alexander endeavoured to sooth her affliction; but the reverses of "her Achilles," "her Cid," as she now again called Napoleon, had entered deep into her heart. Her interests were amply attended to in the treaty of Fontainbleau; but, as if the prophecy of the sorceress of Martinique was to be accomplished, she did not survive to reap any benefit from its provisions.

On the 24th of May she became indisposed with a sore throat. The King of Prussia dined with her, and advised her to keep her room, but she persisted in doing the honours of the table, and retired late, as there was an evening party. On the 26th the Emperor Alexander paid her a visit. On the 27th a blister was applied, but it was too late. M. Rédouté, the celebrated flower-painter, having called, she insisted on seeing him, but told him not to approach her bed, as he might catch her sore throat. She spoke of two plants which were then in flower, and desired him to make drawings of them, expressing a hope that she should soon be well enough to visit her greenhouse. On the 29th, at ten in the morning, her English housekeeper, Mrs. Edat, who had lived with her many years, came into the room with Josephine's favourite little dog, which she caressed, and desired it might be taken great care of. A few

minutes before twelve this benevolent and accomplished woman breathed her last.

On the 2d of June her funeral took place with great pomp in the parish church of Ruel. Her two grandsons walked as chief mourners; and in the procession were Prince Nesselrode, Generals Sachen and Czernicheff, several other generals of the allied army, some French marshals and generals, and many private individuals who had formerly been in her service, or who considered themselves under personal obligations to her. The body has since been placed in a magnificent tomb of white marble, erected by her two children, with the simple inscription,

"EUGENE ET HORTENSE A JOSEPHINE."

MARIA LOUISA.

Having repudiated Josephine, Napoleon bent his thoughts upon forming a fresh union, which would be the means of drawing closer the ties of an alliance productive of advantages to France, and might at the same time present him with an heir. There was not at this period any princess of a marriageable age among the great reigning families of the Continent, except the grand-dutchess, sister to the Emperor of Russia, and her imperial highness the Archduchess Maria Louisa of Austria.

On the 1st of February, 1810, Napoleon summoned a grand council to assist him in the selection of a new spouse; and at the breaking up of the meeting, Eugene, the son of the ex-empress, was commissioned to propose to the Austrian ambassador a marriage between Napoleon and Maria Louisa. Prince Schwartzenberg had already received his instruc-

tions on the subject; so that the match was proposed, determined, and adjusted in the space of four-and-twenty hours. On the 27th Napoleon communicated his determination to the senate. "The shining qualities," he said, "which distinguish the archduchess have secured her the affections of the people of Austria. They have gained our regard. Our subjects will love this princess out of affection to us, until, after witnessing all those virtues that have placed her so high in our esteem, they love her for herself."

Maria Louisa, the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Austria and Maria Theresa of Naples, was born on the 12th of December, 1791. From her earliest infancy she was distinguished for modesty, sweetness of disposition, and every amiable quality. When, in the war of 1809, Vienna was bombarded by the French, the archduchess, being too ill to be removed, was the only member of the imperial family who remained in the capital. Of this circumstance Napoleon was informed, and he immediately issued orders for the firing to be discontinued in the direction of her residence.* He made constant inquiries respecting her, and it is not improbable that he thus early revolved in his mind the possibility of her one day replacing Josephine on the throne of France.

The espousals of the imperial pair were celebrated at Vienna on the 11th of March. The person of the bridegroom was represented by his favourite marshal, Berthier; and a few days after the youthful bride set out for France. At Brannau she was met by Napoleon's sister, the Queen of Naples, where the ceremony took place of delivering up the archduchess by the officers whom her father had appointed to accompany her. As soon as she had been attired in the garments brought in the wardrobe from Paris, she passed over the frontier, and took an

* De Bourrienne, tom. viii. p. 190.

affectionate leave of those who had accompanied her from Vienna. Of all her Austrian retinue she retained only her governess; and of her new household she did not know a single individual. At Munich, Augsburg, Stuttgard, Carlsruhe, and Strasburg she was received with great splendour and enthusiasm. So many hopes were interwoven with the marriage, that her arrival was sincerely greeted by all.

Napoleon had gone as far as Compiegne to receive the new empress. From this château he wrote to her every day by a page who went off at full speed with his letters, and as quickly returned with her replies. Maria Louisa daily manifested more and more interest in reading his billets-doux. She looked for them with impatience; and if any circumstance retarded the arrival of the page, she repeatedly asked what accident could have detained him. In the mean while Napoleon burned with impatience to behold his bride, and really appeared love-stricken. On the day upon which she was expected he had directed his brother Louis to go and meet her. The latter accordingly repaired to Soissons; but while he was stopping in that city, Napoleon, unable to conquer his impatience, set out in a calash, passed his brother, and travelled on the road between Soissons and Rheims until he met the carriage of Maria Louisa, whereupon he alighted, ran up to the door, opened it himself, and rushed rather than stepped into it. The first compliments being passed, a moment of gazing and silence succeeded, which the empress interrupted in a way highly complimentary to the emperor, by saying "Your majesty's picture has not done you justice." They proceeded to Compiegne, where they arrived in the evening, and where Napoleon, following the precedent of Henry IV., on his marriage with Mary de Medicis, passed the night with his bride.*

* Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo, tom. iv. p. 196.

The entry of the princess into Paris took place on the 1st of April. The day was unusually beautiful. Nothing could be more magnificent, nor could anything exceed the respect, the enthusiasm exhibited universally on the occasion. The court set off immediately to St. Cloud, where the civil ceremony was gone through, and on the following day the nuptial benediction was given by Cardinal Fesch. The most splendid illuminations, concerts, and festivals ensued. All Paris for a time appeared to revel in a delight bordering upon phrensy; but, in the midst of these rejoicings, the fête given by Prince Schwartzenberg in the name of the Emperor of Austria presented a sinister omen. The dancing-room, which was temporary and erected in the garden, unhappily took fire, and several persons perished, among whom was the sister-in-law of the ambassador. The melancholy conclusion of this festival, given to celebrate the alliance of two nations, struck a damp on the public mind, and did not fail to recall the catastrophe which had marked the fête on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette. The most unfortunate presages were drawn from this occurrence; and Fouché says, that Napoleon himself regarded it with a superstitious dread.

At this period Maria Louisa was little more than eighteen years of age. Her stature was sufficiently majestic, her complexion fresh and blooming, her eyes blue and animated, her hair light, and her hand and foot so beautiful that they might have served as models for the sculptor. Her person would by some have been deemed rather too much *en-bon-point*, but that defect speedily disappeared after her arrival in France.

The ceremonies being all over, Napoleon took the empress on an excursion to Belgium, where her singular modesty of demeanour won every heart; and the emperor's assiduous attentions to her were the

theme of general admiration. The journey was one continued triumph; and they returned surfeited with pleasures and public ceremonies. From the following occurrence, which took place in the course of it, it would appear that Maria Louisa had some turn for humour. A mayor of a small town between Mons and Brussels having placed the following inscription on a triumphal arch of turf erected on the high road—

"En épousant Marie Louise,
Napoléon n'a pas fait une sottise,"—

she was so amused with its simplicity that she would not allow Napoleon a moment's rest until he had consented to bestow the cross of the Legion of Honour on the author.

The empress now began to familiarize herself with a country in which the present was to her a flattering augury of a long life of uninterrupted enjoyments. She was already inspiring the French with a warm attachment to her person, and it was a source of congratulation to all that they had a sovereign free from the influence of intrigues, disposed to think well of every one, and deaf to all idle court-gossip. Those who only appeared now and then at court, and who therefore saw less of her character, mistook for a frigid disposition that natural timidity which never left her while she remained on the French soil. Another circumstance which contributed to heighten this timidity was, that she spoke French less fluently at this early period than she afterward did. "She never discovered," says the Duke of Rovigo, "how greatly this slight but visible embarrassment enhanced the graces of her person in the eyes of every beholder."

On one occasion Maria Louisa made a very amusing misapplication of a French term. About a twelvemonth after her marriage a conversation took place respecting some measures adopted by the Aus-

trian court, which not exactly meeting the views of Napoleon, he, in his hasty manner, called the Emperor Francis "*un ganache*," a stupid old blockhead. As the empress happened not to understand the expression, she requested to know its meaning. Her attendants, who could not venture to explain its real signification, told her that the word was used to designate "a serious, reflecting man." The empress forgot neither the term nor the definition. During the time she was intrusted with the regency an important question one day came under discussion at the council. Having remarked that Cambacérès, the archchancellor, was silent, she turned towards him and said, "I should like to have your opinion, sir, for I know you are a *ganache*." At this compliment Cambacérès stared with astonishment, and repeated the word in a low tone of voice. "Yes," replied the empress, "a *ganache*, a serious, reflecting man; is not that the meaning of it?" No one made and reply, and the discussion proceeded.

On the 20th of March, 1811, Maria Louisa presented her husband with a son. The birth was a difficult one, and the agitation of the medical attendant was very great. Napoleon, who was present, encouraged him. "She is but a woman," he said; "forget that she is an empress, and treat her as you would the wife of a citizen of the Rue St. Denis." The accoucheur demanded whether, in case one life must be sacrificed, he should prefer the mother's or the child's. "The mother's," he answered; "it is her right." The child at length appeared, but without any sign of life; and it is said that the young King of Rome only recovered from his lethargy by the effect of the concussion and agitation produced by the hundred and one pieces of cannon fired at his birth. The public impatience greeted the announcement by rending the air with cries of "Long live the emperor!" Paris had never before presented

so uniform a picture of joy. A balloon suddenly rose up, carrying into the clouds a car containing the aërial traveller Madame Blanchard, with thousands of printed notices of the auspicious event, which, by following the direction of the winds, she scattered all over the environs of the capital.

In May, 1812, Maria Louisa accompanied the emperor to Dresden, where she was received with great distinction by the court of sovereigns which he had assembled around him. As Napoleon was much occupied in business, the empress, anxious to avail herself of the smallest intervals of leisure to be with her husband, scarcely ever went out lest she should miss them.

In 1813, on leaving Paris for the army, Napoleon appointed Maria Louisa regent, and constituted a council for her guidance; as St. Louis, on setting out for the Holy Land, had deposited his power in the hands of Queen Blanche. The government of the empress was mild, and well calculated for the unfortunate circumstances in which the country was placed. She presided at the council, guided by the archchancellor. She gave orders that the department of the grand judge, whence she received the reports of the proceedings of the tribunals, should not lay before her the cases of unpardonable offenders, as she was unwilling to sign her name to any judgment, except for purposes of mercy. She granted numerous pardons, and she did so without ostentation. No pains were taken to trumpet forth her praises; her merits were, nevertheless, appreciated by all who surrounded her. She was simple and natural, and made no effort to gain admiration. She received all who sought to approach her; but she never tried to attract those who were not drawn to her by sentiments of esteem.

On the approach of the allies towards Paris, in March, 1814, she removed, with her son and the Council of Regency, to Blois. During the first days

of her residence there, she was very desirous of joining her husband, and following him and the army. On being told by Colonel Galbois, one of Napoleon's aids-de-camp, that this was impossible, she said, with warmth, "My proper place is near the emperor, at a moment when he must be so truly unhappy.—I insist upon going to him."

It was while the empress was at Blois that Joseph and Jerome Bonaparte formed the design of carrying her off beyond the Loire, hoping that through her they might be enabled to make better terms with the victors. On Good Friday, the 8th of April, having ordered two carriages to the gate of the prefecture, they entered Maria Louisa's apartment, and informed her that she must go with them. Upon this she inquired, whither and why? for, added she, "I am very well here." Jerome replied, "That we cannot tell you." She then asked, if it was by order of the emperor that they acted? and, on their answering in the negative, she said, "In that case I will not go."—"We will force you," replied Jerome. She then burst into tears, which did not, however, prevent their dragging her roughly towards the door; upon which she cried out, and several of her attendants coming to her assistance, the two brothers retired.*

On the following morning, all her inferior domestics, except one, abandoned her, and returned to Paris. However, by means of the authority of Count Schuwaloff, the empress, the King of Rome, and the court attendants were enabled to reach Orleans.—She here took leave of the members of the government who had accompanied her, as well as of the great officers of the crown: she begged each of them to retain some recollection of her, and expressed her anxiety for their happiness. She also sent several small tokens to different persons at Paris. To Gerard,

* Histoire de la Régence à Blois, p. 62; and Narrative of an English Detenu, p. 282.

the painter, she presented her mahogany easel; while to Isabey, the eminent miniature painter, who had been her drawing-master, she gave a little memorandum-book, which she carried in her pocket, in which she wrote, "Donné à Isabey, par une de ses élèves, qui aura toujours de la reconnoissance pour les peines il s'est donné pour elle.—Louise."

On the 12th, attended by Prince Esterhazy, she set out for Rambouillet, where she had an affecting interview with her father, and a reluctant one with the Emperor of Russia. A few days after this visit, she bent her course towards Vienna, travelling, under an escort of Austrian troops, through the departments of a country in which, just four years before, triumphal arches had been erected on her passage, and the road had been strewed with flowers. How aptly do the following lines apply to the situation of the youthful empress!—

> "Au bonheur des mortels esclaves immolées;
> Sur un trône étranger avec pompe exilées,
> De la paix des états si nous sommes les nœuds,
> Souvent nous payons cher cet honneur dangereux;
> Et, quand sur notre Hymen le bien public se fonde,
> Nous perdons le repos que nous donnons au monde."*

When the treaty of Paris was signed, Maria Louisa returned to her father's court; where she was compelled to lay aside her imperial titles, and assume that of Grand Dutchess of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, with the sovereignty of which fiefs she was invested by the allies. Thus, by the strange caprice of fortune, did the little principality conferred on Cambacérès, become the refuge of an Austrian archduchess—the consort of the mighty Napoleon!

Maria Louisa was of a very charitable disposition. She deducted from the allowance granted for her toilet a certain sum monthly for the relief of the poor; and she never was told of a case of distress which she did not immediately endeavour to relieve.

* Lemierre.

Napoleon conducted himself towards her with the most marked politeness, and she was, unquestionably, very fond of her husband; in speaking of him, she always termed him "mon ange." It has been remarked, that in the account to be adjusted between them, the balance will appear considerably in his favour. Napoleon, however, does Maria Louisa ample justice on this head. After her forced separation from him, he says, she avowed, in the most feeling terms, her ardent desire to join him. On a person expressing to him his surprise that she had not made any exertions on his behalf, he replied, "I believe her to be just as much a state prisoner as I am, and that it is totally out of her power to assist me." He understood that she had been surprised and threatened into an oath, to communicate all the letters she might receive that had any relation to her husband.*

Between the two wives of Napoleon there existed a striking contrast. Josephine possessed all the advantages of art and grace; Maria Louisa the charms of simple modesty and innocence. The former loved to influence and to guide her husband; the latter to please and to obey him. Both were excellent women, of great sweetness of temper, and fondly attached to Napoleon. "It is certainly singular," says Sir Walter Scott, "that the artificial character should have belonged to the daughter of the West Indian planter; the one marked by nature and simplicity, to a princess of the proudest court in Europe."†

* Fleury de Chaboulon, vol. ii. p. 77
† Life of Bonaparte, vol. vii. p. 20.

NAPOLEON'S MINISTERS

CAMBACÉRÈS.

Jean-Jacques-Regis Cambaceres, ex-duke of Parma, ex-prince, and archchancellor of the French empire, was born at Montpellier the 18th of October, 1753. Sprung from a poor but ancient family, he was under the necessity of directing his thoughts to a profession, and he chose that of the law, which his father then followed, and in which some of his ancestors had distinguished themselves. He applied himself with extraordinary industry, not only to the studies requisite to his intended career, but to those which had reference to the fundamental principles of society and the natural rights of mankind. His early acquaintance with French jurisprudence in particular, and with legal systems in general, soon procured him a reputation throughout his province, and being no less eloquent at the bar than profound in the closet, his eventual elevation to the higher dignities of his profession was considered exceedingly probable; but so straitened were the circumstances of the family, that, in 1786, Count Perigord, the governor of the province, obtained for it from the bounty of Louis XVI. a pension of two thousand livres.*

In 1791, after exercising various administrative functions, Cambacérès was appointed president of the criminal tribunal in his native department of Hérault, and it is recorded of him that he discharged the duties of his office with so much ability, that not one of his judgments was ever reversed, and with such strict impartiality, that, notwithstanding the prevailing prejudice against the privileged

* Etat des Pensions sur le Trésor Royal, tom. ii. p. 239.

classes, he was, in September, 1792, returned a deputy to the National Convention.

In entering upon his career as a legislator, Cambacérès had the sagacity to foresee that the sittings of the assembly would be stormy, and that it would require all his native wariness to steer with safety through the troubled waters before him. Though qualified by his talents and eloquence to take the lead in any party to which he might attach himself, he avoided the perilous eminence, and rarely opened his lips, unless when he was called on to propose or to defend measures purely legislative. His ambition was to make himself a favourite with all parties, and odious to none, and by his excess of caution, he succeeded in being looked upon as a useful, an able, and—what, at that moment, was still more to his advantage—a harmless senator. But, unfortunately for his principles, this temporizing system gradually destroyed every vestige of independence within him; until, at length, suppleness and timidity became the prominent features of a character of which better expectations had been entertained.

If every other sentiment were not absorbed in that of execration, the manner in which Cambacérès acquitted himself in the National Convention, during the several stages of the trial of Louis XVI., would afford matter of amusement as well as of instruction. "No doubt," he said, at the outset of the proceedings, "Capet is guilty of the crimes laid to his charge; but we are legislators, not judges: how then can we condemn him?" The murmurs of disapprobation which followed this speech convincing the wily deputy that he had proceeded too far in the path of humanity, he instantly receded, and voted against the motion for an appeal to the people—a step which might have saved the royal prisoner.—Again, on the question of punishment—being, probably, really averse to the murder of his benefactor—he adopted a middle course, and proposed that sen-

tence of death should be passed, but that the execution should be delayed until a general peace. Fearful that here also he had betrayed too great a leaning towards the unfortunate monarch, he hastily added that it should be lawful to behead Louis in twenty-four hours, in case the territories of the republic were invaded. Finding that even this did not appease Robespierre and others of his sanguinary colleagues, to make his entire peace with them, he rushed to the tribune, on the following day, and exclaimed, "Citizens, in pronouncing death against the last King of the French, you have done an act, the remembrance of which will not pass away, but will be recorded by the graver of immortality in the annals of nations. Let a notification of the decree of death be instantly despatched to the executive council, that it may be put into execution within the four-and-twenty hours."* And the misused and unoffending Louis having sent to demand of his murderers a delay of three days, "to make the necessary preparations to appear in the presence of God," Cambacérès moved that the assembly should pass to the order of the day.

Such was the artful course which this trimming politician pursued on this momentous occasion.—Justly alarmed lest his own head should also be made to adorn the bloody pike, he paid assiduous court to the most violent leaders of the day, and laboured to satisfy them, that whatever might be his private opinion, he would never be found opposing that of his better-informed colleagues. Shortly after the execution of the king, a decree was passed in the National Convention, on the proposition of Cambacérès, seconded by the infamous Danton, for establishing a revolutionary tribunal for trying offences against the state. The records of the tribunals of Nero and Domitian present nothing more atrociously

* Moniteur.

barbarous than this masterpiece of revolutionary legislation.

Without moral energy to fit him for any crisis, and dreading every change, inasmuch as it might endanger his own safety, Cambacérès crept cautiously along the path of public life, cringing alike to friend and foe. Upon this principle, he avoided taking any prominent part in the events which led to the overthrow of his associate Robespierre; indeed, he appears to have entertained a sort of respect for his talents and moderation, since he answered an inquiry which Bonaparte one day addressed to him, respecting the condemnation of that execrable tyrant, in these remarkable words—"Sire, that was a sentence without a trial;" adding, that "Robespierre had more foresight and conception than was generally imagined, and that his intention was, after subduing the unbridled factions which he had to oppose, to restore a system of order and moderation."*

Though Cambacérès was presented in June, 1799, with the portfolio of the minister of justice, he took no part in the revolution of the November following. From that period, however, Bonaparte, who had had frequent opportunities of noticing his complying disposition, nominated him to the dignity of second consul, "satisfied," he said, "that in so doing he was only giving expression to the public will." Of Cambacérès's perfect nullity in this elevated station the Parisians were not slow in testifying their sense; for scarcely was the appointment known, when a caricature represented him, and the third consul Le Brun, kneeling by the side of Bonaparte, while the latter placed an immense extinguisher over their heads.

He is understood to have strenuously opposed the seizure and execution of the Duke d'Enghien: so much so, that on one occasion Bonaparte reminded

* Las Cases, vol. i. p. 345.

him of the share he had taken in the murder of Louis XVI., and added, "Methinks you are become mightily sparing of the blood of Bourbon!" Napoleon, who held the sanguinary men of the revolution, and especially the regicides, in aversion, would often say to Cambacérès, pinching him lightly by the ear, to soften, by that habitual familiarity, the bitterness of the remark, "My poor friend, I can do nothing for you. If ever the Bourbons come back you will certainly be hanged." A forced smile would then relax the sallow countenance of the second consul, and was usually the only reply; but on one occasion he said, "Come, come, have done with these pleasantries."

In 1804, the same Cambacérès who, on the 20th of January, 1793, had told the National Convention that "in pronouncing sentence of death against the last King of the French, they had done an act which would be recorded by the graver of immortality in the annals of nations," was the foremost to confer on Napoleon the title of emperor; and, in return, the very first letter signed by the new emperor announced to Cambacérès that he was appointed arch-chancellor. "Your title," said Napoleon, "is about to be changed, but your functions and my confidence remain the same. In the high dignity with which you are going to be invested, you will manifest, as you have done in that of consul, the wisdom of your counsels, and those distinguished talents which have given you so important a share in all the good that I can have done." His services were soon after further rewarded with the principality of Parma.

Under the regency of Maria Louisa, Cambacérès was chosen her confidential adviser. When the fortunes of the emperor wore their most desperate aspect and the capital was menaced by the allies, he accompanied the court to Blois. Intelligence of Napoleon's abdication reaching him, he lost no time in sending in his adhesion to the new order of

things; but he returned to Paris, not to solicit power or place, but to secure the immense wealth which he had heaped together. He retired to his hotel, where he lived in great privacy; and well recollecting his conduct on the trial of Louis XVI., he never attempted to show his face at court.

There is no proof of his having had any hand in the return of Napoleon from Elba, though he forthwith identified himself with the imperial government, by accepting the portfolio of the minister of justice, and was nominated president of the Chamber of Peers. On the second return of Louis to his capital, Cambacérès again sought refuge in private life; but this time he did not escape so fortunately as before. He was exiled as a regicide, and went to reside in the Netherlands; where the man lately so powerful was constantly to be seen "dragging his slow length along," either in the park of Brussels, or on the banks of the Amstel, a striking instance of the instability of human greatness. In May, 1818, however, the most merciful of sovereigns restored him to all the rights and privileges of a French subject. Upon which he returned to Paris, where he remained until his death; which took place on the 8th of March, 1824. On the 12th, he was buried, with considerable pomp and with military honours, in the cemetery of Père La Chaise.

In private life Cambacérès was remarkable for little beyond his love of good cheer. In this respect he was often contrasted, during the consulate, with Napoleon and Le Brun. In his palace, the former dined as quickly as if on a march with his army; while the latter was too parsimonious to indulge in expensive living. Hence the saying, "Bonaparte gives hasty dinners; Cambacérès good dinners; Le Brun no dinners at all." The following anecdote is related by De Bourrienne:—

"During the settling of the congress, the First Consul, having learned that the mails conveyed also

to favoured individuals a variety of things, but especially the delicacies of the table, ordered that the service of the post should be confined to letters and despatches. The very evening this order was issued, Cambacérès entered the room in which I was sitting with the First Consul, who had already been laughing at the mortification which he knew this regulation would occasion his colleague. 'Well, Cambacérès, what brings you here at this hour?' 'I come to solicit an exception to the order you have just given to the postmasters. How do you suppose a man can make friends unless he keeps a good table? You know very well how much good dinners assist the business of government.' The First Consul laughed heartily, called him a gourmand, and, patting him on the shoulder, said, 'Do not distress yourself, my poor Cambacérès; the couriers shall continue to bring you your Strasburg patés, your Mentz hams, and your bartavalles.'"*

Cambacérès was, in the strict sense of the word, a glutton. Intending him a compliment, the writer of the *Almanach des Gourmands* dedicated it to the archchancellor's maitre d'hôtel. His table would have been daily crowded with guests, had he not been of a penurious disposition. His personal friends were very few, consisting of M. d'Aigrefeuille the Marquis de Villeveille, a certain bookseller, two or three actors, and Mademoiselle Cuisot, a pretty actress, whom "pour démentir des bruits," he had been persuaded to take under his protection.

* Tom. iv. p. 254.

CAULAINCOURT.

Armand-Augustin-Louis de Caulaincourt, son of the marquis of that name, was born at Caulaincourt, near Laon, in Picardy, the seat of his ancestors, on the 9th of December, 1772, and at the age of fifteen entered the military profession. In 1792, while yet a captain, he was thrown into prison, because he had rendered himself obnoxious to the democrats, and was only released on the condition that he should serve as a simple grenadier. This he did for three years: at the end of which, through the mediation of General Hoche, he was restored to his rank. After serving two or three campaigns in Italy and Germany, in the course of which he received several severe wounds, he obtained the rank of colonel of dragoons, and was afterward made aid-de-camp to Bonaparte.

Napoleon, who, in choosing individuals, manifested that wonderful penetration by which, more than any man, he was enabled at once to discover the persons most capable of serving him, was not long in penetrating the talents of Caulaincourt for diplomacy. Accordingly, on the accession of Alexander, he was despatched to St. Petersburgh, ostensibly to congratulate the new emperor on his accession to the throne; but in reality to weaken the British influence at that court. From this mission may be dated the esteem and the confidence with which Bonaparte ever after honoured him.

In 1804 Caulaincourt was made general of division, Master of the Horse, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and not long afterward Duke of Vicenza. Rumour has assigned some of these honours to the readiness with which he violated the territory of

Baden, and caused the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien. His friends, however, allege. that although the order for seizing the duke was transmitted to him by Talleyrand, it was executed by General Ordener; Caulaincourt being then engaged at Offenburgh with the arrest of the Baroness de Reisch; and the following letter, written to him by the Emperor Alexander, proves that the czar was of this opinion:—"I was already apprized, general, by my ministers in Germany, how completely you were a stranger to the shocking transaction to which you refer; and the documents you have forwarded to me tend only to strengthen that conviction. I am happy to tell you so, and at the same time to assure you of my sincere esteem." This testimony is the more valuable when it is considered that the Grand Duke of Baden, whose territories were violated, was Alexander's father-in-law, and that the murder of the Duke d'Enghien was the cause of the rupture between France and Russia.

In 1807 Caulaincourt was appointed ambassador at the court of Russia, a post which he held for four years; when he was recalled at his own earnest entreaty. He probably foresaw the storm that was gathering, and was unwilling to be left in the alternative, either of betraying his duties, or of being wanting in gratitude for the marked attention shown to him by Alexander. In 1812 he accompanied Napoleon in the fatal expedition to Russia, of which he is said to have disapproved, and in which he had the misfortune to lose a brother. After the burning of Moscow, the emperor selected him as the companion of his flight from Smorgoni, proposing to assume his title while travelling incognito, although their figures were strikingly dissimilar—the Duke of Vicenza being a tall, raw-boned, stiff-looking man. For fourteen days and nights they travelled tête-à-tête, on sledges or in carriages. Never, perhaps, were sovereign and

subject for so long a period together, and under circumstances so very extraordinary!

From no person did Napoleon hear more bold and useful truths than from the Duke of Vicenza. He often ventured to tell the emperor, that if he did not renounce his system of shedding blood, he would be abandoned by the French, and precipitated from the throne by foreigners. But, if he was his censor in prosperity, he was his friend in adversity.

During the decline of Napoleon's fortunes, Caulaincourt was employed to negotiate for a general peace with the allied plenipotentiaries assembled at Chatillon. He had here to contend, single-handed, against the united diplomacy of victorious Europe; and, not discussing the merits of his personal opinions, it is impossible to peruse his correspondence without feeling sentiments of respect for the writer. "I must," says an eyewitness, "do Caulaincourt the justice to record, that if it had depended upon him, he was sincerely desirous of obtaining a peace for his emperor, whose predicament he evidently saw became daily more perilous."* On the abdication of Napoleon, he repaired, as his personal representative, to the allied sovereigns, and negotiated the treaty of Paris. Talleyrand would have included him in the provisional government, if he could have prevailed on him to desert his old master: "but, after a good deal of negotiation, Caulaincourt remained firm."†

On the Count d'Artois's arrival from exile, Caulaincourt presented himself at the Tuileries. On being perceived by the count, he addressed him, "M. de Caulaincourt, you lie under the imputation of being accessory to a most horrid crime. I hope you will be able to justify yourself; but until then, I must decline receiving you." Caulaincourt immediately repaired to the Emperor of Russia, and related to

* Marquis of Londonderry, p. 277. † Ibid. p. 308.

him what had passed. The czar replied, "Make yourself easy; I will arrange this for you." He accordingly invited the Count d'Artois to dinner, and seated him on his right, placing Caulaincourt to the right of the count.

He is generally supposed to have been privy to the return of Napoleon from Elba, in 1815, and was one of the first to hail him at the Tuileries. During the hundred days, he was placed at the helm of foreign affairs, though with reluctance, as he was convinced of the futility of all the efforts that could be made to establish any diplomatic connexion. On the second restoration of the Bourbons, his name appeared in the fatal ordonnance of the 24th of July; but he had powerful friends, who obtained permission for him to remain in France. He forthwith retired to his estate in the department of the Aisne, where he has ever since devoted his time to agricultural pursuits.

CHAMPAGNY.

Jean-Baptiste de Champagny was born of a noble family at Roanne-en-Forez, in 1756. He was educated for the navy, and was making a satisfactory progress in his profession, when, in 1789, the noblesse of Forez returned him their deputy to the States-General. He was nearly the first of his order who passed into the Chamber of the Tiers Etat. While he continued a member he confined his labours exclusively to subjects connected with the improvement of the French marine; but the assembly having, in September, 1791, terminated their sittings, he returned to his family at Roanne. In 1793 he was imprisoned, because he happened to belong to the proscribed order; but being restored

to liberty on the overthrow of Robespierre, in July, 1794, he withdrew from public life, and did not return to it until the establishment of the consular government.

In 1800 M. de Champagny was appointed a counsellor of state for the department of the navy; but as the diplomatic career soon appeared to be the one best suited for his talents and disposition, the First Consul sent him to Vienna as ambassador from the republic. In 1803, while he continued to fill this important situation, the Electoral College of the Loire chose him for the Conservative Senate; and, in the beginning of the following year, Bonaparte nominated him an officer of the Legion of Honour. On his return from Vienna he was appointed minister of the interior, and during the three years in which he filled the situation, never certainly had master a more devoted or less scrupulous servant.

In July, 1807, immediately after the signature of the treaty of Tilsit, M. de Champagny became minister for foreign affairs, in which department he heartily assisted Napoleon in the enforcement of the continental system. Falsehood, perfidy, injustice, spoliation, in the worst acceptation of the terms, distinguished his official career. To him was confided the execution of the odious aggression against Spain, and the better to effect his purpose he accompanied the emperor to Bayonne. In one of the reports which he drew up there, on the subject of Spanish affairs, he unblushingly laid down the principle, that "that which policy rendered necessary, justice must of course authorize:"*—thus openly placing interest in direct opposition to that which is honourable or honest; a principle which the very thief in his career to the gallows does not avow to himself. For the share which he had in this unhallowed work, he was created Duke de Cadore.

* Southey's Peninsular War, vol. ii. p. 363.

In 1811, notwithstanding his uniform subserviency, Champagny was unceremoniously deprived of the foreign portfolio. He was permitted, however, in 1812 and 1813, during the disastrous campaigns of Russia and Saxony, to fill the situation of secretary to the regency; and, previous to the occupation of Paris by the allies, he accompanied Maria Louisa and the court to Blois; but on hearing of Napoleon's abdication, he forthwith abandoned the empress, joined the new order of things, and was created a peer by the good-natured Louis. Notwithstanding which, he plotted the return of Bonaparte from Elba, and—strange metamorphosis!—accepted from him, in 1815, the situation of surveyor of public buildings. This place, hitherto the modest portion of auditors or masters of request, was astonished at the honour of being filled by a duke and peer, an ex-ambassador, ex-minister of state, ex-grand chancellor; "but so much," says Fleury de Chaboulon, "was his excellency devoted to the sovereign of the day, that I verily believe he would have accepted the post of gentleman-usher, had there been no other to offer him."*

For this conduct M. de Champagny lost his peerage on the second restoration of the Bourbons; but, in May, 1818, that dignity was restored to him, as it was to many others equally undeserving of it.

CLARKE.

Henri Jacques Guillaume Clarke was regularly descended from that Simon Clarke of Salford, in Warwickshire, who suffered for his loyalty to Charles I., and was created a baronet in the year

* Mémoires, tom. i. p. 290.

1617. He was born at Landrecies, the 17th of October, 1765, and as he was destined for the army, he was sent by his father, who had himself served in the regiment of Berwick, to receive his education at the military school of Paris.

At an early period he entered, through the interest of his maternal uncle, Mr. Henry Shee, into the household of the Duke of Orleans; by means of which he obtained, in 1784, the rank of supernumerary-captain in the duke's regiment of hussars. During the early stages of the revolution, he made himself subservient to the political principles of that prince; and having, in 1792, become lieutenant-colonel of the second cavalry regiment, he was employed with the army of the Rhine, under General Custine, and was present, in that capacity, at the first retreat from Mentz to Weissenburg. After the departure of this general, who had been called to the command of the north, the representatives of the people appointed Clarke chief of the staff; but from this situation he was almost immediately dismissed, and ordered to the distance of twenty leagues from the frontiers. On the establishment of the Directory, he was permitted to return, and, through the patronage of Carnot, was placed at the head of the topographical department of the war ministry. He thus became acquainted with every thing that related to the military plans of the republic.

The Directory having, in 1796, after the defeat of Wurmser, become jealous of General Bonaparte, Clarke was despatched to Milan, with the ostensible purpose of opening a negotiation with Vienna, but chiefly to spy into the designs of the commander-in-chief, and deprive him at least of the civil glory of concluding the treaty. Bonaparte was not at a loss to guess the object of Clarke's mission, and soon obtained proof of what he had merely suspected. Clarke confessed every thing, and pledged to the general of the army of Italy that faith which

was already promised to the Directory. Nevertheless, he did not give up reporting to Paris. The Directory, however, were not long the dupe of this artifice, and Clarke was dismissed from his functions. Impelled by a feeling of generosity towards the now disgraced spy, Bonaparte threw the influence of his power around him, detained him in Italy, and even employed him in several negotiations with Sardinia, and the princes of Italy.*

From this period Clarke remained unemployed until after the revolution in 1799, which placed Bonaparte at the head of the consular government. He was then called, by a telegraphic despatch, from a small estate upon which he was residing, near Strasburg, and appointed counsellor of state, and ambassador to the court of Etruria. On his return from his mission, he was reinstated in the topographical department, had apartments allotted him at the Tuileries, and was appointed to some other posts, which altogether produced him a salary of nearly eighty thousand francs.

After the battle of Austerlitz, in 1805, though he appears to have had no share in the glory, Clarke was made governor of Vienna, and grand officer of the Legion of Honour. In 1806, a few days previous to the battle of Jena, Bonaparte said to him, "In a month you will be governor of Berlin, and history will record, that in the space of one year, and in two different wars, you were governor of Vienna and Berlin; that is to say, of the Austrian and Prussian monarchies."† The course of events exceeded even Napoleon's expectations.

After the peace of Tilsit, Clarke attained his highest elevation. He then succeeded Berthier in the war department, and was created Count Hunebergand Duke of Feltre. Napoleon also presented him with a sum sufficient to purchase either an hotel

* Napoleon Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 232. Botta, Storia d'Italia, tom. ii. p. 37. † Las Cases, vol. iii. p. 302.

at Paris, or a country-house in the vicinity of the metropolis. For the office of war-secretary Clarke had little capacity; but he possessed other qualifications not less acceptable to his master. Like Champagny, he never disputed Napoleon's will, but did his utmost to anticipate it. For instance, in January, 1808, he thus urged him to call out the conscription of 1809: "A vulgar policy would induce your majesty to disarm; but that policy would be a scourge to France: yes, sire, far from diminishing your armies, you should increase them, till England shall have acknowledged the independence of all powers, and restored to the seas that tranquillity which your majesty has secured to the Continent."

Upon the unexpected occasion of Mallet's conspiracy, in 1812, during Napoleon's absence in Russia, Clarke lost all presence of mind, and showed himself alike destitute of courage and talent. He neither foresaw the danger, nor could he repress it when it burst forth; but when some of the emperor's more vigorous servants had dissipated all apprehension for the safety of Paris, he endeavoured to make amends for his ignorance and imbecility, by a superabundant display of zeal in the way of punishment; so much so, that several individuals were actually proceeded against who had no hand in the conspiracy.

In April, 1814, he accompanied the empress to Blois, in his public capacity; but no sooner did he find that Napoleon's situation was desperate, than he retraced his steps to Paris, went over with devotion and delight to the Bourbons, and was ranked among the new peers. The king having, in March, 1815, on the disembarkation of Bonaparte from Elba, displaced Soult from the ministry of war, and given the portfolio to Clarke, he appeared at a loss how to act; and during the few days that he continued in office, no one could possibly do less to impede the usurper's progress. "He again offered his services

to me," said Napoleon, at St. Helena; "but I sent him word that I would not employ any traitors."

When Louis quitted Paris for Lille, Clarke passed over to England. He, however, rejoined the king at Ghent, and after the second restoration was again appointed minister of war; but his new administration being signalized by acts of unnecessary severity towards the officers of the old army, in whose glory he had never participated, he became very unpopular, and was, to their unspeakable joy, dismissed in 1817. However, by way of mitigating this disgrace, the man who is supposed never to have witnessed an engagement was presented with the baton of a marshal, and appointed governor of the fifteenth military division at Rouen.

General Clarke's talent was certainly not military; but he is allowed to have been laborious and painstaking in the bureau, and exact and saving of the public money. Under his government of Berlin the inhabitants were loaded with the most vexatious and oppressive burdens. Being admitted to an audience of the King of Prussia, while at Paris in 1814, "As for you, general," said the monarch, "my subjects will, for a long time, remember your government: you made a sad abuse of victory, rendered the continental system still more odious than it was of itself, and showed no moderation in the execution of your orders. If I have any advice to give you, it is, that you never again show your face in Prussia." Frederic William uttered these words in so loud and decided a tone, that Clarke was perfectly confounded, and was obliged to be led out of the room, supported between Berthier and De Bourrienne.

Clarke was pompous in his manner, and never suffered any means to escape him by which he could affect the display of greater zeal than the rest of his colleagues. His leading foible was that of priding himself on his birth: he even gave himself out for a lineal descendant of the Plantagenets. Napoleon

was wont to laugh at this pitiful folly, and one day confounded him in the midst of a brilliant circle, by saying, "Why did you not acquaint me with your rights to the English throne? We must assert them!" During the time of the republic he was obliged to keep all this grandeur pent up in his breast, on peril of his head; but the restraint only fortified the passion, and when he found himself Count of Huneberg and Duke of Feltre, he gave it full scope. He set no value on the quiet rank and influence of a modern nobleman, but loved to surround himself with dependants, retainers, and hangers on, and then fancied himself a feudal baron encircled by his vassals. Under Napoleon, he might, if it so pleased him, have asserted his descent from the Great Mogul, or the Cham of Tartary; but the legitimate nobility, having nothing but their birth to be vain of, were the more tenacious of it. Proofs of Clarke's illustrious descent were required: he was mocked, he was slighted; and, on the 28th of October, 1818, he died, as is generally believed, of a broken heart.*

FOUCHÉ.

Joseph Fouche, destined to exercise, for a series of years, so fatal an influence over the affairs of his country, was born at Nantes, on the 29th of May, 1753. Intended by his father, the owner of a merchant vessel, for a maritime life, he was sent, when in his ninth year, to one of the establishments of ecclesiastics, called Pères de l'Oratoire, to study the mathematical sciences. The sea, however, being his aversion, and, indeed, the delicacy of his frame

* De Bourrienne, tome x. p. 141

rendering him unfit to encounter the boisterous element, he became a member of the college, with the view of qualifying himself for public instruction. He is represented as being at this time heedless of his studies, and impatient of restraint; but, though apparently of an idle and frivolous turn of mind, it was remarked that the books which he selected for his reading were of a moral and serious character —his favourite volume being the "Pensées de Pascal." He had no taste for poetry, and abhorred the study of languages. Having completed his education at Paris, Fouché proceeded to teach moral philosophy and the mathematics at Arras, Juilly, Niort, and the military school of Vendôme. At the first-mentioned town he formed an intimate acquaintance with Maximilian Robespierre, and lent him the money necessary to enable him to take up his abode in Paris, on being appointed deputy to the States-General.

When the revolution broke out, it found Fouché a superior in the college of his native town. It is not true that he was ever a priest, or had taken orders. It is certain, also, that he quitted the Oratoire before he exercised any public functions, and that under the sanction of the law he married at Nantes, with the intention of exercising the profession of an advocate. He describes himself as being at this time "morally what the age was, with the advantage of being so, neither from imitation nor infatuation, but from *reflection and disposition*"—an avowal which should not be lost sight of, in forming an estimate of his character and conduct. He founded a club, called the Patriotic Society, and acquired so much popularity by the virulence of his harangues, and the fury of his revolutionary opinions, that his fellow-citizens nominated him a representative to the National Convention for the department of the Nether Loire.

Arrived in the capital, Fouché, on the 19th of

September, 1792, made his first appearance at the Jacobin Club, and in a violent oration seconded Marat in demanding the heads, not only of the king and queen, but of two hundred thousand of their aristocratical adherents.* On the opening of the National Convention, a few days after, he connected himself with the party called the Mountain, consisting of Danton, Robespierre, Marat, and others of their stamp. At first, he busied himself in the committee of public instruction, where he became acquainted with Condorcet, and through him with Vergniaud; and as nature had not furnished him with the qualities necessary to secure eminence as a public speaker, he rarely ascended the tribune. Upon the trial of the unfortunate Louis, he nevertheless contrived to deliver his opinion with a savage and frightful energy; for when a proposition was made, that the fate of the monarch should be decided by an appeal to the people, he cried out, "We appear terrified at the courage with which we have abolished royalty: we tremble at the shadow of a king. Let us assume a republican attitude: let us make use of the ample powers with which the nation has invested us: let us discharge our duty in the widest sense; for we are mighty enough to control all authorities and all events."† He concluded by voting for "death, without appeal and without delay!"

So satisfied was Robespierre and the party with Fouché's conduct upon this occasion, that he was soon selected as a choice instrument to carry into effect the bloody decrees of the convention. Accordingly, in July, 1793, he was despatched as a conventional deputy, first to the department of the Aube, and afterward to that of the Nièvre. Here his hostility seems to have been especially directed against the clergy; eighty-three of whom he sent off to Nantes, to figure in the noyades, or drowning-

* Journal des Jacobins, No. 40. † Moniteur.

matches, of that ill-fated city. He caused the churches to be plundered and laid waste; he openly assailed the doctrine of the immortality of the soul; and he issued a decree, directing the words "Death is an eternal sleep!" to be placed over the entrance of every burial ground.

But whatever, in the estimation of his employers, might be the value of Fouché's exploits at Nièvre, they were greatly surpassed by those which he shortly after enacted at Lyons, in conjunction with a stage-player, the infamous Collot d'Herbois; who, having been often hissed by the inhabitants for his wretched performances, had vowed the most cruel hatred to that city. One of Fouché's first acts was to order a festival in honour of Chalier, an infuriated jacobin, who, for his cruel misdeeds, had been tried and executed. An ass formed a conspicuous part of the procession, having a mitre fastened between his ears, and dragging in the dirt a Bible tied to his tail; which Bible was afterward publicly burnt, and its ashes scattered to the winds. This took place on the 1st of November. On the 10th, Fouché wrote to the convention,—"The shade of Chalier is satisfied. Yes, we swear that the people shall be avenged. Our severe courage shall keep pace with their just impatience. The soil died by the blood of patriots shall be purified; and on the ruins of this proud city the traveller shall find only some simple monument erected in memory of the martyrs of liberty."*

The National Convention had directed that its victims should perish by the guillotine; but Fouché and his colleagues resorted to means far more terrible to desolate the devoted city. They ordered the shooting *en masse* of hundreds of human beings at a time, and boastingly wrote to their employers, that they had contrived means "de vomir la mort à grands flôts." Sometimes several hundreds, bound together

* Moniteur, and Mémoires de Bertrand de Moleville.

with ropes, fastened to the trees of the Place de Brotteaux, were shot by pickets of infantry. At other times, when the proscribed were got rid of by cannon, loaded with grape-shot, they were tied two and two together, and ranged along the edge of a grave, which had been prepared, in compliance with Fouché's brutal command, by their nearest female relations or friends. The following is his own account of the state of things at Lyons on the 18th of November:—"Terror is here, in reality, the order of the day. Convinced that there are no innocent persons in this infamous city, except those who were oppressed or loaded with chains by the assassins of the people, we are steeled against the tears of repentance. Their bloody corpses flung into the Rhone present, both on the banks and at the mouth of the river, under the walls of the infamous Toulon, a spectacle of dread. The work of demolition proceeds too slowly: republican impatience demands a more rapid mode of execution. The explosion of the mine and the devouring activity of fire can alone express the omnipotence of the people. No indulgence, citizen! no procrastination! if you wish to produce a salutary effect."* By way of palliating these enormities, Fouché alleges, that, "as he was only one member of a collective authority, the power of decision was not intrusted to himself alone." But the excuse will not avail him. The following letter, written by him to Collot d'Herbois, will prove that he wanted no goading—that he was by no means "infirm of purpose," during the occasional absence of his worthy associate.

"And we also, my friend, we have contributed to the surrender of Toulon, by spreading terror among the traitors who had entered the town, and by exposing to their view the dead bodies of thousands of

* Moniteur, No. 64.

their accomplices. Let us show ourselves terrible: let us annihilate, in our wrath, and at one blow, every conspirator, every traitor, that we may not feel the pain, the long torture of punishing them as kings would do. Farewell, my friend! tears of joy stream from my eyes, and overflow my heart.

(Signed) "FOUCHE.

"P.S. We have but one way of celebrating the victory. This evening we send *two hundred and thirteen* rebels before the thunder of our cannon."*

One extract more. In a letter dated Nantes, March 28, 1794, he thus wrote to the convention:—"The day before yesterday I had the happiness to see eight hundred dwellings of the royalists consumed by fire; to-day I have witnessed the shooting of nine hundred of these brigands; and for to-morrow, I and Carrier have prepared a civic baptism of twelve hundred women and children—mothers, sisters, wives, daughters, or sons of the accursed robbers of La Vendée. Thus, in two days, three impure generations of rebels and fanatics will have ceased to exist."

On his return to Paris, in April, 1794, Fouché repaired to the Jacobin Club to render an account of his mission, and in June he was chosen their president. He had not, however, been many days in his new office before he was charged by Robespierre with having "disgraced the revolution by his excesses," and reproached for his intimacy with the infamous Chaumette of Nièvre, "who had laboured to root out the belief of a God, and who, for his crimes, had recently been sent to the guillotine." In

* Moniteur, No. 85. This was no idle boast. In a pamphlet entitled "Cris de Vengeance des Lyonnais contre Fouché, &c." forwarded to the convention, it is asserted that on the day on which the above letter was written, December the 19th, "*one hundred and ninety-two* inhabitants of Lyons were shot in the Place de Brotteaux, during a festival given by Fouché to thirty associates and two-and-twenty prostitutes, who from the windows of his hotel were witnesses of the butchery."

dread of a similar fate, Fouché flew to the National Convention, and by way of saving his own neck, set about blackening the memory of Chaumette, representing him "as a vile traitor, whose horrible shade still hovered over the town of Nièvre." The baseness of this attack on a departed friend appears to have shocked even Robespierre. "There is no use," he exclaimed, "in casting dirt on the tomb of your late associate: you should have made your attack while he was alive, and able to answer you."* The convention came to the resolution to inquire into the conduct of one who had thus fallen under the displeasure of their leader, and Fouché was directed to get ready his defence. In the mean time, he prudently kept out of the way, but addressed a letter to the assembly, beseeching the members to suspend their judgment until the report of the committee should be made. On its being read, Robespierre sarcastically observed,—"as for the despicable impostor Fouché, it is less for his past crimes that I denounce him than for his concealing himself to commit new ones. Why does he not come and defend himself? Is he afraid that his miserable visage, bearing the stamp of crime upon it, should at once condemn him?"

On the fall of Robespierre, which, luckily for Fouché, took place a few days after, he quitted his hiding-place, and made a bold attempt to regain the good opinion of the jacobins. A pamphlet, entitled "Queue de Robespierre," having appeared, he complained of it at the tribune, as containing certain matters injurious to his character. Among other things, he stated, that it represented him as having caused four thousand of the Lyonese to be put to death by grape-shot. "Now," said he, "it is a well-known fact, that we ordered *only* sixteen hundred to be shot in six months, and never did the national thunder strike *more* than sixty at a time!" At these

* Moniteur, 16th June, 1794.

words, though uttered in the very den of the jacobins, there were loud murmurs. "I only recall these facts to your recollection," continued the monster, "to put you on your guard against the false sensibility which has of late been gaining ground, and to show the necessity of restoring the reign of terror."*

Having in April, 1795, claimed, in the convention, some portion of the merit of the recent revolution, "No," replied Boissy d'Anglas, "Fouché had no share in the events of that day; it was too glorious to be sullied by the support of such a wretch." In June, he was charged by the commune of Gannât with the commission of numerous acts of robbery and murder; and a general report upon his conduct having been laid before the convention, he was, on the 9th of August, expelled as "a thief and a terrorist, whose crimes would cast eternal disgrace on any assembly of which he was a member." He was accordingly committed to prison, where he remained until he was let loose on society by the general amnesty of October.

For nearly three years Fouché continued, by his own confession, in complete disgrace, "without regular employment, without respect, without interest." He contrived, however, to pick up a livelihood, by acting in the subaltern capacity of a spy to the jacobin party of the Directory—

> "He prowl'd about, t' observe and smoke
> What courses other cut-throats took,
> And, to the utmost, did his best
> To save himself and hang the rest."

Barras was inclined to put his brother-regicide into an official situation; but, with all his influence, he could not overcome the aversion of the rest of the Directory. Fouché's services, however, were at last rewarded with a share in the *fournitures*. A company was got up, of which he was appointed the

* Moniteur, 5th September, 1794.

manager, and by thus becoming a jobber in contracts, he says he was enabled, in a short time, "not only to make an independent fortune for himself, but"—good man!—"to assist many a worthy but neglected patriot."

In 1798, through the interest of his patron, Fouché was despatched on an embassy to Milan, and he went subsequently in a similar capacity to Holland; but scarcely had he presented his credentials at the Hague, when Sieyes, finding the Directory tottering, and fancying that he stood in need of a more active police, was induced to place Fouché of Nantes at the head of the most formidable instrument ever devised in aid of despotism. He was installed in his office on the 1st of August, 1799. On entering it, he says, "I found its treasury empty, and point d'argent point de police." In the space of a week, the gambling-houses, which had been suppressed, were reopened, and by thus making the vice inseparable from large cities contribute towards the exigency of the state, he boasts that he soon had abundance of money at his command. His next step was to put a stop to the bold march of political discussion, and to obtain the authority of the Directory to make domiciliary visits. But the greatest obstacle he had to encounter was the press. "How," says he, "could I possibly reform the state, while the press had too much liberty? I therefore determined upon a decisive blow. At one stroke I suppressed eleven popular journals. I caused their presses to be seized, and arrested their editors; whom I accused of sowing dissension among the citizens, of blasting private character, misrepresenting motives, reanimating factions, and rekindling animosities."

On Bonaparte's return from Egypt, Fouché, abandoning his protector, was one of the first to pay adoration to the rising sun. He directed the arrest of the deputies who were considered dangerous, and assisted in bringing about the revolution which

placed Napoleon at the head of the consular government. He was continued in the ministry of the police; and he certainly brought to the service of his new master a perfect acquaintance with all the weapons of revolutionary war, and a knowledge of those best able to wield them. Indeed, without him the First Consul could scarcely have consolidated his suddenly-acquired authority. Combining the reports of his agents and of the various individuals with whom he corresponded, Fouché had become better acquainted than any man in France with all the various parties in that distracted country,—the points which they were desirous of reaching, the modes by which they hoped to attain them, the character of their individual leaders, and the means to gain these over or intimidate them. "Thus," observes Sir Walter Scott, "an unlimited system of espial existed through all France, controlling the most confidential expression of opinions on public affairs, and like some mephitic vapour, stifling the breath though it was invisible to the eye; and by its mysterious terrors, putting a stop to all discussion of public measures which was not in the tone of implicit approbation."*

No sooner did the executioner of Lyons find himself firmly established in the ministry, than he became anxious to throw a shade over his past infamy. Like the snake, he sought to cast off his coarse and odious skin, and assume a form less repulsive. "I endeavoured," he says, "to impart to my office a character of dignity, justice, and moderation." Perceiving the revived influence of the royalists in society, the crafty regicide suddenly testified great regard for them. He even affected the air and manners of the ancient courtiers of Versailles, and his drawing-rooms were open to every ex-noble who chose to visit him. Several of these

* Life of Bonaparte, vol. iv. p. 352.

were among the number of his hired spies. He boasts that the lavish profusion of Josephine made even her willing to furnish intelligence concerning the Chief Consul's views and plans, and that his private secretary, De Bourrienne was his pensioner. Of the extent to which Napoleon himself was subjected to this galling system of espionage, Fouché furnishes us with the following amusing proof:—"Bonaparte one day observed that, considering my acknowledged talents, he was astonished I did not perform my functions better; and that there were several things of which I was ignorant. 'Yes,' I replied, 'there certainly are things of which I *was* ignorant, but of which I am so no longer. For instance, a little man, muffled up in a gray great-coat, and accompanied by a single servant, often steals out on a dark night from a secret door of the Tuileries, enters a shabby vehicle, and drives off to a certain Signora Grazini. This little man is yourself, and the whimsical songstress jilts you continually, out of love for Rode, the fiddler.' The consul answered not a word, turned his back on me, rang the bell, and I withdrew."

The sway of this terrible engine was, indeed, so wide, that the First Consul could not contemplate without alarm the tremendous powers with which his minister was invested. The man who, by means of his countless agents, could at any time congregate the scattered elements of resistance to his authority, was too formidable to be allowed to continue for ever in so dangerous a post. Accordingly, shortly after the peace of Amiens, the ministry of the police was abolished, and the maintenance of public order was intrusted to the gens-d'armes and the regular tribunals. Bonaparte did not, however, dismiss Fouché unrewarded. He conferred on him the senatorship of Aix, and presented him with half the reserve-money remaining in the police-office, amounting to 50,000*l.* sterling.

During an absence of nearly two years from the

service of the state, Fouché was not inactive. His advice was frequently solicited by Bonaparte, and as eagerly given as required. He detected the object of the First Consul's incessant thoughts, and he was not backward to fan the flame of ambition. He saw the end to which every thing tended; and, to secure the favour of the man who was soon to wield the destinies of Europe, he who had voted for the death of his king, on the ground that "royalty is tyranny," did not hesitate to advise Napoleon "to make himself master of the crisis, and be proclaimed emperor."

Again, while the inquiries respecting the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal were going on under the direction of M. Réal, the crafty ex-minister was all on the alert. Whenever he caught up some incident, he ran to retail it at the Tuileries. "You will, then, stick to the police," Napoleon would say. "Yes," replied Fouché, "I have retained a few friends there, who furnish me with any thing new." Upon these occasions, he seized every syllable that fell from the First Consul, and made it the groundwork of fresh inquiries: by thus placing himself between the head of the state and the person who directed the investigation, he found opportunities of promoting his private interest; and he never cared at whose expense that was effected. De Bourrienne is of opinion, that the conspiracy was encouraged and assisted by Fouché, to prepare the way for his return to office.* "Only see," it was said; "Georges has been six months in Paris without its being suspected: it is clear, that if Fouché had been in office this risk would not have been incurred." The lion, seized with a panic, fell into the toils of the fox. In July, 1804, the ministry of the police was re-established, even in greater power than before, and the director

* Mémoires, tom. v. p. 285.

of the massacres at Lyons and Nièvre was again placed at its head.

Under him were four counsellors of state, who met once a week in his closet, to give him an account of every thing appertaining to their office, and take his opinion upon them. He says he had salaried spies in all ranks and orders, and of both sexes, who received from one to two thousand francs per month, according to their services. He had also his spies abroad; and thus held in his hands the most important strings of foreign politics. At one time, he says, he could boast that he entertained, among his secret agents, three nobles of the old régime, distinguished by princely titles. The public journals were under his constant surveillance, and their editors were summoned before him when any thing was inserted which could be considered as disrespectful to his authority. The suppression of the offensive newspaper was often accompanied by the imprisonment or banishment of the editor. When Madame de Staël was about to publish her work on Germany, the whole edition was seized by the police, and the lady received a note from Fouché, acquainting her that the air of France did not suit her health, and advising her to leave it with all convenient speed. He had the address to make it universally believed, that wherever four persons assembled, there were in his pay eyes to see and ears to hear. He acknowledges, that such a belief tended to general corruption and degradation; "but then," exclaims this sentimentalist, "what evils, what wretchedness, what tears has it prevented!" Such was this vast and terrific machine, called the general police of the empire. The expense of the establishment was enormous: it is calculated that it swallowed up 400,000*l.* annually, all derived from contributions levied on gambling-houses, prostitution, and the granting of passports. On the creation of the great feudatories, Fouché's recompense was the dukedom of Otranto.

"a pretty good prize," as he himself calls it, "in the imperial lottery."

As the regicide always regarded the restoration of the old dynasty as at least possible, it may readily be supposed that he entertained no small dread of such an event. The death of the infant son of Louis Bonaparte, whom Napoleon intended for his successor, and the certainty that he never would have issue by Josephine, threw Fouché into considerable alarm; as he saw clearly how favourable an unsettled succession was to the hopes of the Bourbons. Knowing the emperor's secret wishes on the subject, he advised him to dissolve his present marriage, and obtain the hand of some young princess; and he had the consummate impudence to recommend the sacrifice to Josephine herself. After this, the emperor never placed any confidence in Fouché, but viewed him as a man acting on a system of self-interest, to which he accommodated the affairs of the state.

With all his boasted harangues in favour of popular liberty, Fouché was the firmest support of despotism in France. He often spoke to Napoleon of the necessity of suppressing the legislative body; and when, in 1809, the emperor fulminated his famous admonition against that assembly, which he would neither allow to be the organ of the people nor to possess the power of making laws, asserting that he alone was the true representative of the nation, he sounded his minister on the subject. "This is the way," replied the ex-jacobin, "that monarchs should always govern. Dissolve any body, sire, that thus dares to interfere with the royal prerogative. If Louis XVI. had acted thus, he might have been alive, and King of France at this day." "How is this, Duke of Otranto?" said the emperor, "I took you for one of those who sent that monarch to the scaffold!" "I was," resumed the supple statesman; "and it was the first service I had the honour to render your majesty."

This courtly reply saved Fouché for the moment; but Napoleon suspected him of being at the head of a party which worked in secret, and which only waited for some signal reverse of fortune to the imperial arms, to establish a republican form of government. But, what most displeased him was the immense influence of his minister, whom he had never designed to be any other than a terror to the royalists, and his bulwark against revolutionary conspiracy. That dissatisfaction was increased by the following incident:—In 1809, while Napoleon was engaged in the campaign of Austria, the English having seized Flushing and threatened the invasion of Belgium, Fouché took upon himself to call out a levy of the national guards, and despatched Bernadotte to protect the frontiers of the empire. From that moment his disgrace was resolved upon, and a pretext for his dismission soon presented itself. By a singular coincidence, both the emperor and his police-minister conceived the idea of opening a negotiation with the British ministry, disheartened by the defeats sustained by the Spanish patriots and the sinister event of the Walcheren expedition.—For this purpose, each despatched, and nearly at the same time, a secret emissary to sound the English government as to its disposition for peace. The agent employed by Fouché was the contractor Ouvrard; the one selected by the emperor was M. Labouchère, the agent of a great Dutch mercantile establishment. As neither of them was aware of the other's mission, the result was a difference in the proposals intended as the basis of pacification.—This the Marquis Wellesley, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, regarded with suspicion; and in consequence broke off all negotiation. Napoleon, highly incensed with Fouché for tampering with the imperial prerogative, sent for him; and, having in full council extracted from him an avowal of the fact, he remarked, "So, then, you make peace and

war without my being a party!" Ouvrard was consigned to the dungeon of Vincennes, and Fouché was deprived of his office; but on dismissing him the emperor conferred upon him the government of Rome.

Fouché retired to his château at Ferrières; but he had not long been there before he was applied to, by Napoleon's orders, for the confidential correspondence which had passed between them. Fouché returned for answer that he had consigned it to the flames; but this reply appearing unsatisfactory, the emperor withdrew from him the government of Rome, and ordered him to proceed on his travels into Italy. Before his departure, a fresh application for the papers was made through Berthier. "Tell the emperor," replied the ex-minister, "that for five-and-twenty years I have been accustomed to sleep with my head on the block; that I know his power, but do not fear it; and that he may make a Strafford of me if he pleases." In spite of this idle gasconade, never was coward in a state of greater trepidation than was the wretch who had conducted the massacres of Nièvre and Lyons, when he apprehended that "even-handed justice" was about to "commend the poisoned chalice to his own lips." He fled precipitately to Italy, and the state of his mind on arriving there will be best judged of from his own confession. "It was not," he says, "the effect of public disgrace which I dreaded, so much as ambuscades prepared against me in darkness. In my sleepless nights, and in my dreams, I imagined myself surrounded by executioners, and seemed as if I beheld, in the native country of Dante, the inexorable vision of his infernal gates. The spectre of tyranny depicted itself on my imagination in its most frightful features. My head became heated. I took the desperate resolution of embarking for the United States. But, oh God! to what a terrible affliction was my frail irritable body subjected! A dreadful

sea-sickness attacked me ; I lost my senses, and was about to expire, when I was put on shore."

Through the intercession of Eliza, the emperor's sister, Fouché obtained permission to return, on condition of his surrendering the contested papers, and receiving in exchange for them a written pledge of indemnity for every thing done by him during his ministerial career. He was allowed to retire to Aix ; and in 1812, on a representation that the climate of the south was unfavourable to his health, to reside on his estate at Ferrières. While there, he drew up a memorial on the dangers of engaging in the war with Russia, which he was suffered to present to Bonaparte at the Tuileries.

After the disastrous campaign in Russia, Fouché was summoned to attend the emperor at Dresden. It was hence inferred, that Napoleon intended to employ him in some negotiation ; but he only called him from the capital, because he understood he was renewing his intrigues in it. While at Dresden, he was appointed governor-general of the Illyrian provinces, and in July, 1813, proceeded to take possession of them ; but he was shortly after driven out of the country by the Austrians. In December he received an order from Napoleon to repair to Naples, on pretence of his presence being necessary to confirm the wavering fidelity of Murat, but in reality, that he might be at a distance from the plots forming in the French capital.

On hearing of the approach of the allies in February, 1814, he set off for Paris. On his way thither he stopped at Lyons, the scene of his former atrocities ; but he acknowledges that his presence there excited great disgust, and that he was compelled to quit the place. He did not reach Paris until Napoleon had abdicated. He moved about in every direction, with a view to be employed, but the provisional government was already filled up. To recommend himself to the Bourbons, he addressed a sin-

gularly impudent epistle to the exile of Elba, urging him to remove from a scene in which, from its proximity, he must necessarily keep alive the intrigues of a powerful party, and exhorting him to assume the character of a private individual, and retire to America. The letter probably never reached, nor was meant to reach, Elba, but the artful writer took especial care to send a copy of it to Monsieur. The design, however, was too flimsy not to be seen through. His talents were acknowledged, but his character was held in just execration, and the king obstinately refused to accept of his services. He at length withdrew to Ferrières, and engaged himself with his old friends of the jacobin party to effect the downfall of the Bourbons. Among other things, he offered the dictatorship to Eugene Beauharnais, but he says he could only obtain a vague answer.

While Fouché was thus employed, intelligence arrived of the disembarkation of Napoleon. In this dilemma, strange to say, the infatuated court turned their eyes towards the regicide, and a midnight interview was accorded to him by the king's brother, afterward Charles X. Fouché describes himself as being so touched by "the generous and affecting language of this frank and loyal prince," that he could not refrain from exclaiming at parting, "Take measures to save the king, and I take upon me to save the monarchy!" But, so greatly was he an object of suspicion, that De Bourrienne, just appointed prefect of the police, received the king's directions to seize him. He, however, escaped the danger. Under the pretext of drawing up a protest against the arrest, he kept the *gens-d'armes* outside the door of his closet, and descended by a secret staircase into his garden, of which he scaled the wall. His next neighbour, into whose garden he escaped, was Queen Hortense. Finding himself thus thrown, as if by a trick of the stage, into the very focus of the Bonapartists, Fouché thought no more of saving Louis

XVIII. and the monarchy, but forthwith carried his intrigues to his old master.

During the hundred days, Fouché exercised his old functions as head of the police. This time he may be said to have been steeped in treachery chin-deep. He in private caressed the revolutionists; he corresponded with Metternich as to the best mode of subverting Bonaparte's government; he communicated with the minister of Louis XVIII. at Ghent; and he gave secret information to the Duke of Wellington, as to the military projects of Napoleon. He sent the plan of Bonaparte's campaign, written in cipher, by a Flemish post-mistress, but caused her to be arrested on the Belgian frontier, that it might not reach its destination before the fate of the campaign was decided. And, while all this was going on, to such a pitch did he carry his dissimulation, that he said to a friend of Napoleon, a few days after his departure for the army, "Really it is impossible to preserve attachment to the emperor: no one is safe with him; he suspects everybody of betraying him."*

On one occasion, however, the arch-intriguer was nearly caught in his own toils. The emperor discovered that Fouché and Metternich had agreed to send each a confidential agent to meet at Bâle, for the purpose of arranging as to the measures necessary to rid France of him. Unknown to Fouché, Napoleon despatched Fleury de Chaboulon to meet the emissary of the Austrian, and sufficient was elicited to render the treachery of Fouché more than probable. But, in the mean time, the cunning minister had discovered the circumstance. He one day went to the palace, transacted business with the emperor as usual, and just as he was rising to depart, recollected, as if by accident, that Metternich had requested him to send an agent to Bâle—for

* Mémoires du Duc de Rovigo, tom. iv p. 44.

what purpose he could not tell—but that, in the pressure of business he had forgot to lay that minister's letter before Napoleon. "M. Fouché," said the emperor, "you may injure yourself if you take me for a fool. I have known the whole intrigue for several days. Have you sent to Bâle?" "No, sire." "That is fortunate for you. If it be otherwise, it may cost you your life."

On the second restoration, as a reward for services which Fouché was supposed to have performed, Louis XVIII. saw himself reduced to the sad necessity of admitting to his councils one of his brother's murderers. But our duke's career was fast drawing to a close. The clamours raised against his profligacy and treachery convinced him that it would be dangerous to continue in his post. He therefore resigned in September, and was sent ambassador to Dresden; but the just vengeance of the public pursued him, and in January, 1816, he was denounced as a regicide by both Chambers, and condemned to death, in case he re-entered the French territory.—He settled first at Prague, afterward at Lintz, and last of all at Trieste, in which city he died on the 26th of December, 1820, at the age of sixty-six, leaving behind him an immense fortune.

Napoleon has described him as "a miscreant of all colours—a man who could worm your secrets out of you with an air of calmness and unconcern." Every one of five successive governments he, by such arts, had helped to found and to overthrow. "One of the wonders of our times," as Sir Walter Scott truly observes, "is, how Fouché, who had been the mainspring of such a complication of plots and counterplots, and of intrigues, revolutionary and counterrevolutionary, contrived, after all, *to die in his bed.*"

LE BRUN.

Charles-François Le Brun, a native of St. Sauveur Laudelin, was born the 19th of March, 1739. Though his father was a man of very limited means, he contrived to bestow upon him an excellent education. Not only did he become acquainted with several ancient and modern languages, but he made considerable progress in the study of moral philosophy and metaphysics. To natural and civil law he was particularly partial, and to perfect himself in this comprehensive branch of learning, he visited foreign countries, and investigated their several institutions. On his return to France, he chose the bar for his profession, and settled at Paris, under the protection of the Chancellor Maupeou, whose confidential secretary he afterward became. But, on the accession of Louis XVI., his patron falling into disgrace, Le Brun retired into the country, and devoted himself to literary and agricultural pursuits, and to the education of his children.

After passing fifteen years in retirement, conceiving himself bound as an honest citizen to remain no longer an idle spectator of the approaching crisis, he published, in 1789, a temperate work, entitled "La Voix du Citoyen," in which he endeavoured to prove that a liberal constitution was necessary to the restoration of internal tranquillity; but, in advocating the rights of the people, he also upheld the privileges of the higher orders, and warned both against the consequences that would ensue from the disregard of either. He, however, spoke to the winds; passion was too violent to be stilled, and pride too stubborn to be bent. A dreadful convulsion ensued, and notwithstanding his blameless life,

and the moderation of his principles, Le Brun was in imminent danger of being swallowed up in the vortex. In 1796, he was deputed to the Council of Ancients, by his native department of La Manche; and after the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, without any interference on his part, was nominated third consul. By this popular selection, Bonaparte was no doubt anxious to give the nation a pledge as to the moderation of his views; for, while Cambacérès served as his organ of communication with the revolutionists, Le Brun rendered him the like service with the royalist party; and although, as Madame de Staël observes, they preached very different sermons on the same texts, yet they were eminently successful in detaching from their original factions many of either class, and uniting them with this third or government party, which was thus composed of deserters from both.

During the first years of the Consulship, Le Brun, who had then exceeded his sixtieth year, acted as Bonaparte's mentor. No sooner had the latter entered upon his functions, than a host of money speculators crowded around him, and eagerly offered to advance him considerable sums. He was also surrounded by the wives of these brokers, who were all beautiful and elegant women. Indeed, a money-lender at that time seemed to regard it as indispensably necessary that his spouse should be a woman of fascinating manners; but "the prudent and faithful Le Brun was ever at hand to direct the young Telemachus!"* In this honourable station, it was the peculiar good fortune of this harmless man to make no enemies. He did all he could to mitigate the severities of his colleague. Though trained in the maxims of ministerial despotism under Maupeou, he nevertheless strongly opposed the establishment of an imperial nobility. "We cannot," he said, "create

* Las Cases, tom. ii. p. 349.

nobles as we sow mushrooms; true nobility should alone be founded on brilliant services rendered to the state." In May, 1804, he was nominated prince and arch-treasurer of the empire, and subsequently ranked among its great feudatories as Duke of Piacentia. In 1806 he was sent to organize the government of Genoa, where his moderation secured him the esteem and gratitude of those over whom he was placed. Though his power was great, he was never known to abuse it.

On the abdication of Louis Bonaparte in 1810, Le Brun was appointed governor-general of Holland, and his conduct appears to have given satisfaction to the Dutch. When, in November, 1813, the whole nation was rising to drive out the French, a poor inhabitant of the Hague, who was unwilling that he should suffer any harm, waited on him, and in the simplicity of his heart, thus addressed him:—"You French are become the weakest, we the strongest: you will therefore do a very wise thing to leave us with all speed. Take care of yourself, friend—governor no longer! The sooner you are on the road, the more insults will you escape, and perhaps dangers." The advice, though homely, was too prudent to be neglected. Le Brun hastened to Paris, where he witnessed the downfall of his master; and in April, 1814, signed the constitution which replaced the Bourbons on the throne, was sent on a mission to Caen, and created a peer.

On Napoleon's escape from Elba, Le Brun became one of his peers, and accepted the situation of grand master of the University, which M. Lacépède had refused. For so doing, he was, on the second restoration, excluded by Louis from the new chamber of peers, but restored in 1819 by a royal ordinance. Having now, however, attained his eightieth year, he retired to his estate of Saint Mesme, near Dourdan, where he died on the 16th of June, 1824, at the age of eighty-five.

Le Brun possessed the talent of writing in an eminent degree, and his pen was frequently of great service to Bonaparte, whose style was crude, incorrect, and often unintelligible. Previous to the revolution, he published anonymously a prose translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," attributed at the time to J. J. Rousseau. He also committed to the press a translation of the Iliad, which is considered more remarkable for elegance than fidelity. His great riches were the necessary result of an economy, carried in many instances to the extreme of parsimony. His son, who succeeded to his title, has acquired, by a series of military services, a claim to the gratitude of his country. At the period of the battle of Marengo, he was aid-de-camp to the brave Desaix, and, according to Napoleon's bulletin, received from him his last breath. "Go tell the First Consul," said the expiring man to young Le Brun, "I die with regret, not having achieved enough to live in the remembrance of posterity."

MARET.

Huges-Bernard Maret was born, the 22d of July, 1763, at Dijon, where his father was a physician of some eminence, and perpetual secretary to the academy. He was originally intended for the army, but circumstances of a domestic nature induced him to apply himself to the study of the law, and he was sent to Paris to complete his education under M. Bouchaut, the celebrated professor of the law of nature and nations. His father now wished him to embrace the career of diplomacy; but the death of the Count de Vergennes, his patron, caused him to abandon his intended pursuit, and revert to public and international law.

With this view he took up his residence at Versailles, where he regularly attended the sittings of the States-General; and as he was a rapid writer, and gifted with an excellent memory, he took down the heads of such of the speeches as promised to be useful for future reference. At first, he had no intention of giving these reports to the world, but the advice of friends, and still more the pressure of straitened circumstances, at length induced him to publish them under the title of "Bulletin de l'Assemblée," taking the Parliamentary Register of Woodfall for his model.

The success of the experiment was so great, that when Pankouke, the bookseller, projected the plan of the "Moniteur," he prevailed on Maret to discontinue his Bulletin, and transfer his labours to the new journal. Hence the origin of a paper, which, under every government, has been the official gazette of France during a period of forty years. Maret continued his exertions in it up to the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly; and besides extending his knowledge of national policy, it procured him considerable celebrity, and the acquaintance of many eminent men. Among others was Le Brun, who soon introduced him into public life.

Maret's diplomatic career commenced in 1792, at Hamburgh, as secretary of legation. From Hamburgh he was transferred to Brussels, with increased rank; but his most important mission was to London; the object of which was to negotiate a peace with the British government. On this occasion he had an interview with Mr. Pitt, in the course of which he thought he saw a gleam of hope that his mission might have a favourable termination; but in February, 1793, after the murder of Louis XVI., and an embargo had been laid on British vessels in all the ports of France, he received from the English government peremptory orders to leave the kingdom.

On his return to Paris, an embassy either to Portugal or Naples was offered him. He preferred the latter, and in July, 1793, set out for his destination, accompanied by M. de Semonville; but both were arrested by the Austrians, and thrown into prison at Mantua. The dungeon in which Maret was confined was so unwholesome, that his health suffered severely; but a circumstance no less honourable than singular occasioned his removal to a more salubrious situation. His father having distinguished himself in several branches of experimental philosophy, the chancellor of the Mantuan academy, Professor Castellani, hearing of the younger Maret's imprisonment, at the head of a deputation, consisting of academicians, obtained from the authorities of the place permission to visit and relieve the son of a man whose name was dear to the scientific world. Through their intercession, the two prisoners were transferred, after ten months' seclusion, to the fortress of Kufstein, in the Tyrol; where Maret, to relieve the tedium of his situation, devoted himself to literary pursuits, and is said to have written several dramatic works.

At the expiration of two-and-twenty months' further confinement, the convention proposed to Austria the exchange of Maret and his companion, together with the republican representatives surrendered by Dumourier, against the unfortunate daughter of Louis XVI., the present Dutchess of Angoulême. This took place on Christmas day, 1795, and in January, 1796, Maret returned to Paris, confidently expecting, after nearly three years' close confinement, to be appointed to some honourable and lucrative situation. The Directory, however, were contented with decreeing, that the two ambassadors "had done honour to the French name by their courage and constancy." Though the government were aware of his distressed circumstances, Maret remained unemployed for eighteen months, when

he was appointed one of the commissioners charged to negotiate a peace with England. To Lille he accordingly repaired; but the revolution of the 18th Fructidor having strengthened the anti-pacific party in the Directory, he was recalled, and again left without employment. For this, however, he was soon consoled by 150,000 francs, awarded him by the Cisalpine republic as an indemnity for the losses and sufferings he had sustained during his long captivity. For this well-timed succour he was indebted, not to the good-will of the French or Italian governments, but to the victories of Bonaparte, with whom he had been in correspondence during the conferences which led to the treaty of Campo Formio.

On the return of Napoleon from Egypt, Maret was naturally ready to assist in the overthrow of a government by which he had been so much neglected, and to promote the views of the great general to whom he was indebted for the comparatively easy circumstances in which he found himself. In December, 1799, he was rewarded with the important office of secretary-general to the consulate.—a situation which was afterward raised to a secretaryship of state.

From this period the history of Maret becomes identified with that of the First Consul and Emperor, to whom he unquestionably proved a valuable acquisition. His acquaintance with every branch of the public administration, his readiness in business, his indefatigable activity, his inviolable discretion, his iron constitution, but above all his absolute devotedness to his benefactor, were qualities which ensured the favour, as much as they served the purposes, of Bonaparte. As Fouché truly said of him, he saw only with the eyes and heard only with the ears of his master. Prompt at every call on his services, at all hours of the day and night, he discharged the lowest drudgery of a clerk as willingly as he undertook the most important negotiations of a minister

He was ready for every thing, and nearly in every thing he had a hand. He often accompanied the emperor on the field of battle; so that it was a common saying of the latter, that not a shot could be fired without Maret having something to do in it.

In April, 1811, Maret, now become Duke of Bassano, succeeded Champagny as minister for foreign affairs. In this important situation he served Napoleon with as much zeal as before, but his talents were unequal to the duties required from him. The Duke de Rovigo pronounces him to have been "less calculated for the new functions bestowed upon him than a man just fallen from the clouds;"* and the Abbé de Pradt appears not to have held his official talents in greater esteem. "I found him," he says, "lost in an infinite confusion of boxes and portfeuilles, without any appearance of order or classification. And is this, then, I exclaimed, that same M. Maret whom we have seen in all the stages of the revolution, from the reporters' gallery in the first assembly, up to the highest dignities of the imperial ministry, and who, to this hour, puzzles mankind with the problem, of what may be the intrinsic value of a newspaper editor turned minister of state?"† Soon after he was made a duke, Talleyrand, alluding doubtless to the increased arrogance which accompanied the dignity, observed, "In all France I know but one greater ass than Maret, and that is the Duke of Bassano." But, whatever may have been his faults or failings, there was a constancy in his attachment to his benefactor which commands respect. When at Fontainbleau, Napoleon saw himself

> "Deserted in his utmost need,
> By those his former bounty fed,"

Maret forsook him not, but testified unabated zeal in

* Memoires, tom. iii. p. 94.
† Histoire de l'Ambassade à Varsovie, p. 60.

his service and respect towards his person, up to the moment of his departure for Elba. It has been asserted that he was privy to the escape from that island, but as such a statement might have been injurious to his relatives in France, Napoleon took an occasion at St. Helena of declaring that he knew nothing about it.

During the hundred days, he accepted the situation of minister of the interior and secretary of state. When Bonaparte hesitated whether the instrument necessary for the release of the Duke d'Angoulême at Marseilles should be sent or not, he took upon himself the responsibility of expediting it, thereby rendering its revocation impossible; and as soon as he knew that the prince's safety was ensured, he hastened to acquaint the emperor with what he had done. His manly avowal of this courageous act made a profound impression on Napoleon. "You have done well," was his observation, after some moments' silence. It is therefore indisputable, that to Maret the Bourbon was indebted for his liberation; and it is surprising that so signal a service should not have saved him from the proscription which followed.

On the 2d of June, Maret was nominated one of the new peers, and set out a few days after, with Napoleon, for the army. He was present at the battle of Waterloo, and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner by the Prussians. On his return to Paris, seeing that the restoration of the Bourbons was inevitable, he prepared for the approaching storm. Included, after the king's return, in the ordinance of the 24th of July, he retired to Gratz in Styria; but after five years of exile, he received the royal permission to end his days in his native country. He now resides on his estate in Burgundy, rarely visiting Paris, and devoting his time to literature, and to the education and establishment of his children.

SAVARY.

Anne-Jean-Marie-René Savary, the son of an officer who had grown old under his country's standard, and who had only obtained, as the reward of his long services, the rank of major, was born at Mare, a small village in the district of Sédan, the 26th of April, 1774. He had scarcely completed his studies when the revolution broke out, and as his fortune was to be made, and he had no other chance of obtaining that object than the career of arms, he decided upon running the risks of it. He accordingly entered the royal regiment of Normandy, which was then marching to join the small army under M. de Bouillé, in order to subdue the revolted garrison of Nancy. He arrived at the decisive moment; so that his first night in the service was passed in a bivouac, and he stood fire on the first day.

Though he had served under Hoche, Pichegru, and Moreau, he had not, at the time of the expedition to Egypt, obtained higher rank than that of lieutenant-colonel. In that memorable campaign, however, he was appointed aid-de-camp to General Desaix, with whom he returned to France, and hastened to join the First Consul in Italy. When that gallant chief fell at the battle of Marengo, Savary, who was only a hundred paces from him, hastened to the spot, and found the general stretched upon the ground, completely stripped of his clothes, and surrounded by other naked bodies. Notwithstanding the darkness of the evening, he recognised him, owing to the thickness of his hair. Removing a cloak from under the saddle of a horse lying dead at a short distance, he wrapped the body in it, and went to communicate the disaster to the First Consul, who ordered the remains to be carried to Milan, for the purpose of being embalmed.

Savary was immediately placed on Bonaparte's personal staff, and such confidence did he place in him, that he was shortly after directed to repair secretly to Italy, to ascertain the state of defence and the resources of the several towns which had been surrendered to the French. Savary was not slow in perceiving, that the surest road to fortune was the favour of the First Consul, whose ready instrument he became. He hesitated neither to superintend the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, nor to take a part in the most odious system of espionage ever devised by despot. As head of the counter or private police, it was his duty, not merely to spy the spyers, but to trace the footsteps of every one whom he might suspect to be inimical to his master. He had his agents in the houses of the great, in the cabinet, and in the camp.

In July, 1807, immediately after the peace of Tilsit, Savary was sent on a mission to St. Petersburgh, not so much to transact any important business, as to spy out the sentiments of the court and people. On his arrival, he was filled with admiration on finding himself in so beautiful a city, but astonished to learn, that the officers whom he had despatched to engage lodgings had not even been able to procure accommodations for themselves. Public feeling, in fact, ran so high against the French, that they would not receive them in any hotel; but, by a lucky chance, he found, in the proprietor of the Hotel de Londres, a Frenchman, and a native of his department, who, waiving all considerations, took him in. During the first six weeks he received no invitation from any one but the emperor; but he says he had, in the sequel, as much trouble in avoiding the officious attentions of the higher circles, as, in the first instance, he had need of patience to enable him to endure their incivility. In November, he was superseded by M. de Caulaincourt, who was appointed ambassador

On his return to Paris, Savary found a deputation to Napoleon from Sédan, for the purpose of obtaining the restoration to the military hospital of their town of the annuity granted by Marshal Turenne when he founded it. The legacy had been swallowed up by the revolution, and the ministry observed, that if the emperor admitted the justice of this claim, every town in the same predicament would come forward with the like demand. It was therefore not conceded; but Savary, seizing the opportunity of testifying his attachment to the place of his birth, put into the hands of its chief magistrate a power of attorney, authorizing him to purchase property in the neighbourhood of equal value with Turenne's endowment. Since that period, the military hospital of Sédan has enjoyed what it lost; that is to say, an annuity of 12,000 francs; for the capital of which, Savary paid out of his own pocket the sum of 40,000 francs.

In April, 1808, he was charged with a mission to Madrid, the object of which is said by some to have been to prevail on the Prince of the Asturias to meet Napoleon at Bayonne, and by others to allay the irritation which Murat had excited, by demanding from the arsenal of Madrid the sword of Francis I., and forwarding it to Paris. On his presentation to Ferdinand, Savary protested that he came to ascertain whether the new king wished to remain on friendly terms with the emperor; and he added, that Napoleon felt so much interest about what was passing in Spain, that he was resolved to come to the frontier. Ferdinand set out for Bayonne to meet his illustrious visiter. He reached Vittoria without any signs of Bonaparte's approach, and began to suspect that some snare was prepared for him. Savary was informed by Cevallos, that the king would proceed no farther, and that they did not want to have any thing to do with the emperor. "That is a bad answer," replied Savary: "if the

emperor chooses to have to do with you, you must, whether you like it or not, have to do with him." The weak Ferdinand had gone too far to recede: he knew that the French troops were not far distant, and that if he showed any hesitation to proceed, he would be compelled to do so. A letter from Napoleon reassured his hopes, and he crossed the frontier,—where, instead of a crown, he found a prison.

When Napoleon, in the exultation of success, declared that the house of Bourbon had ceased to reign, and that the crown of Spain was destined for his brother Joseph, Savary, now become Duke of Rovigo, was despatched to assume, *ad interim*, the command of the French forces at Madrid; but he directed none of the great military operations, and was soon recalled. Indeed, such was the indignation of the people against the French, that he only effected his escape by disguising himself in the garb of a postillion, and riding in advance of his own carriage—a *ruse*, to which, a few years after, Napoleon himself, in the course of his journey from Fontainbleau to Elba, had occasion to resort.*

In the Austrian campaign of 1809, Savary accompanied the emperor, and served with considerable distinction. On the disgrace of Fouché, in June, 1810, he was unexpectedly presented with the portfolio of the general police, an appointment which gave no small dissatisfaction. It was Fouché's duty to initiate the new minister into the secrets of his office; but, according to his own confession, he did no such thing, but only communicated such matters as he could not withhold, showing the wheels of the machine, but not the secret springs which put it in motion.

In 1812, while Napoleon was absent in Russia, a scene occurred at Paris which might have been attended with disagreeable consequences. On the

* Napoleon Bonaparte, vol. ii. p. 266.—*Family Library*, No. V.

morning of the 23d of October, while Savary was sound asleep, he was seized in his bed by the soldiers engaged in a conspiracy headed by General Mallet,* and conveyed to prison, without even being permitted to put on his clothes. There, however, he did not long remain. The affair was over in the course of a few hours; but the Parisians did not fail to give way to their sense of the ludicrous, and caricatures were to be seen in all the printshops, representing the police minister in a state of nudity, in the act of being seized, and betraying great trepidation. Every one expected that he would be dismissed in disgrace. The emperor returned, and Savary and the other ministers went to the palace with their portfolios. There is something amusing in his account of the notice he obtained from the courtiers. "They seemed as if they dared not speak to me, for fear of giving me pain. As I passed through the crowd, every one fell back, as if to make way for a funeral procession." This audience lasted nearly two hours. Napoleon censured him for want of vigilance, but did not deprive him of his office. When he left the cabinet, the courtiers endeavoured to read in his countenance whether they ought or ought not to speak to him: they augured favourably of an interview of such long duration, but made no advances until they knew of a certainty that he was pardoned.

After Napoleon's abdication in April, 1814, Savary retired to his estate at Nainville; and, on the return from Elba, he had a seat in the chamber of peers, and was appointed inspector-general of the gens-d'armerie. After the disasters of Waterloo, he accompanied Bonaparte to Rochefort, and would have proceeded with him to St. Helena, but he was taken to Malta, and imprisoned in the fortress of La Vallette. In April, 1816, he made his escape, but

* Napoleon Bonaparte, vol. i.—*Family Library*, No. IV.

hearing of the fate of Marshal Ney, he proceeded to Smyrna; where, however, he did not find the repose for which he sighed. Molested by the French diplomacy, he sought protection among the consuls of foreign nations, and, in June, 1819, he landed in England,—"a country in which," says the ex-police minister, "every citizen's house is a secure place of refuge; an impenetrable stronghold, where no agent of authority dares to force an entrance."

Tired of his wandering and uncertain course of life, he at length resolved to visit Paris. He proceeded, in December, by way of Dover, Ostend, and Brussels, and, attended by an English officer, passed the frontiers, and reached the capital without being recognised. He was conveyed to prison, as a matter of form. A court-martial was summoned, and he was unanimously acquitted upon the same evidence on which, three years before, he had been condemned to death. He was permitted to retain his honours, and to live in retirement.

Anxious to relieve himself of the ignominy attached to the part which he took in the murder of D'Enghien, Savary, in 1824, put forth a pamphlet, in which he endeavoured to throw the blame on other shoulders. It is principally urged against him, that he refused to delay the execution, although the prince urgently demanded an interview with the First Consul; "but all those," says De Bourrienne, "who know the way in which Napoleon was served, know that he did not dare to take upon himself such a suspension; and it would have been better for the Duke of Rovigo, in his late 'Memoirs,' to have acknowledged this with regret, than attempt to palliate a crime which will eternally stigmatize the name of the master whom he so faithfully served."

10.12 a.m.

TALLEYRAND.

Charles-Maurice-Talleyrand de Perigord, the present representative of the King of the French at the court of St. James's, was born at Paris on the 7th of March, 1754. This highly talented man, whose political career is, perhaps, unequalled in the annals of history, is descended from one of the most ancient families in France. He is the eldest son of a younger branch of the Counts of Perigord, who, three centuries ago, were sovereigns of a country in the south-western part of France, still called Perigord; while the celebrated Princess des Ursins, who, during the war of the Succession, played so prominent a part at the court of Philip V., was among his ancestors on the maternal side.

Being what is commonly called clubfooted from his birth, he became an object of dislike and a sort of outcast. He was never suffered to enjoy the comforts of living in his father's family. It is said he *never* slept under the paternal roof. He was educated at the seminary of St. Sulpice at the same time with the Abbé Sieyes, and was there remarked only as a silent and haughty youth who passed all his time among his books. At the proper age he was compelled to embrace the ecclesiastical profession, in opposition to all his own wishes. These early facts are the more necessary to be noticed, seeing that such irreparable injustice cannot fail to have given a powerful bias to a naturally strong character.

At the usual age, however, he took orders; and his splendid talents, backed by the interest of his family, procured him rapid advancement. The Abbé de Perigord was only in his twenty-sixth year when he was nominated agent-general of the clergy; but in this important post he displayed as much aptitude in practice as he had before evinced ability in theory.

It was in this distinguished situation that he addressed to the clergy his famous "Discours sur les Loteries," which first announced his talents to the world, and opened to him the highest dignities of the church. In surveying the moral and political horizon he clearly perceived that a mighty change was at hand; and whether that change was to be effected by a violent convulsion, or by the slower influence of opinion, he resolved to direct it to his own purposes. Adapted for any part in the great drama, he watched the progress of events with a calmness inspired by the confidence which he felt in his own powers. His future eminence was predicted by those who could best read human nature. Even at this early period, his friend and companion Mirabeau designated him, in his correspondence with Berlin, as "one of the most subtle and powerful intellects of the age."

The laxity of his opinions on certain tenets of the Roman Catholic religion, which the abbé did not at all affect to disavow, might have been expected to impede, if not destroy, his hopes of advancement in the church. Such, however, was not the case. He belonged to a political party which, at the time, was very powerful at court and clamorous for his promotion. Louis XVI. objected to his consecration as a prelate; but in spite of royal opposition the Abbé de Perigord found himself, at the age of thirty-four, Bishop of Autun.

After a lapse of nearly two hundred years the States-General met at Versailles in May, 1789, and M. de Talleyrand was returned thereto by the clergy of his diocess. The superiority of his genius, and the uncommon dexterity with which he handled the most momentous subjects, greatly extended his popularity among all who wished well to the revolutionary cause. The youthful bishop was not satisfied with foreseeing; he was anxious to hasten what he considered to be inevitable.

In July of the same year he voted that the clergy

should be united with the communes, which had just been formed into a National Assembly; and in August he proposed that every citizen, without distinction or exception, should be admissible to public employments. As a member of the committee of government he also proposed the abolition of tithes, and, with a zeal not exceeded by the most violent of his coadjutors, he would have the vote pass unanimously. In November he brought forward in the National Assembly his memorable project for the confiscation and sale of the property of the French clergy, which, after a debate of ten hours, was carried by a large majority. In vain did that body, and especially the priests of his own diocess, petition and remonstrate. He saw that the measure must eventually be passed, and he was determined to have the credit of introducing it.

He now turned a deaf ear to complaints of every kind and from every quarter, and pursued his own path unmoved amid the storm which surrounded him. The numerous reforms which he projected, the many reports which he delivered in on the state of the finances, and the system of organization which he recommended in that and in other departments, prove the astonishing versatility of his talents. In December he was appointed by the assembly one of its commissioners to examine into the situation of the *Caisse d'Escompte*, or discount bank, established by M. Necker during the American war. In January, 1790, he became a member of the committee of imposts, in which capacity, Madame de Staël says, he was "decidedly averse to lotteries as the means of raising a supply for the service of the state, from its being a mere game of chance;" and in February he was called to the chair of the presidency, and drew up the famous address to the French nation, which the assembly ordered to be published, to remind the people of what its patriotic labours had already effected for them, and the grand

achievements it was still preparing. This address is extremely curious and instructive, whether considered with regard to the subsequent career of its distinguished author, or the very brief duration of all those "eternal institutions" which he then held out as so many "invaluable" blessings to the nation.

In June M. de Talleyrand gave in to the assembly the project of a decree for establishing a uniform system of weights and measures, and a second relative to the mode of celebrating the federation of the 14th of July, at which religious ceremony he was deputed by the municipality of Paris to officiate pontifically. The assemblage of the national militia was to take place in the Champ de Mars; and it being necessary to erect around this extensive space eminences of green turf to contain the spectators, "such," says Madame de Staël, "was the patriotic enthusiasm, that women of the first rank were seen joining the crowds of voluntary labourers who came to bear a part in the preparations for the fête."

On the appointed day all Paris moved in a mass to the federation, just as it had moved the year before to the destruction of the Bastile. In a line from the Military School steps had been raised, with a tent to accommodate the king, queen, and court: at the other extremity was seen an altar prepared for mass, where M. de Talleyrand appeared at the head of two hundred priests dressed in white linen and decorated with tricoloured ribands. When about to officiate, a storm of wind took place, followed by a deluge of rain; but, heedless of its peltings, the Bishop of Autun proceeded in the celebration of the mass, and afterward pronounced a benediction on the royal standard of France and on the eighty-three banners of the departments which waved around it before the altar.

Among the other ceremonies of the day of federation, M. de Talleyrand administered to the representatives of the people a new oath—the fourth

within the twelvemonth—of fidelity to the nation, the king, and the law. He also consecrated shortly after, in the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, the constitutional bishops—a step which brought forth a monition from the pope, complaining loudly against him as "an impious wretch who had imposed his sacrilegious hands on intruding clergymen," and declaring him excommunicated, unless he recanted his errors within forty days. Upon this he resigned his bishopric, and directed his whole attention to secular affairs.

In March, 1791, M. de Talleyrand was chosen a member of the departmental directory of Paris, in which situation he proved himself the warm friend of religious toleration, and drew up an address on the subject which was greatly admired for its eloquence and reasoning. In April he was called to the sick-bed of his friend Mirabeau, and received nearly the last words of that extraordinary man. "The National Assembly," said the dying orator, "is occupied in discussing a law concerning wills. I have for some time been employed in composing a speech on testamentary devises, and I bequeath to your friendship the trouble of reading it at the tribune." M. de Talleyrand lost no time in complying with this injunction. In September he made, in the name of the Constitutional Committee, his celebrated reports on the subject of public instruction, which were afterward printed in pursuance of a decree of the assembly. It was about this time also that he projected a National Institute for the promotion of arts and sciences, and five years after he had the satisfaction of seeing most of his suggestions carried into effect by the Directory.

In May, 1792, Louis XVI. appointed M. Chauvelin minister at the British court, and united M. de Talleyrand in the mission. Upon this occasion the monarch addressed a confidential letter to the King of England, in which, after thanking him for not be-

oming a party to the plans concerted against France, e solicits the mediation of his majesty, and proposes a alliance between two sovereigns who had distinguished their reigns by a constant desire to promote ee happiness of their subjects. "I have every reaon," he adds, "to be satisfied with your majesty's mbassador at my court. If I do not give the same nk to the minister whom I have sent to yours, ou will nevertheless perceive, that by associating ith him M. de Talleyrand, who by the letter of the onstitution can sustain no public character, I conder the success of the alliance, in which I wish you concur with zeal equal to my own, as of the ghest importance.

M. de Talleyrand assisted M. Chauvelin in drawg up his official notes, and was admitted to several terviews with Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville: but is situation at this time was not enviable; for, while ne emigrants on this side the channel represented im as a jacobin, the republican party in France enounced him as a royalist. He was even charged the convention, by a deputy named Rulh, with elonging to the Orleans faction, and being in the ay of that prince; in consequence of which an ct of accusation was passed against him in Deember, and his name was inscribed on the list of migrants.

M. de Talleyrand remained in England till April, 794, when, with many others, he was ordered to eave the country within twenty-four hours. He aw the blackening of the thundercloud in France, nd he dared not return. He therefore embarked for ne United States, and thus escaped the fury of obespierre and his accomplices.

In 1795, when the reign of terror was at an end, e petitioned to be allowed to re-enter his native ountry. His friends, and more especially Madame e Staël, exerted themselves with the new governnent to procure his recall; and, at the request of the

lady, the poet Chenier made a motion to that effect in the convention. To the objections urged by the republicans against the exile, Chenier opposed his great talents, his numerous services to the cause of liberty, and the further and still more important benefits which he might hereafter render it. The convention consented to annul the decree of accusation, and his name was struck off the list of emigrants. No sooner was he made acquainted with the favourable result of his friends' application on his behalf than he hastened to embark, and landed at Hamburgh, where he remained for some months, and formed a connexion with Madame Grandt, the lady whom he afterward married.

Shortly after his arrival at Paris M. de Talleyrand was chosen first a member and afterward secretary of the National Institute, to which he presented an essay, written with great ability, entitled "Des Travaux de la Classe des Sciences, Morales, et Politiques," in which he endeavoured to show the advantages of the sciences and of liberty, and recommended the continuance of a republican government, with an elective executive and legislature. His next production was an essay "Sur les Colonies," containing a deduction of the advantages which would accrue to France from a careful attention to the colonial system, and pointing out the principles which should guide her in the formation of new settlements. He also read at the Institute, about the same time, a memoir "Sur les Relations Commerciales des Etats Unis avec l'Angleterre," written with the view of recommending, by a practical exemplification, the genuine principles of colonization. He asserts, as a truth beyond dispute, that, "sooner or later, the emancipation of the negroes must overthrow the cultivation of the sugar colonies." The result of the inquiry is an inference in favour of agricultural settlements, in which the natives of the soil shall be able to cultivate it, and a warning against

all such schemes as those to which the negro system owes its origin. He evidently points to Egypt as the proper spot where these plantations should be settled; and it is worthy of remark, that the French expedition to that country was undertaken a few months after this memoir had been read before an assembly at which the great captain of the enterprise assisted, and that the author of the piece was actively engaged in the government which planned the conquest.

Though M. de Talleyrand had now been a twelvemonth returned from America, so powerful were his enemies that he remained unemployed. At length the well-disposed part of the nation becoming desirous of peace with Europe, it was thought that the author of memorials at once distinguished for the force and eloquence of their style, and for their more substantial merits as sound and ingenious speculations on subjects of difficulty and importance, could not but be an able negotiator. M. de Talleyrand seemed then the best possible choice for the department of foreign affairs; and the daughter of Necker served him effectually in this respect, by procuring for him an interview with Barras, to whom she had strongly recommended him. "He wanted aid," says the lady, "to arrive at power, but being once there he required not the assistance of others to maintain him in it."

In 1797 he was accordingly appointed to the important situation; and shortly after, as we are instructed by the journals of the day, a ludicrous scene took place in the hall of the Directory, when the ex-bishop of Autun, habited in the blue national uniform, with a sword by his side, presented to his masters, on one and the same morning, the nuncio of the Pope and the ambassador of the Grand Seignor. It fell also to his lot to introduce Bonaparte himself to them, on his return from dictating peace at Campo Formio. In his address upon the occasion

he termed him "the liberator of Italy and the pacificator of the Continent; and he assured them that the general detested luxury and splendour, the miserable ambition of vulgar souls, and loved the poems of Ossian *because they detach us from the earth!*"

M. de Talleyrand had not been long in office before an outcry was raised against the appointment by those who dreaded his power; and so strong did he find the opposition, that in July, 1799, he gave in his resignation, but not before he had published a tract, entitled "Eclaircissemens donnés par le Citoyen Talleyrand à ses Concitoyens," in which he laid down his political creed, and repelled, by arguments and facts, the charges adduced against him.

On his return from Egypt, Bonaparte, finding this dexterous politician at variance with the Directory, readily passed over some personal grounds of ill-humour against him, and replaced him in his former situation, where he soon became the soul of the consular government. He perceived that the country had need of peace, and he obtained it with Austria at Luneville, and with England at Amiens.

He was not, however, so absorbed in public business as to be entirely unmindful of his own domestic concerns. At the time of the concordat, Napoleon wished to make him a cardinal, and to place him at the head of ecclesiastical affairs; but his aversion to the profession was unconquerable. Having, however, signified to Pius VII. his desire to be readmited into the bosom of the Catholic church, his holiness, in June, 1802, sent forth a brief directed to "our very dear son in Christ, Charles Maurice Talleyrand," annulling the excommunication, but enjoining him, as the price of reconciliation, to give certain alms to the poor of the diocess of Autun. Being thus restored to secular life, the first use which the ex-prelate made of his liberty was to enter into the matrimonial bond with Madame Grandt, the beautiful lady with whom he had been so long connected.

About this time the treachery of one of his secretaries had nearly proved fatal to the minister. A treaty had been concluded between the First Consul and Paul of Russia, the conditions of which were to be carefully concealed from England. The ratifications were of course deposited in the foreign office; but what was Bonaparte's surprise upon Fouché's presenting him with an exact copy of the treaty, which he said he had received from one of his agents in London! His first impulse was to arrest M. de Talleyrand; but an investigation being set on foot, it was discovered that one of his clerks had copied the document, and sold the secret for thirty thousand francs. It is, however, generally believed, that the whole was a contrivance of the artful police-minister to remove the man of whose genius and influence he stood in constant dread.

M. de Talleyrand's ascendency with the First Consul, which had gone on increasing since the peace of Amiens, was become so powerful that it decided the disgrace of Fouché and the suppression of the odious ministry of police. When, in 1804, the nation conferred on Napoleon the imperial title, he was made grand chamberlain of the empire, and, in 1806, he was raised to the dignity of sovereign prince of Benevento, but still retaining the portfolio of foreign relations.

Napoleon, in the spring of 1806, having evinced a disposition to make peace with England, M. de Talleyrand neglected nothing for the attainment of that object. Knowing that Lord Yarmouth* was in Paris, he sounded the inclination of the noble earl to become the bearer of pacific overtures. For some time hopes of a satisfactory result were entertained; but on the death of Mr. Fox the conferences were broken off. The bitterest enemies of M. de Talleyrand acknowledge, however, that he "urged things forward with

* The present Marquis of Hertford.

the utmost activity, and assured all who would listen to him, that without peace there was no security for the emperor."*

Soon after this his credit with Napoleon declined; until, in August, 1807, he was unexpectedly deprived of his situation, but raised to the dignity of vice-grand-elector, a post which gave him the entrée of the council. By his friends his disgrace was attributed to his opposition to the meditated Spanish usurpation; while his enemies asserted, that so far from being opposed to it, he dictated all the preliminary steps; and it was charged against him, that, at the very conjuncture when Napoleon had most occasion for the resources of his great mind, he had voluntarily retired from public affairs.

From this moment a sort of warfare commenced between the emperor and the ex-minister, of which *salons* were the theatre and raillery and epigram the artillery, and in which the conqueror of Europe had generally the mortification to see himself vanquished. He took pleasure in insulting him before the whole court, and would say the most galling things to him; but the wary diplomatist watched his opportunity, and when he had found out the flaw in the armour, took ample revenge on his assailant by a few flashes of wit which stung the mighty emperor to the quick. On hearing that M. de Talleyrand continued to speak of the war with Spain in terms of disapprobation, Napoleon, "from a kind of spite,"† sent the Spanish princes to reside at his château of Valençay, and made its owner their jailer.

The Prince of Benevento, now subjected to the surveillance of the police, no longer appeared at court, except when the duties of his high office required his presence; but such was the opinion

* Duke of Rovigo, vol. i. p. 171.
† Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 35.

entertained of his talents, that he was frequently consulted on matters of difficulty, and many were anxious for his return to the foreign department. Early in 1813, after the disastrous campaign in Russia, the situation was again offered him, on the condition that he should resign his office of vice-grand-elector; but he alleged, that to diminish his consideration on giving him a place to which he was recalled at a moment when it was more difficult than ever to discharge its duties, was to deprive him of the means of usefulness. He therefore hesitated, and the emperor came to no conclusion. At the interview which took place upon this occasion, he told Napoleon some home truths. "Here," said he, "is all your work destroyed! You have no alternative but to treat without loss of time. A bad peace cannot be so fatal as the continuance of a war which must be unsuccessful." On Bonaparte's return from Leipsic, in the November following, M. de Talleyrand again implored him to make peace. "I must," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "do him that justice. He uniformly maintained, that I deceived myself with respect to the energy of the nation, and that it was requisite for me to arrange my affairs, by every possible sacrifice."*

Finding his imperial master thus resolutely bent on his own overthrow, M. de Talleyrand gave up all for lost, and began to speak out. "Scarcely a day passed," says the police minister, "without some guilty expression reaching the emperor's ears." An officer, in alluding to the confusion which then reigned in every branch of the government, having observed, that he could not comprehend what was going on, Talleyrand replied, "C'est le commencement du fin." On other occasions he would exclaim, "Well! it is not to be expected that one should remain in a house that is on fire." "It must be owned

* Las Cases, vol. iii. p. 189.

we are losing the game with fine cards in our hands!" "The emperor would have done much better to have spared me his insults." The following is a characteristic instance of his tact. Being, at this time, desirous of sounding the opinion of M. Decrès, he one day drew that minister towards the chimney, and, opening a volume of Montesquieu, said, in the tone of ordinary conversation, "I found a passage here this morning which struck me in a remarkable manner; here it is:—'When a prince has raised himself above all laws, when his tyranny becomes insupportable, there remains nothing to the oppressed subject except'"—"Quite enough!" said Decrès, "I will hear no more: shut the book." And M. de Talleyrand closed the book, as if nothing had happened.*

"In short," says the Duke of Rovigo, "I now began to watch him narrowly; for he spoke a language adapted to the sentiments of every one, and was, besides, the focus of attraction for men disposed to create a convulsion."† On one occasion, a short time before the emperor's departure for the army, in January, 1814, addressing M. de Talleyrand, in the presence of several of the ministers, he said, "I think, for my own security, I ought to send you to Vincennes, for your conduct is very equivocal." Nevertheless, on leaving Paris, Napoleon thought it better to affect a confidence which he did not feel, and appointed the prince a member of the council of regency.

That M. de Talleyrand was deeply instrumental in the restoration of the Bourbons is undoubted. A note from him was delivered to the Emperor Alexander, just before the final rush on Paris: "You venture nothing," said this laconic billet, "when you may safely venture every thing; venture once more." One of the czar's first questions, on reaching the

* Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 257.
† Mémoires, vol. iii. p. 233.

capital, was, where M. de Talleyrand was, and how he was disposed to act? and he sent a message to say, that he would take up his quarters at his hôtel.

When the allies entered Paris, this accomplished politician was nominated president of the provisional government; and, in this elevated station, he succeeded in drawing all who had any influence to the new order of things. He laboured incessantly to convince the royalists, that the king must purchase the recovery of his authority by consenting to place the monarchy on a constitutional footing; and to persuade another class, that the restoration of the Bourbons was the most favourable chance for the settlement of a free system of government. In the language of Sir Walter Scott, "to the bold, he offered an enterprise requiring courage; to the timid, he showed the road to safety; to the ambitious, the prospect of gaining power; to the guilty, the assurance of indemnity and safety." Upon this occasion, "he even obtained," says Madame de Staël, "the cry of *Vive le roi!* from men who had voted the death of Louis XVI." When the Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., made his public entry into Paris, it was M. de Talleyrand who harangued him in the name of the provisional government; and it was in answer to this address that the count uttered the memorable words, considered at the time as of such good augury, and since so often referred to and so severely commented upon—"Nothing will be changed: there is only one more Frenchman among you!"

On handing over the supreme authority to Louis XVIII., M. de Talleyrand was restored to his old situation at the foreign office. In June he was created a peer, by the title of Prince de Talleyrand; and, towards the close of the year, he was sent as ambassador to the congress assembled at Vienna. He was there in 1815, when Napoleon so unex-

pectedly landed at Cannes, and drew up the declaration of the allies against the usurper.

On the second restoration of Louis, he was again intrusted with the foreign portfolio; but he did not long remain in office. As he considered it his duty to withhold his signature from the treaty of 1815, he sent in his resignation, and was made king's chamberlain. He did not, however, retire until, after a severe struggle, he had succeeded in procuring the ordinance of the 24th of July, by which the list of proscribed individuals was reduced from two thousand to thirty-eight. He would often say of the Bourbons, that, during their five-and-twenty years' exile, "ils n'avoient rien appris, comme ils n'avoient rien oublié." He never advocated the cause of any ultra party, but uniformly supported the charter as it stood.

During the reign of Charles X. he wholly abstained from interfering in public affairs. He disapproved of the system of rule adopted by that monarch, and, not being sufficiently powerful to reform it, was contented to retire into the privacy of a quiet life. At court, he was always looked up to as a sort of controlling satirist, and we are told, that he sometimes indulged in that good-natured, yet poignant irony, "which, while it stung, did not poison, and while it pricked, did not wound."* He ridiculed the idea of returning to the ancient régime, and laughed when they talked to him of *coups d'etât*, and of a system of ordinances. Upon the abdication of Charles, he lost no time in giving in his adhesion to the government of Louis Philippe. On taking the necessary oath, he is said to have exclaimed, "This is the *thirteenth:* pray God it may be the last!"

Much, at different periods, has been written con-

* "He, with a sly, insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face;
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found,
And tickle, while he gently probed the wound."—PERSIUS.

cerning this distinguished individual, but on very questionable authority: indeed, several publications, professing to be memoirs of him, are now known to be scandalous fabrications. The truth is, that Prince Talleyrand's career has been remarkably free from violence; and that he has swayed the destinies of France not by terror, but by the sheer strength and promptitude of his talents. It has been his constant aim to direct, not to oppose, public opinion. In a remarkable speech which he made in the Chamber of Deputies, he expressed, in a single phrase, the whole spirit of his policy—"I know," he said, "where there is more wisdom than is to be found in Napoleon, or Voltaire, or any minister, past or present—*in public opinion*."

While others have waded through blood to attain the object of their ambition, the career of M. de Talleyrand has been unstained by such excesses. It has, indeed, been charged against him, that the Duke d'Enghien penned a letter to Bonaparte, which letter, though it would have procured his pardon, was detained by the minister until the writer was no more; but De Bourrienne pronounces the charge "an atrocious absurdity," and asserts, on the authority of the unfortunate duke's aid-de-camp, who never quitted him till the last moment, that no such letter was ever written. "Every one," he adds, "who has had any connexion with Napoleon, knows how he was served; and I dare affirm, that no one would have ventured to delay the presentation of a letter on which the fate of so august a victim depended."

Bonaparte often complained of certain persons about him, that they were gifted with such a mischievous zeal, that they allowed him not a moment for reflection; so that when he would have recalled his orders in the calmer moment of reflection, it was too late. The conduct of M. de Talleyrand was very different. When Napoleon gave direction, "Write so and so, and send it off instantly by an

extraordinary courier," he would, where duty required it, take his time. His secretary says, he has a hundred times heard the emperor exclaim, "Talleyrand understands me: it is thus I should be served; others leave me no time for reflection; they are too prompt." The same authority states, that of all Bonaparte's ministers, whether as consul or emperor, Talleyrand was nearly the only one who never flattered him.*

The countenance of the prince has been described as so immoveable, that nothing can be read in it. Murat used jocularly to say of him, that if, while he was speaking to you, some one should come behind him and give him a kick, his visage would betray no indication of the affront.

In his domestic habits he is said to be mild and amiable. The individuals in his employ are devotedly attached to him. Among his intimate friends he good-humouredly talks of his ecclesiastic profession. He one day expressed his dislike of a tune which was played in his hearing, as it recalled to his recollection the time when he was obliged to practise church music, and to sing at the desk. On another occasion, one of his intimate friends was telling a story during supper, while M. de Talleyrand was engaged in thought. In the course of it the speaker happened to say, in a lively manner, of some one whom he had named, "that fellow is a comical rogue; he is a married priest." Talleyrand, roused by these words, seizing a spoon, with a threatening aspect, called out to him, "Mr. Such-a-one, will you have some spinage?" The person who was telling the story was confounded, and all the company burst into a fit of laughter, M. de Talleyrand as heartily as the rest.

The reports of his great wealth, there is reason to believe, are wholly erroneous. By the failure of his banker he lost about 60,000*l.* sterling, and his

* De Bourrienne, tom. v. p. 133.

revenue was scarcely sufficient to pay the interest of the money owing to his creditors. According to Savary, who diligently watched over his motions, he was so poor after his retirement from the ministry as to be compelled to dispose of his residence, formerly the hôtel Valentinois.

Prince Talleyrand has for some time been occupied in the composition of his political memoirs; but they are not to be given to the world until after his decease. Those of his contemporaries to whom portions of the manuscript have been read report them to be as amusing as Gil Blas, and that the ex-bishop has drawn a most admirable picture of the court of Louis XVI., from 1775 to 1789, and of the state of society during that period. They already extend to many volumes; and the recent appointment of the distinguished subject of them to the high situation of ambassador plenipotentiary to the court of William IV. will doubtless furnish materials for a new, and perhaps not the least important, chapter. The following is the speech made by the prince at his audience of presentation to the King of England:—

"Sire,—His majesty the King of the French has made choice of me as the interpreter of the sentiments with which he is animated towards your majesty. I have accepted with joy a mission which formed so noble a termination to the last steps of my long career. Sire, of all the vicissitudes which my great age has gone through,—of all the various fortunes which forty years, so fertile in events, have given to my life,—nothing, perhaps, so completely satisfied my desires as the choice which brings me back to this happy country. But what a difference between the periods! The jealousies, the prejudices which for so long a time divided France and England have given place to sentiments of an enlightened and affectionate esteem. A similarity of principles now draws still closer the relations of the two countries. England, in her foreign policy, repu-

diates with France the principle of intervention in the internal affairs of her neighbours, and the ambassador of a royalty, voted unanimously by a great people, feels himself at ease in a land of liberty, and near a descendant of the illustrious house of Brunswick. I solicit with confidence, sire, your kindness in the relations which I am charged to maintain with your majesty, and I entreat you to accept the homage of my profound respect."

NAPOLEON'S GENERALS.

AUGEREAU.

Pierre-François-Charles Augereau, the son of a greengrocer in the fauxbourg St. Marceau of Paris, was born the 14th of November, 1757. At an early age he entered the Neapolitan service, and at thirty was still a private soldier. Seeing little prospect of advancement, he quitted the army and settled at Naples, where he gained a livelihood by teaching the art of fencing; but in 1792, when all Frenchmen suspected of revolutionary principles were compelled to quit the Neapolitan territory, he returned to his own country, and at thirty-five became a volunteer in the republican army of the south, where he rapidly rose from grade to grade, and had various opportunities of displaying that daring intrepidity which ever afterward distinguished his career.

In 1794 Augereau was made brigadier-general in the army of the eastern Pyrenees; and in 1796, general of division. On the peace with Spain, he led his troops to the army of Italy, and served in all the campaigns of that army under Bonaparte. At Lodi, he encountered the enemy, strongly intrenched at the bridge, the passage of which was defended by a

murderous fire. With some other officers he rushed forward, the troops followed, and the intrenchments were carried. The officers who commanded his rear having sustained a repulse at Valette, he assailed the position of Castiglione with the desperation of one resolved to wipe out the disgrace or die. After a sanguinary struggle, he succeeded; and it was to reward his good conduct on this occasion that he was afterward made a duke, with that title. It was the most brilliant day of his life; nor did Napoleon ever forget it.*

The last of his exploits in this memorable campaign was at the battle of Arcola. Indignant at seeing that the French columns were giving way, snatching a standard, he rushed on the bridge at the head of two battalions of grenadiers, and thereby contributed essentially to the victory of the day.

After the fall of Mantua, in February, 1797, he was despatched to Paris, to present to the Directory sixty stand of colours. "It was a glorious spectacle," says one who was present, "and what rendered it more interesting, the father and mother of Augereau were close beside him, and his brother attended as his aid-de-camp. The colours were carried by sixty old soldiers, and I was delighted with the fierté with which these veterans presented themselves."† In July he was again sent to Paris, ostensibly as the bearer of Bonaparte's proclamation to his soldiers, but in reality to assist the majority of the Directory in their secret project of getting rid of their two colleagues. Augereau was selected for this service, because Napoleon knew the extravagance of his republican principles, his daring spirit, and his small political capacity. He believed him quite capable of aiding a movement of which his own presence with the army did not permit a personal superintendence; while this agent could be a rival

* Napoleon's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 255.
† Journal of Wolfe Tone, vol. ii. p. 348.

neither in glory nor ambition capable of converting that movement to his own profit.*

The situation of Augereau was one which required extreme caution; since the divulging of his design would have inevitably led to its frustration. An indefinite sort of suspicion already existed that some change was contemplated; and this suspicion acquired strength on his being appointed to the command of the troops in the capital. The eyes of all parties were fixed on him; and to extort a confession, Dumas, a member of the Council of Ancients, passed one of those panegyrics upon him which might be expected to call forth a frank reply. Nothing, however, could be elicited from the wary soldier beyond the blunt answer, "Paris has nothing to fear from me: I am a Paris boy myself!"

At length, on the appointed 18th of Fructidor, at the head of an armed force, he entered the hall of the legislative body, tore the epaulets from the shoulders of Colonel Ramel, and arrested Pichegru and about a hundred and fifty other deputies. By the victor party he was proclaimed the saviour of the country; but Augereau expected a more substantial reward. The place of one of the expelled directors had been promised him: the promise was not fulfilled: he remonstrated and threatened; but at length was prevailed upon to accept the command of the army of the Rhine and Moselle, vacant by the death of General Hoche.

In this species of honourable exile the fruiterer's son displayed a pomp in his style of living, as well as in his dress and equipage, which formed a ludicrous contrast with the vulgarity of his manners and habits. But even here the Directory had their fears of him. They had heard an absurd rumour of his design to revolutionize Suabia, and were anxious to remove him from a post in which he might seriously annoy

* De Bourrienne.

them. They therefore appointed him commandant of the division at Perpignan, on the pretence that he was to head an expedition destined for Portugal. Thus was the "Fructidor General," as he was designated, duped by the very men whose odious instrument he had been.

The department of the Upper Garonne having, in 1799, returned him to the Council of Five Hundred, he hastened to Paris to exercise his new functions. When Jourdan proposed his famous resolution, that "the country was in danger," Augereau seconded him; and, on Bonaparte's return from Egypt, he absented himself from the public entertainment given to the hero of Italy. When, however, he saw nearly all the great generals rallying round their former chief, the "Paris boy," beginning to think he had been somewhat indiscreet, posted to the Rue Chantereine, embraced Bonaparte, and in a tone of tender reproach, said, "When you were about to effect something for our country, how could you forget your own little Augereau!"

The general was rewarded for his seasonable conversion by several important commands, and, after the establishment of the empire, by a marshal's truncheon, and the ducal title of Castiglione. In April, 1802, on *Te Deum* being chanted in the cathedral of Notre Dame, for the first time since the revolution, Augereau, who had more frequently entered the churches of Italy to carry off pictures and plate than to hear mass, reluctantly attended. On the following day, when Bonaparte asked him how he liked the ceremony, he replied, "Oh, all was very fine: there only wanted the million of men who devoted themselves to death, in order to overthrow what we are now re-establishing."*

In 1805 Augereau distinguished himself against Austria, and again in 1806 against Prussia. On the

* De Bourrienne

plains of Jena, he exhibited a skill in his operations for which no one had previously given him credit. In 1807, at the dreadful struggle at Eylau, he performed an act of heroism which would not disgrace the age of chivalry. Happening, when the battle commenced, to be seriously ill with a fever, and unable to sit in an upright posture, he ordered his servants to place him on horseback, and bind him to the saddle. This done, he was instantly in the thickest of the fight; but, being wounded in the arm and compelled to fall back, his men were thrown into disorder and suffered severely. Enraged at the indecisive result of the day, Napoleon wreaked his spleen on the marshal, and sent him home in disgrace.

It was a long time before the Duke of Castiglione regained his master's favour. In 1809, however, he superseded Gouvion St. Cyr in the siege of Gerona, "where, with a humanity highly honourable, he offered to grant an armistice for a month; but the brave Geronans would not, for the sake of shortening their own sufferings, consent to aught that might injure their country, and he took the place after an obstinate resistance."* But near Barcelona he received a check, and was recalled.

The marshal's disgrace continued for two years. During the Russian expedition, in 1812, he was inactively stationed at Berlin; but, throughout the Saxon campaign, and especially at Leipsic, he greatly distinguished himself. In 1814, he was intrusted with the defence of Lyons, a post of the highest importance. Napoleon, by letter, conjured him to "remember his early victories, and forget that he was on the wrong side of fifty;" and, still further to stimulate the energies of his early comrade, he caused Maria Louisa to wait on the young Dutchess of Castiglione, to prevail on her to use her influence

* Annals of the Peninsular War, vol. ii. p. 273.

with her husband to exert all his talents in the present crisis. The marshal forced the Austrian general to retreat on Geneva; but, overpowered by superior force, gave way in his turn, and was pursued to the gates of Lyons.

He announced his determination to defend the place to the last drop of his blood, and issued an address, professing the strongest devotion to Napoleon; but he found himself compelled to surrender the city, and was publicly censured for not accomplishing a task which he had not the means to achieve. He retired to Valence, where a proclamation, manufactured by the government authorities at Lyons, and signed by Augereau, was circulated, representing Louis XVIII. as the "object of every Frenchman's affection," and describing the fallen emperor as "an odious despot, of whom all France was glad to get rid—a mean coward, who had feared to die as became a soldier!"

Soon after this, the "Fructidor General" and the ex-emperor met at a short distance from Valence, as the latter was on his way to Elba. "I have thy proclamation," said Napoleon; "thou hast betrayed me."—"Sire," replied the marshal, "it is you who have betrayed France and the army, by sacrificing both to a frantic spirit of ambition."—"Thou hast chosen thyself a new master," said Napoleon.—"I have no account to render to thee on that score," replied the general.—"Thou hast no courage," replied Bonaparte.—"'Tis thou hast none," responded the general, and turned his back, without any mark of respect, on his late master.*

On reaching Paris, Augereau was presented by the restored monarch with the cross of St. Louis, created a peer of France, and appointed commandant of the fourteenth division in Normandy. In two of Napoleon's proclamations, after his landing at Can-

* Itinéraire de Bonaparte, p. 35.

nes, the marshal found himself openly designated as a traitor. He remained silent until the arrival of the usurper at Paris, when he thus addressed his soldiers:—"The emperor is in his capital! That name, so long the pledge of victory, has alone sufficed to disperse his enemies. March once more under the victorious wings of those immortal eagles, which have so often conducted you to glory." Napoleon, however, would not again trust one who, within a few short months, had betrayed two masters. Obtaining neither a command in the army nor a seat in the Chamber of Peers, Augereau retired to his estate at Houssaye, and there he remained until the second restoration of Louis, of whose cause he once more announced himself the partisan: but as the king had, this time, no ear for his protestations, he again fled to his country seat; where, on the 12th of June, 1816, he died of a dropsy in the chest.

"Augereau," said Napoleon, "was incapable of commanding an army, being uninformed, of a narrow intellect, and little education; but he maintained order and discipline among his soldiers, and was beloved by them." His bravery, great as it was, was eclipsed and sullied by his shameless avarice. His insatiate thirst for gold was such that it passed into a proverb. If a soldier happened to be poor, he was told by his comrade, "Thou hast not the poker of Augereau!"

He was, however, a severe censurer of Bonaparte's excessive love of conquest. In 1813, he said to Fouché, at Mentz, "Alas! our sun has set. How little do the victories of Lutzen and Bautzen, of which they make so much at Paris, resemble our victories in Italy, where I taught Napoleon the art of war, which he now abuses! He will not make peace; and unless he be killed—and killed he will not be—there is an end of all of us."*

* Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 189.

BERNADOTTE.

Jean-Baptiste-Jules Bernadotte, the most fortunate of all Napoleon's generals, and the only permanent monarch created by the revolution, was born at Pau, the capital of Béarn, in the Lower Pyrenees, the 26th of January, 1764. His father was an attorney, in moderate circumstances, who gave him a good education, intending him for the same profession; but, at the age of fifteen, he quitted the parental roof, and enlisted as a private in the royal marines. With this corps young Bernadotte served in the East Indies, under M. Bussy. In a sortie at Cuddalore, being wounded and taken prisoner, his interesting appearance and manners so attracted the notice of Colonel Wangenheim, who commanded the Hanoverian troops in the English service, that he had him conveyed to his own tent, where he was treated with attention and kindness until his recovery and release.*

The year 1789 found the future King of Sweden still a sergeant; but from that time his promotion was rapid, and he was indebted for it less to the fortune of circumstances than to his own good conduct. In 1792 he was a colonel in the army of General Custines, and in the following year served under Kleber with so much zeal and ability that he was raised to the rank of general of brigade, and soon

* Many years afterward, when the French army, under Bernadotte, entered Hanover, General Wangenheim attended his levee. "You have served a good deal," said Bernadotte, on his being presented, "and as I understand, in India."—"I have served there."—"At Cuddalore?" "I was there."—"Have you any recollection of a wounded sergeant, whom you took under your protection in the course of that service?"—"I do indeed remember the circumstance, and a very fine young man he was: I have lost sight of him ever since, but it would give me pleasure to hear of his welfare."—"That young sergeant," said Bernadotte, "was the person who has now the honour to address you, and who is happy in this public opportunity of acknowledging the obligation."—Wilks's South of India, vol. ii. p. 442.

after to that of general of division. At the sieges of Charleroi and Maestricht he was actively engaged; and at the memorable battle of Fleurus his conduct gave great satisfaction to the commander-in-chief.

In the ensuing campaigns, the new general served both on the Rhine and in Lombardy, and upon every occasion with increased reputation; but he studiously kept aloof from the conqueror of Italy. As De Bourrienne observes, there seems to have existed from the beginning a mutual distrust between Bernadotte and Napoleon.

On the peace of Campo Formio, Bernadotte was despatched by the commander-in-chief to Paris. The pretext for the journey was the presentation to the Directory of four standards taken at the battle of Rivoli; the real object was to assist in the revolution of Fructidor. He, however, played no conspicuous part in this affair, but acted with great circumspection. In a letter to Bonaparte, detailing the particulars of that revolution, he says, "The government has at this moment in its power the possible resuscitation of national energy; but every one feels the necessity of surrounding it with republicans of activity and good character." He afterward refused a command in the army of England, and was not offered one in that of Egypt.

In January, 1798, with some difficulty he was prevailed on to accept an embassy to Vienna; the principal object of which, he was assured, was to satisfy the court of Austria, that in marching on Rome the French army had no intention of interfering with the papal government, but only to obtain reparation for the murder of General Duphot. He had not, however, arrived at his destination a week before he received intelligence that Switzerland had been invaded, and Rome declared a republic by Berthier. Feeling himself deceived and humbled, he forbore to appear at a court which must necessarily

regard him with suspicion, and lived in great privacy. Neither was the issue of his embassy at all calculated to restore him to good-humour. On the 13th of April a mob assembled to pull down the republican standard which, by order of the Directory, he had hoisted at his official residence. The flag was torn to pieces, the gates of the hôtel forced open, the furniture demolished, and the life of the ambassador placed in imminent danger. This incident occasioned his immediate departure from Vienna; and indignant at the indifference with which it was treated by the Directory, he for some time refused to serve them in any capacity.

In 1799, war having been declared against Austria, Bernadotte, tired of an inactive life, accepted the command of the army of observation on the Rhine; in which capacity, as Italy was the great theatre of bloodshed, his services were more of a civil than of a military nature. In July he was recalled to fill the important office of minister at war. The Directory hoped to find in him a colleague too exclusively military in his habits to become a leading statesman; but they soon discovered, that whatever might be his talents in the camp, his political capacity was not inferior. Scarcely had he taken possession of his post, before he convinced the Directory that he might one day become their master, but never their tool. He wrote to the generals to excite their patriotism, and inflame that of the soldiers. He recommended discipline and unity of action. He urged Moreau to institute an inquiry into the conduct of the governors who had surrendered the strong fortresses in Italy. He remodelled several divisions of the army, and infused into the whole service a spirit which had ceased to animate it from the time of Bonaparte's departure for Egypt. The influence which he acquired by these praiseworthy means disquieted the Directory; and their uneasiness amounted to alarm, on learning that he had been solicited by

numbers to send them about their business and re model the government. "Upon Barras and myself," says Fouché, "devolved the task of dissuading him from an enterprise which would have made him the Marius of France; a character, compatible neither with his character nor habits. Ambition was doubtless his ruling passion; but it was a useful and generous ambition, and liberty was the object of his sincere devotion. We both touched these sensitive chords, and succeeded in overcoming him."*

On the 14th of September Bernadotte was removed from the ministry, on the plea that he was required to resume the active duties of his profession. To the official notice which was given of his retiring, he thus replied: "I did not give in the resignation which has been accepted; and I make known this fact for the honour of truth, which belongs equally to contemporaries and to history." Then saying he was in want of rest, he solicited a retiring allowance; "which I think I have deserved," added he, "by twenty years of uninterrupted services." Anxious to be at a distance from the intrigues of the metropolis, he withdrew into the country, and remained there until Napoleon's return from Egypt.

Though out of office, and at the head of no party, Bernadotte occupied a conspicuous place in public attention, as an inflexible republican, around whom, in the hour of danger, would rally all those of similar sentiments. Endowed with rare perspicacity, "he was the first," says De Bourrienne, "to penetrate clearly the designs of Bonaparte." On the landing of the latter at Frejus, Bernadotte was of opinion that he should be proceeded against according to the principles of military discipline; and on hearing that it was proposed to give the fugitive a public dinner, he said, "I would advise you to put it off till he account satisfactorily for having aban

* Memoirs, vol. i. p. 85.

doned his army." After several interviews, Bonaparte, with difficulty, extorted from him a promise, that he would not, at least, do any thing against him "as a citizen."* Had he been placed at the head of a sufficient number of troops, there is no doubt that he would have protected the directorial government; for he was not so much out of humour with the form of that government as with the individuals who composed it.

It thus appears that Bernadotte had no share in the revolution which established the consular government. He did not, however, refuse the advantages which it offered. He was made counsellor of state, and general-in-chief of the army of the west. In the latter capacity his conduct was wise and firm. He quelled several dangerous insurrections, prevented the landing of an English armament at Quiberon, and acquired a reputation for ability and humanity exceeding that of any of Napoleon's other lieutenants. This naturally excited jealousy; and, aware of the First Consul's dislike to him, individuals were not wanting who strove to increase it. It was insinuated, that he connived at a conspiracy, the object of which was to subvert the government. Napoleon, affecting to believe the report, dissolved Bernadotte's staff, which was implicated, arrested several of its members, and displaced the general himself. "He is in disgrace," cried some; "He is sick, and has been poisoned like Hoche," said others. All knew that he had never been the friend, the tool, nor the flatterer of the First Consul. At length, a sort of reconciliation between them was effected by Joseph Bonaparte, whose wife and Madame Bernadotte were sisters.

In May, 1804, on Napoleon's assumption of the imperial dignity, Bernadotte received a marshal's truncheon, with the command of the army of Hano-

* Sir W. Scott's Napoleon, vol. ix. Appendix, No. iii.

ver, and of the eighth cohort of the Legion of Honour,—an institution, the establishment of which he had strongly opposed in the council of state. In March, 1805, he was chosen president of the electoral college of Vaucluse, and returned to the conservative senate by the department of the Lower Pyrenees. All these honours, however, did not reconcile him to an elevation which laid prostrate the hopes of France. He lamented that so much blood had been shed in vain; but he bowed to an influence which he was unable to resist, and continued to serve Napoleon with unabated fidelity.

Notwithstanding the dislike entertained towards him by the emperor, in June, 1806, Bernadotte was created sovereign prince of Ponte-Corvo; and, at the head of the first corps, he hastened to signalize his gratitude and his zeal. At Saalfeld, Jena, Halle, Lubeck, indeed in almost all the successes of this fiercely-contested campaign, he had an ample share; though, from the lingering influence of the old jealousy, he was rarely noticed in the imperial bulletins.

In 1808 the Prince of Ponte-Corvo was placed over a large combined force, consisting of French, Spaniards, and Dutch, in the neighbourhood of Hamburgh. He passed with them into Fionia and Jutland, which were intrusted to his government; but with all his vigilance, he could not prevent the escape of the Spanish general Romana, with some thousand troops of that nation. The mildness of his administration, and his efforts to repair the disasters of war, secured him, not only the esteem and affection of the inhabitants, but a high reputation throughout the north. The justice, humanity, and abilities of the French marshal were afterward nobly rewarded.

In 1809 the renewal of the war with Austria again summoned Bernadotte to the field of honour; but his career of success was arrested by a singular circumstance. At the battle of Wagram he com-

manded a considerable body of Saxons, and a few Frenchmen, who occupied the left wing of the grand army. The Saxons fought with great bravery, but were unable to resist the attack of the Austrians. They were giving way, when he ordered General Dupas, who headed a French division, to support them. Dupas replied, that he had received strict orders not to leave his position. The marshal, surprised at so gross a breach of military regulations, urged his complaint at head-quarters in undisguised terms. Napoleon endeavoured to pacify him, by saying, that what occasioned his surprise was merely one of the oversights inevitable in such complicated movements. This did not, however, satisfy Bernadotte. He demanded and obtained his dismissal, and returned to Paris; but having, before he set off, published an order of the day, laudatory of the conduct of the Saxon troops, and stating that, "in the midst of the hostile artillery, their columns remained as firm as brass," the emperor issued a counter-order, declaring that "the said corps did not remain 'as firm as brass,' but was the first to give way."

Scarcely had the Prince of Ponte-Corvo reached the French capital, when intelligence arrived of the landing of the English at Walcheren. Napoleon's ministers, in his absence, promptly put in motion a force to defend Antwerp, and the command was offered to Bernadotte. At first he refused, but on Fouché's urging him not to afford the emperor an occasion to stigmatize him as one who declined to serve his country in the hour of danger, he undertook the command. He forced the invaders to evacuate, first the island of South Beveland, and afterward that of Walcheren. Scarcely had this short but brilliant campaign been terminated, when Marshal Bessières was despatched by Napoleon to take the command out of the hand of the Prince of Ponte-Corvo. On the conclusion of peace with

Austria, he returned to Paris, where the King of Saxony conferred on him the decoration of the order of St. Henry. Having no desire to appear at the imperial court, he was living a life of retirement, when circumstances, too extraordinary to have entered into his most sanguine dreams of ambition, called him to another and a higher sphere.

In March, 1809, Gustavus IV. of Sweden was deposed and banished, with the general consent of nobles and people. His uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, was raised to the throne as Charles XIII.; and as he had no children, the succession vested in Christian, Prince of Sleswic Augustenberg. This prince died suddenly in May, 1810, while reviewing his troops. The choice of a successor depended on the vote of the diet, which assembled accordingly at Orebro, in August following. Many candidates were proposed, and among others the King of Denmark and Norway; but, in the hope of securing the protection of Napoleon, the succession was at last proposed to the Prince of Ponte-Corvo. The marshal had gained their good-will by his moderation and justice, during his administration of Hanover and Swedish Pomerania. His military reputation stood high; there was no stain on his private character; and there was one circumstance in his favour,—that he had been bred a Protestant, and might be expected to conform the more readily to the established church of Sweden. But the chief recommendation was the belief of the diet that Bernadotte stood in the first rank of Napoleon's favour.*

The elevation of Bernadotte, however, was far from agreeable to Napoleon. When some deputies from the diet waited on the former, to learn whether, in the event of his election, he would accept the proffered dignity, he replied, that being a subject and

* See Napoleon Bonaparte, vol. ii.—*Family Library*, No. V.

servant of the emperor, he could do nothing without his permission. When Napoleon was applied to, he answered, that "being himself the elected monarch of the people, he could not set himself against the elections of other nations;" yet at the same time he secretly instructed his ambassador to support the interests of the King of Denmark. He sometimes endeavoured, in an indirect manner, to dissuade the prince from going. "I had formed the design," said he, one day, "of giving you Arragon and Catalonia; for Spain is too large a country for my brother's capacity:" but Bernadotte was not to be thus duped. Again, on applying for letters-patent, emancipating him from his allegiance, he was told, that he must come under a preliminary condition "never to bear arms against France." He rejected with indignation a proposition which would have made the King of Sweden a vassal. Upon which Napoleon said to him, in a suppressed voice, and with a gesture which betrayed agitation, "Go! our destinies are about to be fulfilled."

Before the prince's departure, Napoleon endeavoured to attach him to his interests, by engaging to make various concessions in favour of Sweden. As an indemnity, too, for the cession of the principality of Ponte-Corvo, he promised him two millions of francs. He also permitted the prince to take with him all his French aids-de-camp. Of the concessions, not one was ever realized; and of the money, a moiety only was paid.

The reception of Bernadotte in Sweden was of the most gratifying description. On the 1st of November, 1810, he made his public entry into Stockholm. By the aged Charles XIII. he was adopted as a son, and invited to assume the name of Charles-John. As the monarch was too old to discharge the duties of royalty, the burden of the government at once fell upon the new crown-prince;

and never did sovereign find in son more filial piety, more affection, or more support.

The favourable reception which the prince had met with, the flattering speeches addressed to him by the different authorities and his replies, were wormwood to Napoleon. The Swedes became the objects of his sarcasms; and to show his displeasure, he annulled all the promises he had made the prince, took from him the lands with which he had endowed him, and recalled all his French aids-de-camp. He repented that he had agreed to his going, and went the length of exclaiming before his courtiers, that "he had a good mind to make him finish his course of the Swedish language at Vincennes." While the prince refused to believe the information which he had received from the Tuileries, of such a threat as this, Napoleon was thinking of putting it in execution, and of repeating, upon him, the capture of the Duke d'Enghien. A plot was discovered for seizing him, and carrying him on board a vessel, and the attempt failed through a mere accident. This conduct, odious as it was, made no change in the prince's disposition towards Napoleon. But the latter, listening only to his hatred, desired to place the prince in open hostility to him, and he took a sure way to accomplish this object, by the unprovoked seizure of Pomerania; which seizure, to render it the more insulting, Napoleon had fixed for the prince's birthday, January 26, 1812; but this refinement was thrown away, for the invasion could not be carried into effect till the following morning. As soon as intelligence of the event reached Stockholm, the prince sent off to Napoleon a powerful remonstrance:—

"Though not jealous," he said, "of the glory and power by which you are surrounded, I am extremely sensible to the disgrace of being looked upon as a vassal. Your majesty's dominion does not extend to the country to whose government I have been

called. My ambition is limited to her defence; which I look upon as the lot assigned me by Providence. Though I am not a Coriolanus, nor the people I command Volscians, I have a sufficiently good opinion of the Swedes to assure you that they are capable of doing every thing, and hazarding every thing, to avenge affronts which they have not provoked, and to preserve rights to which they cling as tenaciously as to their existence."

When Napoleon received this letter, he exclaimed, in a rage, "Submit to your degradation, or die with arms in your hands!" and this was the only alternative which he wished to leave the prince, knowing what part would be taken by a man whom he had himself described as possessing "a French head, with the heart of a Roman." There was no receding. In August he had an interview with the Emperor Alexander at Abo, and from that moment he was ranged on the side of Russia and England; though he took no active part in the war previous to the retreat of the French from Moscow.

In adopting Sweden as his country, and engaging to defend its interests and its honour against all assailants, Bernadotte had clearly been relieved from all obligation towards France. On leaving Paris, he hoped, indeed, that he should always be able to reconcile his personal feelings with the interests of his new country. His earliest and dearest recollections rested in the land of his birth; but he felt that he was a Swede by honour and by duty; and when the struggle between his affections and these sacred obligations arrived, he had no other course than to prove himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him by a generous people.

Before Bernadotte resorted to arms, he left untried no exertions to induce Napoleon to make peace. In March, 1813, after the fatal expedition to Russia, he thus affectionately remonstrated with his ancient brother in arms:—"All the military combinations

rendered it nearly certain that your majesty would be taken prisoner. You have escaped; but your army, the flower of France, Germany, and Italy, no longer exists. There, unburied, lie the heroes who saved France at Fleurus, who conquered in Italy, who resisted the burning climate of Egypt, and who planted the standard of victory, under your command, at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, and at Friedland! Let your heart be moved at this agonizing picture; and if any thing be yet wanting to prevail on you, let it remember the death of more than a million of Frenchmen, left on the field of honour, victims of the wars which you have undertaken. Possessor of the finest monarchy in the world, would you be eternally extending its limits? The examples of history, the feeling of independence, which may be deadened but cannot be effaced from the heart of nations, reject the idea of a universal monarchy. Weigh well all these considerations, and for once sincerely embrace the idea of a general peace. For myself, in this struggle between the liberty of the world and oppression, I will say to the Swedes, 'I fight for you, and with you, and the vows of free nations accompany your efforts!'"

Napoleon, heedless of the admonition, having left Paris in the following month, to head his armies in Saxony, the crown-prince disembarked, on the 18th May, at Stralsund, with thirty thousand Swedes; and besides these, he had soon placed under his orders several corps of Russian and Prussian troops, in all about one hundred thousand men, forming the right wing of the grand allied army. With this imposing force, he commenced hostile operations. The first advantage which he gained was at Gros Beeren; but this was eclipsed by the victory of Dennewitz over the united forces of Ney and Oudinot.

This success saved Berlin; the inhabitants of which sent a deputation to express their gratitude to the cown-prince; indeed, it decided, in a great measure,

the fate of the campaign, by preventing Napoleon from profiting by the advantages which he had previously gained. But, in the midst of victory, Bernadotte turned his thoughts towards the land of his birth, and wrote to his friend Ney, urging him to prevail on the emperor to accept the conditions proposed by the allies. "For a long time," said he, "we have been ravaging the earth, and have yet done nothing for the cause of humanity. The confidence which you so justly enjoy with Napoleon might, it appears to me, be of some weight in determining him at last to accept the honourable peace which has been offered to him. This glory is worthy a warrior such as you; and the French nation would rank this eminent service among the number of those which, twenty years ago, we rendered it, when, under the walls of St. Quentin, we fought for its liberty and independence."

The crown-prince next advanced, by forced marches, to Leipsic, with the intention of cutting off Napoleon's retreat; and he arrived in time to share in the terrific struggle of the 18th of October. In December he wrote from Lubeck to his son a letter, which confers more honour upon him than the most brilliant of his military deeds. "My dear Oscar," he says, "formerly the people of Lubeck assisted Gustavus I. in restoring liberty to his country. I have just discharged the debt of the Swedes —Lubeck is free. I had the happiness to gain possession of the city without bloodshed. This advantage is dearer to me than victory, even at an easy rate. How happy are we, my son, when we can prevent tears! How calm and sound is our sleep! Would that all men were penetrated with this truth! Then conquerors would no longer be heard of, and nations would only be governed by just rulers."

From Lubeck the crown-prince directed his course towards the Rhine; but for some time he hesitated to cross that river, from motives which will be duly

appreciated. "He appeared," says Lord Londonderry, "to entertain great horror at the idea of the Cossacks entering France, and was more than ever anxious to rouse that nation, which he loved, against their ruler."* At length, he crossed over to Cologne; and in February, 1814, addressed a proclamation to the French people, in which he assured them, that in discharging his duty to Sweden, he was not insensible to the happiness of his ancient countrymen. He was not friendly to the invasion of France, and, through delicacy, forbore to take any part in the campaign of 1814. He wished to humble, not to dethrone, his former master. On Napoleon's abdication, he entered Paris, and after remaining there only a few days, he returned to the north. His entrance into Stockholm was a triumph: the whole population, with the aged monarch at their head, went out to meet him.

Shortly after his return, Charles John went to take possession of Norway, which had been ceded to him by the allied powers, as a compensation for the loss of Finland, and a reward for his exertions in the common cause. To reconcile the inhabitants to the transfer, he allowed them to frame their own constitution, and granted them many privileges which they did not enjoy under the Danish kings.

In 1817 the Swedes were alarmed by the report that a plot had been formed to poison the crown-prince; but, after full investigation, the charge was found to be unsupported, and the delator was punished. But the occasion drew forth renewed protestations of attachment to the prince's person. In his reply to one of the deputations, he said, "When I came among you, I brought nothing, beyond my sword and my actions, as my titles and guarantees. If I could have brought you a succession of ancestors from Charles Martel, I should have valued the

* Marquis of Londonderry's Narrative, p. 207.

distinction for your sakes only. My claims rest on my adoption by the king, and on the unanimous choice of a free people. On these I found my pretensions; and so long as honour and justice are esteemed on earth, my rights will be accounted more legitimate, more sacred, than if I were descended from Odin."

The old monarch dying on the 5th of February, 1818, Bernadotte succeeded to the throne by the title of Charles XIV. His coronation, as King of Sweden, took place in the capital on the 11th of May; and on the 7th of September he was crowned King of Norway at Drontheim. Both before and since his accession, he has laboured with unceasing activity and considerable ability for the good of his people. His fidelity in the execution of the laws, his respect for the rights of his subjects, and his desire for their lasting welfare are acknowledged by all. He is a great encourager of the arts; and among the many proofs thereof may be reckoned the Academy of Agriculture which he has erected, and the valuable library which he has purchased for the university of Upsal—both at his own private expense. "As a warrior," says a recent traveller, "as a statesman, as a patriot, as a father, as a promoter of science, and as a patron of the arts—in his tent, invoking an implacable despot—in his cabinet, planning the studies of his son—in the hall of agriculture, in the theatres of universities, in the academies of science—he alike fixes our interest."*

In August, 1798, Bernadotte married Mademoiselle Eugénie Cléry, the daughter of a considerable merchant at Marseilles, and sister to Julia, the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. His son, Oscar, Duke of Sudermania, born July 4th, 1799, is spoken of as worthy of his excellent sire. It was Napoleon, his godfather, who gave him the name, "when," as he him-

* Meredith's Memorials of Charles John, p. 90.

self says, "he was raving mad with Ossian."* In May, 1823, Oscar married Josephine-Maximilienne, eldest daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy."†

BERTHIER.

Alexander Berthier was born at Versailles, the 20th of November, 1753. His father, an eminent surveyor of coasts and harbours to the King of France, was enabled to give his son an excellent education in mathematics, surveying, and drawing, which contributed most materially to his success in life.

Preferring the army to a situation in his father's office, where he had given great satisfaction to the government, young Berthier obtained a commission in the dragoons, and served during the American war, as lieutenant, attached to Rochambeau's staff. The years from 1783 to 1789 he spent at home, chiefly in the study of his profession. On the breaking out of the revolution, he held a command in the National Guards of Versailles, and so long as these troops remained faithful, he continued the same; but finally embracing the cause of the republic, he went to join in the wars on the northern frontiers. Throughout five campaigns he showed much skill as chief of the staff, but was not distinguished by that daring intrepidity which, at that time, more than any other quality, led to advancement. After the

* Las Cases, vol. iii. p. 173.

† Great doubts are entertained as to the future destiny of Oscar. When Charles John shall have terminated his life, it is understood that a very powerful party in Sweden contemplate recalling to the throne Prince Gustavus Vasa, son of the deposed Gustavus Adolphus IV.; and, from all we have heard, that young prince's qualities entitle him to the sympathy of his nation. He is now a lieutenant-general in the Austrian army, and is cousin-german to the Emperor of Russia.

9th Thermidor, he was quarter-master to General Kellerman, and followed him to the army of Italy; and when Bonaparte took the command of that army, he placed him over his staff, and made him major-general.

From this period the life of Berthier is bound up in the history of Napoleon's wars. During the space of eighteen years, and throughout sixteen campaigns —in Italy, Egypt, Germany, Poland, Russia, France —he rarely quitted his master's side; for, during that long period, he had no command in the field. As Napoleon's major-general, he was occupied in receiving his instructions, and transmitting them to the respective armies. He accompanied him in his carriage, and, as they rode along, Bonaparte would examine the order-book and the report of the positions: Berthier noted down his directions, and at the first station they came to, made out the orders and individual details, with admirable precision and despatch.

Berthier's talents and merits were special and technical: beyond a limited point he had no mind whatever; and on all occasions he betrayed great indecision. At the age of forty-three, he became love-stricken with Madame Visconti, a well-known beauty. When the expedition to Egypt was about to sail, though head of the staff, he posted down to Toulon, to inform the general that he was unwell, and could not follow him. Bonaparte turned a deaf ear to his plaints, and Berthier proceeded with him. On his arrival, however, at Alexandria, he became such a prey to "green and yellow melancholy," that he solicited and obtained permission to return. He bade Napoleon a formal adieu; but in a few hours returned, with his eyes brimful of tears, saying, that after all he could not separate his fate from that of his beloved general. His absurd passion for this bewitching lady was mingled with a kind of worship. Adjoining his own tent, he had a second one pre-

pared, furnished with the elegance of a Paris bou doir. This was consecrated to the portrait of his mistress, before which he would prostrate himself, and sometimes go so far as to burn incense. "So greatly," says De Bourrienne, "had his amorous regrets unhinged the little common sense bestowed upon him by nature!"

The services which Berthier rendered Napoleon did not go unrequited. He was created a marshal of the empire, grand huntsman, and prince, first of Neufchâtel, then of Wagram; and, at sundry periods, the emperor presented him with considerable sums of money, which he was but too apt to squander. One day he made him a present of a diamond worth a hundred thousand francs. "Here," said he, "take this: we often play high, lay it up for a rainy day." In four-and-twenty hours, the present that was to be laid up for a rainy day found its way from the hand of Berthier to the head of his fair inamorata. At length, he was induced by Napoleon to accept the hand of a Bavarian princess; but scarcely was the marriage concluded, when his mistress's husband died, and left the lady a widow at large. The event proved to poor Berthier the source of absolute despair. He flew, with tears in his eyes, to communicate his hard fate to the emperor. "To what a miserable condition," he exclaimed, "am I reduced! with a little more constancy, Madame Visconti might have been my wife!"

In April, 1814, when the emperor saw himself forsaken by the world at Fontainbleau, Berthier, on whose head he had showered so many favours, wanted the soul to be more faithful than the rest. He solicited permission to go to Paris about some business, saying he would return on the morrow. "He will *not* return," said Napoleon, calmly, to the Duke of Bassano.—"What!" said the minister, "can these be the adieus of Berthier?"—"I tell you, yes—he will return no more." And so it was. Within

a short week from the day on which he promised Bonaparte never to desert him, we find this old companion in arms, this favoured marshal, this friend of friends, at Compiegne, assuring Louis XVIII., at the head of the marshals, that "France, having groaned for the last twenty-five years under the weight of the misfortunes which oppressed her, had looked forward to the happy day which now shone upon her." As he rode in the front of the king's carriage, when he made his public entry into Paris, the people, shaking their heads, exclaimed, "Go to the island of Elba, Berthier! go to Elba!"

The reward of his baseness was a seat in the Chamber of Peers, and a command in the king's body-guard. But Berthier did not long enjoy them. His end was fast approaching. On the news of the ex-emperor's return, in March, 1815, his first impulse was to accompany the king to Ghent; but he was deterred therefrom by visible symptoms that his favour with Louis was on the decline. He had, it seems, received a communication from Bonaparte, which he withheld from the king, who was aware of its arrival. In the conviction, therefore, that neither master considered him trustworthy, on Napoleon's approach to Paris he withdrew to Bamberg, in the dominions of his wife's father; where, on the 19th of May, as the allied troops were defiling past his hôtel, he suddenly leaped out of the window, and was dashed to pieces. Another account states, that he was precipitated by some Russian soldiers, who, accidentally seeing him, forced their way into the house. The affair is wrapped in mystery; but the former, under all the circumstances, is the more probable and generally received story.

No one appears to have held Berthier's character in lighter esteem than Napoleon. On his return from Elba, he said, "The only revenge I wish on this poor Berthier would be to see him in his costume of captain of the body-guard of Louis." He

attributed his conduct to his want of spirit and absolute nullity of character. "Nature," he said at St. Helena, "has evidently designed many for a subordinate situation; and among these is Berthier. As chief of the staff he had no superior; but he was not fit to command five hundred men."

BESSIERES.

Jean-Baptiste Bessieres was born of very humble parents, at Preissac, the capital of the department of the Lot, the 6th of August, 1768. In company with his distinguished countryman Joachim Murat he travelled up to Paris in 1791, on their both obtaining, at the same time, appointments as privates in the Constitutional Guard of Louis XVI. In this situation, on the dreadful 10th of August, 1792, he had the courage and humanity, at the risk of his life, to save several individuals of the queen's household.

On the dissolution of that body, he was transferred to a cavalry regiment, attached to the legion of the Pyrenees. In the north of Spain he conducted himself so well, that he was promoted to the rank of captain of chasseurs; and it was in this capacity that, in 1796, he joined the army of Italy, where he soon attracted the attention of Bonaparte, by acts of extraordinary personal bravery. One day, as he was advancing against an Austrian battery, his horse being killed under him, he quickly disengaged himself from the fallen animal, leaped on a piece of ordnance, and with his sabre laid lustily on the gunners who defended it. Two of his followers galloped to his aid, and enabled him to bring away the gun in triumph. The commander-in-chief was so pleased with the intrepidity of the action, that when he

formed his corps of *Guides*, he selected Bessières to take the command of it. Such was the origin of his fortune; and from that instant we find him always at the head of the consular and imperial guards, in charges of the reserve, now deciding the battle, now profiting by the victory.

Bessières rose with the great man who had thus distinguished him, and shared abundantly in his favours. In 1804 he was made a marshal of the empire, and in 1808 raised to the dignity of Duke of Istria. In 1805 he hastened to the theatre of war in Germany, and was incessantly employed until the peace of Tilsit. He fought at Jena, Heilsberg, Friedland, and Eylau, and exhibited throughout these great campaigns a rare union of valour, prudence, and humanity.

The next scene of the talents of this marshal was Spain. In 1808 he was placed over the second corps, and fixed his head-quarters at Burgos; where, by combining great activity with uncommon mildness, he succeeded in quelling the insurrections which perpetually broke out among the patriotic inhabitants. This was a service which, however valuable, was not calculated to add much lustre to his name beyond the Pyrenees; fortune, however, soon furnished him with an occasion of placing that name beside the more illustrious of his brother marshals. The brave but imprudent Spanish general Cuesta, at the head of a numerous force, advanced on Burgos, with the intention of cutting off the communication between France and Madrid. Bessières, who had no more than 13,000 men, was not less eager for the attack. The two armies met near Medina del Rio Seco, and a furious struggle ensued. For some time the Spaniards had much the advantage; but the charge of the French cavalry on the left wing bore down all before it, and at length turned the fortune of the day. The Spaniards were completely routed, with the loss of six thousand killed, and twelve hun-

dred taken prisoners. When Bonaparte heard of the victory, he exclaimed, "This is a second battle of Villa Viciosa: Bessières has placed Joseph upon the throne."* He attached, indeed, the greatest importance to it. "A check given to Dupont would," he said, "have a slight effect; but a wound received by Bessières would give a locked-jaw to the whole army. Not an inhabitant of Madrid, not a peasant of the valleys, that does not feel that the affairs of Spain are involved in the affairs of Bessières."† It opened the way to Madrid, and it enabled the marshal to take possession of the arms and stores which England had forwarded to the patriots.

At the battle of Wagram, in 1809, an extraordinary cannon-shot, in full sweep, tore his dress open from the top of the thigh to the knee, running in a zig-zag form, as if it had been a thunderbolt. He, however, soon recovered; but, supposing him to be dead, a mournful cry arose from the whole battalion; upon which Napoleon remarked, the next time he saw him, "Bessières, the ball which struck you drew tears from all my guard: return thanks to it; it ought to be very dear to you."

In 1811 he was sent governor to Old Castile and Leon. His return to that country was a real triumph, and gave great satisfaction to the inhabitants. In 1812 he went through the Russian campaign with honour; and the opening of the ensuing one saw him in the place of his countryman Murat, at the head of the cavalry of the whole army, preparing to merit the increased confidence of the emperor. On the 1st of May, the evening before the battle of Lutzen, the marshal was forcing a defile near Poserna; and having, according to custom, advanced into the very midst of the skirmishers, a musket-ball struck him on the breast, and extended him lifeless on the ground. His death was concealed

* Southey, vol. i. p. 481.

† Note found in King Joseph's portfolio at the battle of Vittoria.

from the brave men he had so long commanded, and by whom he was so greatly beloved, until after the victory of the following day.

The emperor caused the remains of the man whom he so much esteemed to be conveyed to the *Invalides* at Paris, and intended extraordinary honours for them, of which subsequent events deprived them. The King of Saxony raised a monument to his memory on the very spot where he received his deathblow. It consists of a simple stone surrounded by poplars. Of his humane and benevolent spirit, no greater proof can be adduced than this—that even in Spain, where the French name was so deservedly odious, the inhabitants of several towns which had witnessed his mild administration assembled to offer up masses for the soul of Bessières.

Throughout his career he did every thing in his power to mitigate the horrors of war, and left many grateful remembrances behind him. At Marengo, when the weapons of his soldiers were about to clash with those of the enemy, an Austrian horseman, thrown down, lifted up his arms, and supplicated that they would not trample him to death. Bessières perceived him:—"My friends," said he, "open your ranks; let us spare that unfortunate man." At the conflagration of Moscow, a considerable number of unhoused and trembling inhabitants sought refuge in the palace which he occupied. On their entrance, he and his suite were about to sit down to dinner. Affected at the sight of so much misery, he said to his staff, "Gentlemen, let us seek a dinner elsewhere;" and immediately caused the famished wretches to be seated at his board.

He left his family, not only poor, but in debt. His son, to whom Bonaparte bequeathed 100,000 francs, was created a peer of France by Louis XVIII.

DAVOUST.

Louis-Nicolas Davoust was born at Annaux, in Burgundy, the 10th of May, 1770. His family, though poor, were, in the continental acceptation of the term, noble. Being intended for the army, he received his education at the military school at Brienne, and was only in his fifteenth year when he obtained a commission in a regiment of horse; from which, however, he was soon expelled for insubordination.

As he had every thing to hope from change, he embraced with enthusiasm the principles of the revolution. After the fatal 10th of August, 1792, he received from the convention the command of a battalion of volunteers, and was sent to join the army of the north. He was present at the defection of Dumouriez, and exerted himself to preserve the wavering fidelity of his men. It is said that he even induced them to fire on the general, as he went over to the Austrians. He was in consequence promoted to the rank of brigadier-general; in which capacity he distinguished himself, during the next five years, in the army of the Rhine and Moselle. At the memorable passage of the former of those rivers, in April, 1797, his conduct excited the attention of General Moreau.

In 1798 he was appointed to a command in the expedition to Egypt, where he fought desperately under the walls of Samanhout and Aboukir. After the convention of El Arish, he returned to Europe, and on reaching France was made general of division. By paying useful court to Bonaparte, and especially by flattering his views with regard to Egypt, he so insinuated himself into his good graces, that he obtained the command of the grenadiers of the consular guard, and through the interest of

Napoleon married Aimée, the sister of General Le Clerc, a lady of exquisite beauty, and of modest and unassuming deportment.

In 1804 Davoust was ranked among the marshals of the empire, and in the following year placed over a considerable corps of the grand army. In consequence of his gallant conduct at Ulm, at Austerlitz, and in the brief campaign of Jena, he received the title of Duke of Auerstadt. At Eylau and Friedland he proved, that if dignities were the fit reward of courage, he richly deserved them; but there, as well as at Eckmühl and Wagram, in 1809, the glory which he won by his courage was tarnished by his total disregard of humanity.

Davoust, now created Prince of Eckmühl, spent the three following years in Poland, as commander of the French forces and governor of that ill-fated country; in which, under the mask of an ally, his acts were more ruthless and oppressive than those of an open enemy. In vain did the Poles send a deputation to lay their grievances before the emperor, and entreat the removal of this hateful monster: the outrages continued, frequent and galling as ever. "No despotism," says the Abbé de Pradt, "could exceed that of this old soldier of liberty: he filled all Poland with dread, and brought much disgrace on the French name."*

It is, indeed, doubtful whether any of Bonaparte's instruments contributed more to make that name odious. By his orders, M. Becker, a German author, and counsellor of the court of Gotha, was arrested, in direct violation of the rights of nations, and thrown into a dungeon at Magdeburg. The Duke of Weimar reclaimed him; and Davoust replied in a manner so brutal and insolent, that the letter has been preserved as a curiosity. He refused the duke's request; "and besides," he added, "the Germans are

* Ambassade à Varsovie.

altogether a stubborn people, and they will hardly become tame and docile until I have made some striking examples, by hanging upon one tree a German prince, a man of letters, and a merchant, as a warning to the rest."*

In 1812 he was appointed to the command of the first corps of the grand army, and accompanied the emperor to Russia, where he distinguished himself by his usual bravery and ferocity. After the annihilation of that magnificent corps, he retreated to Hamburgh, where, in May, 1813, he established his head-quarters, and exhibited more both of the soldier and the fiend than he had done on any preceding occasion. He defended the place against the combined attacks of Russians, Prussians, Swedes, and with such gallantry as to leave them little hope of reducing the city by force. But his exactions, his robberies, his murders, exceeded any thing that had been heard of since the reign of terror. He was designated "The Hamburgh Robespierre;" and his atrocities have been attested by the signatures of several hundreds of the inhabitants. He levied a contribution of forty-eight millions of francs on the city, and seized, as guarantees for the payment of it, thirty-four of the principal merchants. He compelled the daughters of the best families to work at the fortifications among common labourers, as a punishment for having embroidered the standard of the Hanseatic Legion. An eminent physician, who had been ordered to quit his house in half an hour, that it might be converted into an hospital, having supplicated for a little longer time to remove his property—"Property!" exclaimed Davoust, "where can you have property?" And laying hold on a button of the worthy man's coat, he pursued, "Not even this button is your property; it belongs to the emperor—begone!" Numerous families he turned

* Campaigns of Prince Blucher p. 290

out into the highway, near the end of December, when the thermometer was between sixteen and eighteen degrees, without shelter and without bread. Their houses were destroyed in their sight, and their furniture consumed as fuel for the watchfires of the French. He ordered the hospital for the insane and infirm to be cleared out for the use of his army. Idiots and madmen were exposed to hunger, cold, and a miserable death. "Their fits of convulsive laughter," says a German writer, "their weeping, their curses, and their prayers were alike the subject of mockery, and more than thirty were found dead in the morning."*

He refused to surrender the place long after he was acquainted with Napoleon's abdication; but when General Gérard arrived, on the part of Louis XVIII., he submitted, and signed a fulsome address to the restored monarch, assuring the "august prince, whom all France loved, and had called to the throne," of his everlasting fidelity. But, notwithstanding these ardent professions, he was one of the first to join Napoleon at the Tuileries on his return from Elba, in 1815. Then appointed minister of war, he showed great activity in support of the usurper, whom, he said, "an immense majority of the French nation had called to displace the Bourbons:" he also published a violent tirade in the shape of an address to the Chamber of Representatives, in which he imputed to the Bourbons all the evils which his country had suffered.

After the catastrophe of Waterloo, while his fallen master was lingering at Malmaison. previous to his departure for Rochefort, Davoust, ungrateful, like the rest, said to an agent who had been despatched by Napoleon to the committee of government, sitting at the Tuileries, "This Bonaparte of yours will not depart; but we must get rid of him; his presence ham-

* Campaigns of Prince Blucher, p. 290. See also De Bourrienne, tom. ix. p. 286.

pers us. Tell him from me that he must go, and if he do not depart instantly, I will arrest him myself."* If the warrior who insults a disarmed enemy loses the esteem of the brave, what sentiment should the wretch inspire who insults and threatens his general and benefactor when under misfortunes!

After this, Davoust placed himself at the head of the troops which still adhered to Napoleon, and retreated to Orleans. Having so done, he lowered his tone, spoke of the evils of proscription, of the necessity of concord, and of oblivion as to the past; but he did not formally submit to the royal government until the advance of the Prussians. The act which he drew up and signed upon that occasion was as hypocritical as any that had already rendered his name infamous. It, however, saved his head. He retired for a while to his country-seat; but, in 1816, he obtained permission to reside in the capital; and, in 1819, we find "the Hamburgh Robespierre" snugly seated in Louis the Eighteenth's Chamber of Peers!

He died of a pulmonary complaint in June, 1823, at the age of fifty-three. He will long be remembered in Poland and Hamburgh as "the terrible Davoust." His avarice was equal to his cruelty. At one time his annual income was nearly two millions of francs; but on the fall of Napoleon he lost his foreign possessions. He nevertheless left great riches behind him, and a fine estate at Savigny-sur-Orge, now enjoyed by his son, the heir of his peerage.

* Mémoires de Fleury de Chaboulon, tom. ii. p. 286

DESAIX.

Louis-Charles-Antoine Desaix was born at St. Hilaire d'Ayat, in Auvergne, in August, 1768. His parents were of noble birth, and devoted for several generations to the profession of arms. He was brought up at the military college of Effiat, where his excellent qualities procured him the love of his schoolfellows. Though he gave himself up to the studies which would best enable him to distinguish himself in the profession to which he was destined, nothing attracted him so much as the history of the republics of Greece and Rome. His imagination was inflamed by reading the exalted acts and traits of virtue which illustrated the great men in whom those republics prided themselves.

Such was his disposition, and such the bent of his mind, when, in his fifteenth year, he entered as a sub-lieutenant in the regiment of Bretagne. At that early period he was noticed for his uncommonly grave and studious character; and in the wars of the revolution he attracted still more attention for a valour combined with discretion, for the promptitude of his measures, and for his almost unvaried success. His promotion was in consequence rapid. He manifested so much talent and bravery at the taking of the lines of Weissemberg, that the rank of general of brigade was conferred upon him. Wounded at the affair of Luttenberg by a musket-ball, which passed through both cheeks, he never quitted the field of battle, nor would he suffer his wounds to be dressed, until he had rallied the disordered battalions. On this occasion the soldiers gave him the surname of "Le guerrier sans peur et sans reproche." In 1796 he served under Moreau as general of division. He also commanded the left

wing at the battle of Rastadt, and had the defence of Kehl intrusted to him. Upon these occasions the wisdom and decision of his combinations pointed him out as one of the most scientific officers in the French service.

Profiting by the preliminaries of Leoben, Desaix proceeded to Italy, to visit Bonaparte and the fields of battle rendered illustrious by the victories of such an army and such a leader; and here commenced that friendship between the two heroes which terminated only with the life of one of them.

In the Egyptian expedition Desaix contributed greatly to the successes of Napoleon. At the taking of Malta, at the battle of Chebreiss, and at that of the Pyramids, he discovered such determined bravery, that the commander-in-chief, desirous of giving him some testimonial of regard, presented him with a poniard of exquisite workmanship, enriched with diamonds, whereon were engraven, "Prise de Malthe —Bataille de Chebreiss—Bataille des Pyramides." Under circumstances of great difficulty and discouragement, he defeated the Arabs of Yambo, and the Mamelukes of Murad-Bey, and thereby reduced the whole of Upper Egypt. In every direction he caused the arms of the republic to triumph; and he had the address, in addition to all this, to gain the hearts of the inhabitants of the countries he subdued. Denon says, "that his mild and unvarying equity obtained for him the title of 'The Just Sultan.' How many wise ideas on civil government and philanthropy," adds the baron, "suggested themselves to his mind, when the sound of the trumpet and the roll of the drum ceased to give him the fever of war!"

Such were the claims of Desaix to the gratitude of his countrymen, when the treaty of El Arish enabled him to return to Europe. Scarcely had he set foot on the land of his birth, when he evinced the greatest impatience to rejoin Bonaparte in Italy

He was yet in France, when the news of the affair of St. Bard reached him; and exclaiming, "He will leave us nothing to do," he travelled night and day until he was able to throw himself into his arms. He reached head-quarters at Montebello on the 11th of June, 1800. The First Consul embraced him with great affection, and immediately gave him a division. They spent the whole night together in conversing about the affairs of Egypt, and on the morrow Desaix was despatched to reconnoitre the road to Genoa. Scarcely, however, had he departed, before Melas, the Austrian general, advanced against the less numerous forces of Bonaparte. Desaix was recalled; but he did not arrive until the French were retreating. Riding up to the First Consul, consternation depicted on his brow, he said, "I think this is a battle lost." —"I think it is a battle won," said Napoleon. "Do you push on, and I will speedily rally the line behind you." Though Desaix had rode ten leagues without stopping, he instantly formed his columns, and charged the Austrians with such impetuosity that they gave way in every direction. The enthusiasm of the troops appeared to be revived, and Desaix prepared to act on the offensive. He led a fresh column of five thousand grenadiers to meet and check the advance of Zach; but, just as he was advancing, a ball struck him on the head, and he fell to rise no more. The French official accounts of the battle of Marengo put in the mouth of the dying general a message to Bonaparte, in which he expressed his regret that he had done so little for history; and in that of the First Consul an answer, lamenting that he had no time to weep; but Napoleon himself assures us, that "he was shot dead on the spot."* Savary, his aid-de-camp, having recognised the body, had it wrapped up in a cloak, and removed to Milan, where, by Napoleon's directions, it was

* Napoleon Memoirs, vol. i. p. 300.

embalmed, and afterward conveyed to the hospice of St. Bernard,* where a monument was erected to the memory of the fallen hero.

Desaix preserved throughout life great simplicity in his exterior appearance and manners. In stature he was shorter than Bonaparte by an inch. His physiognomy was pensive, and his complexion pale. "The talent of Desaix," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "was always in full activity. He loved glory for glory's sake, and France above every thing. Luxury he despised, and even comfort. He preferred sleeping under a gun in the open air to the softest couch. He was of an unsophisticated, active, pleasing character, and possessed extensive information. The victor of Marengo shed tears for his death."†

EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS.

Eugene, the son of Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais and of Josephine Tascher de la Pagérie, the future Empress of France, was born in the province of Brittany, the 3d of September, 1780. He was educated at a boarding-school at St. Germain-en-Laye; and when, during the reign of terror, his father perished on the scaffold and his mother was cast into prison, the circumstances of the family were so reduced that he was bound apprentice to a joiner, and for some time actually worked at that trade.‡

On the marriage of his mother with Napoleon

* "Desaix, who turn'd the scale,
Leaving his life-blood in that famous field
(Where the clouds break, we may discern the spot
In the blue haze), sleeps, as thou saw'st at dawn,
Just where we enter'd in the hospital-church."
Rogers's Italy, p. 10 (ed. 1830).

† Napoleon Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 256. ‡ Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 301.

Bonaparte, in March, 1796, he was placed on the staff of that general. In the summer of 1797 he joined the army at Milan, and in the following year accompanied the commander-in-chief to Egypt. He was at that time in his seventeenth year, and is described by De Bourrienne as possessing "an excellent heart, a fine courage, strict honour, great generosity and frankness, with an obliging and amiable temper."*

The establishment of the consular government, in 1800, was, as might be expected, greatly favourable to the interests of young Beauharnais. Though he had not attained his twentieth year, he was intrusted with a brigade of the consular guard, in which capacity he acquired some distinction at Marengo. In 1804 he was created a prince of the empire, and nominated archchancellor of state; and in June, 1805, on Napoleon being crowned at Milan, he was appointed viceroy of Italy, and immediately entered upon the duties of his high office.

Eugene had not, however, yet reached the acme of his prosperity. At the commencement of 1806 he was declared the adopted son of Napoleon, who obtained for him the hand of Augusta-Amelia, the eldest daughter of the new King of Bavaria. In the same year, the Venetian states being annexed to the Italian kingdom, he was created Prince of Venice, and declared successor to the iron crown of Lombardy.

In 1809, the renewal of the war by the Emperor Francis, and the irruption of the Austrian troops under the Archduke John, placed the viceroy in a perilous situation. With a force of only sixteen thousand men, not daring to risk a general action, he retreated with considerable loss on Verona, and would have been compelled to capitulate, but for the timely arrival of Macdonald to direct the operations

* Mémoires, vol. i. p. 192.

of the army, and the entrance of the French into Vienna. The Austrians, becoming too dispirited to continue the offensive, began to retreat, and were pursued in their turn. Macdonald seized on Trieste; Eugene on Clagenfurth. He afterward proceeded to Napoleon's head-quarters at Ebersdorf, where he was received with marks of great satisfaction, and his military talents extravagantly lauded. Bonaparte was at this time meditating great alliances; and he loaded the son of Josephine with favours for the purpose of sounding him, and preparing him for his mother's divorce.* He was immediately sent into Hungary to disperse the levies which the imperial princes were raising; where, as if fortune was anxious to confirm Napoleon's praises, he obtained, on the 14th of June, a victory of some importance over the Archduke John, at Raab. From this well-contested field the victor returned to the emperor, whose favourable opinion of him was still further increased by his gallant conduct at Wagram.

But at the close of this triumphant campaign was overthrown the fairy fabric which Eugene had been contemplating with so much delight. In December he was summoned to Paris, where he not only laboured to induce his mother to consent to a divorce, but became the instrument to negotiate with the Austrian ambassador a treaty of marriage between Napoleon and the Archduchess Maria Louisa, and afterward announced the success of his negotiation to the senate. In so acting he has been generally considered guilty of a breach of filial duty and an outrage on decency. As a reward for his prompt compliance with the emperor's will, he was shortly after declared the successor of the prince primate in the grand dutchy of Frankfort.

During the fatal campaign of 1812 in Russia, Eugene commanded the fourth corps of the grand

* De Bourrienne, tom. viii. p. 99.

French army. On the 24th of October, at Malojaroslawetz, within thirty leagues of Moscow, seventeen thousand men under his command repulsed Kutusoff, whose force more than trebled that number; but the Cossacks having come up with him on the 7th of November, he was attacked with such fury, that a temporary dispersion of his corps took place. His actual condition at this time will appear by one of his letters to Berthier, which was intercepted. "Your highness," he says, "will be surprised at finding me still upon the Vop; but my situation is sufficiently critical. Whole trains of horses have perished in the harness at once: yesterday four hundred died, and to-day perhaps double that number. These three days of suffering have so dispirited the soldier, that I believe him at this moment very little capable of making any effort. Numbers of men are dead with hunger or cold, and others, in despair, have suffered themselves to be taken by the enemy." In La Baume's interesting narrative of this dreadful expedition, Eugene is everywhere well spoken of. His military arrangements appear, throughout, to have been judicious; and the part which he had to play was one of no common difficulty, for his corps suffered beyond all the rest. It originally consisted of forty-eight thousand fighting men, of whom twelve hundred alone survived to repass the Niemen.

On revisiting Italy, the viceroy was promptly informed of the more than doubtful disposition of Austria towards France, and accordingly made preparations for raising an army capable of defending the country which had been committed to his safeguard. When, in April, 1813, Napoleon headed his forces in Saxony, Eugene joined him, and at the battle of Lutzen directed the left wing of the French army; but he was soon remanded to Italy by the emperor, who saw that it was high time to provide for the safety of his iron crown.

In August the viceroy took the field with the Gallo-Italian army, and addressed a proclamation to the population of Italy, calling on them to resist an enemy who had for ages triumphed through their disunion alone. But they discovered little inclination to answer the call; and in October Eugene had the mortification to count the subjects of his father-in-law, the King of Bavaria, among the enemies whom he would probably have to combat. Neither was this all. His Italian troops began to desert in considerable numbers; and in January, 1814, King Joachim of Naples, who had hitherto professed neutrality, concluded a provisional convention with England, and a treaty of peace with Austria; events which hastened the fate of Italy, and may be reckoned among the leading causes of Napoleon's overthrow. The viceroy, in alarm, fell back on the Mincio. On the renewal of hostilities, his headquarters were at Udina; and down to the period of Bonaparte's abdication in April, he succeeded in maintaining a formidable attitude, and defending the entrance of his kingdom. During this tacit suspension of hostilities, sundry tokens of good-will passed between the opposite leaders. Marshal Bellegarde, the Austrian general, visited the court of his antagonist, and held his infant child over the baptismal font; while Eugene treated his distinguished guest with all possible courtesy.

Being positively informed on the 7th of April, of the overwhelming reverses of Napoleon, the viceroy found himself constrained to treat with Austria for the evacuation of Italy; and on the 10th a convention was concluded, in which it was stipulated that the French troops under the command of Eugene should return within the limits of old France. In his farewell address to them he said, "Long misfortunes have oppressed our country. France, seeking a remedy for her disasters, has taken refuge behind her old shield. The recollection of all her sufferings

is already effaced by the hope of the repose necessary after so much agitation. You are now about to return to your homes, and it would have been gratifying to me to have accompanied you thither, but I must separate from you to fulfil duties which I owe to the Italian people."

Eugene, fancying that the senate of Milan was favourably disposed towards him, solicited that body to use its influence in obtaining the consent of the allies to his continuance at the head of the government of Italy, but the proposition was instantly rejected. A feeling of irritation pervaded the public mind; and the army had not proceeded three marches beyond Mantua, when an alarming insurrection broke out at Milan. The finance minister, Prina, was assassinated, and the few senators supposed to be favourable to his views were loaded with curses and threats. Eugene feared, with justice, that his own life would not be respected any more than that of his minister; and having previously collected all his most valuable effects at Mantua, and among them Napoleon's coronation carriage, he resolved to escape by night from his capital, and flee to the court of Bavaria. But his intentions becoming suspected, the troops, to whom large arrears of pay were due, deputed a number of their body to demand of him the amount of their claims. These deputies fulfilled their mission with little delicacy to his feelings: they styled him *Monsieur*, and loudly insisted on being instantly paid. In a state of great trepidation, Eugene distributed among them a handful of gold, which they resolved to appropriate to their own use, and departed. Not a moment was now to be lost. Accompanied by his family and a select suite, he privately hastened to Mantua, whence he sent off to Bavaria all his Italian treasures.* Thus, ere nine years had expired, fell the iron crown which Napo-

* Botta, tom. iv. p. 642.—"Partiva da Mantova per la Baviera, I Italiche ricchezze seco portando."

leon placed on his head in the cathedral at Milan, calling out aloud, in the language of the country, "Dio mi l' ha dato; guai à chi la tocca!" "God hath given it me; wo to him that touches it!"

In his way to Munich, the prince, on reaching Roveredo, met with an unexpected difficulty. The commandant, an Austrian colonel, intimated that the princess might pass through the Tyrol with safety, but that he could not do so openly without running the risk of his life; seeing that, a few years before, he had caused some of their most respectable countrymen to be shot as spies, and they were resolutely bent on having blood for blood. Eugene's situation was desperate. To return to Milan would be to expose himself to the fury of an unpaid soldiery. From this dilemma he was extricated by the commandant, who offered him his own uniform, carriage, livery, and servants, urged him to traverse the country with all speed, and above all things to beware of speaking French. Eugene followed the friendly advice, and reached Munich without molestation.

He had not, however, arrived at his father-in-law's court many days, before he was summoned to France by the death of his amiable mother, the ex-empress Josephine. He was well received by Louis XVIII., who addressed him, not as General Beauharnais, the name announced, but as *Prince*. By the treaty of Paris, a suitable establishment was to be assigned him; and he repaired to Vienna to solicit the favour of the congress. While there, the Emperor Alexander honoured him with especial marks of regard, and even proposed that he should be made the sovereign of at least three hundred thousand subjects. But the landing of Bonaparte at Cannes put a period, if not to the sentiment, at least to the manifestation of it, and changed the political interests of the Emperor of Russia. It was strongly suspected, that Eugene had found means to acquaint Napoleon with the supposed intention of the allied sovereigns to transfer

him to St. Helena; and the suspicion was strengthened by a decree of the usurper, which enrolled him among the new peers of France. The Austrian government entertained the idea of seizing his person; but the King of Bavaria indignantly represented, that Eugene had gone to Vienna under his protection and guarantee, and that these must not be violated. Being no longer an object of favour with the assembled sovereigns he retired, first to Bareuth, and then to Munich, assuming the titles of Duke of Leuchtenberg, and Prince of Eichstadt.

A short time previous to the battle of Waterloo, the wily Fouché endeavoured to sound his opinions, with the view of ascertaining whether, in case Napoleon should again be constrained to abdicate, and the choice should fall on him, he would accept the crown of France: "Upon this occasion," says Las Cases, "the prince pursued the line of duty and honour. 'Honour and duty,' was his constant reply."*

In 1817, on the marriage of the Emperor of Austria with a Bavarian princess, considering himself disrespectfully treated, Eugene and his family took up their abode for a time with his sister Hortense, at Lindau, near the Lake of Constance; but he afterward returned to Munich, and died there of apoplexy, on the 21st of January, 1824, leaving behind him six children. His eldest daughter, Josephine-Maximilienne, was married, in 1823, to Oscar Bernadotte, crown-prince of Sweden; his second daughter Hortense-Eugénie-Napoleonne, was espoused, in 1829, by Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil.

In the outset of his administration, Eugene was a great favourite with his Italian subjects. He embellished Milan with public walks and buildings, and encouraged the establishment of several manufactories. His gallery of paintings was one of the most magnificent in Europe. But, unfortunately, he sur-

* Las Cases, vol. i. p. 331.

rounded himself in time by a set of needy, unprincipled courtiers, who used his name as an instrument of oppression, and under their influence he became inaccessible to public complaints. He was of a parsimonious disposition, and great disgust was excited, the day after his flight from Milan, when it was discovered that he had emptied the public coffers, and conveyed their contents out of Italy.

GOUVION ST. CYR.

Louis Gouvion St. Cyr was born of parents in moderate circumstances at Toul, in the department of the Meurthe, the 13th of April, 1764. In his youth he was intended for a painter, and even paid a visit to Rome for the purpose of studying the great masters. A short time previous to the breaking out of the revolution, he returned to his native country; and such was his passion for the profession of arms, that he enlisted as a private into a company of volunteers, and was soon sent to join the French armies on the Rhine.

His promotion must have been rapid, since we find him, in 1795, a general of division; in which situation he distinguished himself, on several occasions, by his extensive knowledge of tactics, as well as by his private good conduct. In 1798 he served in Italy under Massena; and when an insurrection of the army compelled that general to leave Rome, the command was given by the Directory to St. Cyr, who soon succeeded in restoring order and discipline. In April, 1799, he passed to the army of the Rhine, then commanded by Moreau, took possession of Fribourg, and contributed to the victory of Hohenlinden. In October of the same year he attacked the Austrians at Bosco, near Gavi and Novi, and,

with an inferior force drove them beyond the Acqui, taking fifteen hundred men and seven pieces of cannon.

In 1800 he was called to the council of state by the First Consul, and in 1801 succeeded Lucien Bonaparte as ambassador to the court of Spain. Recalled from this post, he was despatched into Italy to take the command of the Neapolitan army of occupation, where he continued until the conclusion of the treaty of neutrality in September, 1805, when he was nominated colonel-general of the cuirassiers, and grand eagle of the Legion of Honour. He fought in the campaigns of Prussia and Poland; and in 1807 was charged with the government of Warsaw.

After the peace of Tilsit, he passed over to Spain. While the siege of Gerona was yet in progress, Napoleon had directed troops to assemble at Perpignan, in such numbers as to form, with those already in Catalonia, an army of more than forty thousand men. On appointing Gouvion St. Cyr to command it, he gave him this short but emphatic order, "Preserve Barcelona for me: if that place be lost, I cannot retake it with eighty thousand men."* As the preparations for the grand army, under the emperor, absorbed the principal attention of the administration in France, St. Cyr was greatly straitened in the means necessary to take the field; and his undisciplined troops, suffering severe privations, were depressed in spirit and inclined to desert. He was therefore extremely dissatisfied with his new situation, and the more so, as he entertained the opinion that, at the commencement of the war in Spain, Napoleon would have acted more wisely had the greater portion of his troops been employed for the reduction of Catalonia. In other cases, the force which he prepared was equal to the service

* St. Cyr—Journal des Opérations, p. 32.

for which it was designed: in the present, it was so manifestly inadequate as to excite a suspicion, that failure on the part of St. Cyr would be more agreeable to the emperor than success. In truth, our general had belonged to the army of the Rhine, which was an original sin in Bonaparte's eyes; and, above all, when he commanded in Naples, he had refused to obtain addresses from the troops, soliciting the First Consul to take upon himself the imperial dignity.

St. Cyr commenced operations in November, 1808, with the siege of Rosas; of which place he took possession after thirty days, and immediately marched to the relief of Barcelona. However humane by nature and honourable by principle, he now found himself engaged in a service with which humanity and honour were incompatible. He could only support his army by plundering the inhabitants, and the Catalans were not a people who would endure patiently to be plundered. The loss of the marauders may in some degree be estimated from the fact, that in the course of seven weeks, St. Cyr's foraging parties fired away two million cartridges.*

After the fall of Tarragona, and while he was occupied in the reduction of Gerona, he was superseded in the command by Augereau. Believing the business of the siege to be done, he went in September, 1809, to Perpignan, to make arrangements for the better supply of the army, and to get rid of a command which his successor seemed in no haste to assume. There was strong reason to suspect that the army was neglected because he was an object of displeasure at head-quarters; and he was made to feel that the officers under him were, for his sake, debarred from the honours and advancement which they were entitled to expect. He therefore com-

* St. Cyr—Journal des Opérations, p. 92.

municated to Augereau his determination to hold the command no longer, and was rewarded for his services by two years of disgrace and exile.*

In 1812 St. Cyr was employed in the expedition to Russia, and distinguished himself at the battle of Poltosk. On Oudinot being wounded, he took the command of the second corps of the grand army, defeated the Russian general Wittgenstein, though greatly superior in numbers, and took twenty pieces of cannon. As the reward of his bravery, he was at length raised to the rank of a marshal of the empire, and never, perhaps, was baton more deservedly bestowed. At the disastrous retreat from Moscow, he was severely wounded: he nevertheless commanded in the campaign of the following year, and distinguished himself at the battle of Dresden. He was left in that city, when Napoleon fell back upon Leipsic, with sixteen thousand troops; but it was shortly after surrounded by the victorious allies, and he was compelled to capitulate. He did not return to France until the first restoration; when he was graciously received by Louis, and raised to the Chamber of Peers.

During the hundred days he retired into the country; and on the king's return, in July, 1815, was presented with the order of St. Louis, and with the portfolio of the war ministry. In September he retired, with Prince Talleyrand, because he would not become a party to the treaty of Paris. He however accepted, in June, 1817, the situation of minister of the marine, and from thence he passed, in September, to the war office; in which situation he succeeded in carrying a law for the recruiting of the army, than which nothing could have been more contrary to good order, or more fatally favourable to democratic principles. This law made it necessary that every person should serve two whole years

* Journal des Opérations, p. 264.

n the ranks before he could obtain a commission. It had of course the effect of filling the corps of officers with persons utterly unfit, from their education and habits, to hold that distinction; and the consequence was, that it banished from among them young men of family, who naturally disliked associating on equal terms with persons not in any respect suited to be their companions. The bill was warmly opposed in both chambers, and especially in the peers, by Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno. That Gouvion St. Cyr, in early life a private soldier, should originate such a law was natural, but its operation has abundantly verified the fears of its opponents.*

In 1819 he warmly opposed the projected change in the law of elections; and when he heard it declared in the council-room, that "a state of things might arise when the allies might re-enter France with their troops," he sent in his resignation, and remained in retirement until his death, which took place in March, 1830. He was buried with military honours in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise.

Throughout the reign of Napoleon, Gouvion St. Cyr was an ill-used and neglected officer. He is, however, everywhere accounted, and especially in Spain, an honourable and upright man, who scorned to violate the humanities of civilized warfare to gratify his master. In 1820 he gave to the world a work, entitled "Journal des Opérations de l'Armée de Catalogne en 1808–9, sous le commandement du Général Gouvion St. Cyr." It furnishes abundant valuable materials for the history of the war in Spain, and as such has been resorted to by Mr Southey, Colonel Napier, and the spirited author of the "Annals of the Peninsular War."

* See the outline of the political history of France since the restoration, in the Quarterly Review, No. lxxxvi.

GROUCHY.

Emanuel Grouchy, a count of the ancient régime, was born at Paris, the 28th of October, 1766. At the breaking out of the revolution he was a sub-lieutenant in the king's body-guard. After hesitating whether he should emigrate or remain in France, he at length decided for the republican service, and was appointed colonel of the Condé regiment of dragoons.

He had scarcely served his first campaign when the decree against persons of noble birth compelled him to leave the army. He retired into the country; but so impatient was he of inactivity, and so attached to the service, that the young count enrolled himself as a private in the national guards, and marched against the royalists of La Vendée. "Though I am not permitted," he said, "to fight at the head of the republican phalanxes, they cannot prevent me from shedding my blood in the cause of the people." He exhibited so much zeal and talent, that the government employed him in the army of the west, and in June, 1795, he was made general of division.

General Hoche having, in 1796, expressed his readiness to head an expedition against Ireland, the Directory gratified him by fitting out a considerable armament at Brest, and Grouchy was appointed second in command. The fleet was dispersed in a storm, and the latter general arrived in Bantry Bay, with only a portion of the armament. Grouchy's conduct upon this occasion, together with the condition of his troops, is thus described by an Irishman who was on board with him and originally planned this extraordinary undertaking against his native country:—

"I am now so near the shore that I can in a man-

ner touch the sides of Bantry Bay with my right and left hand; yet God knows whether I shall ever tread again on Irish ground! I must do Grouchy the justice to say, that the moment we gave our opinion in favour of proceeding, he took his part decidedly, like a man of spirit. We are not more than six thousand five hundred strong, but I have the greatest hopes that we shall bring our enterprise to a glorious termination. All the time we were preparing the *ordre de bataille*, we were laughing most immoderately at the poverty of our means; and I believe, under circumstances, it was the merriest council of war that was ever held. It is altogether an enterprise truly unique. We have not one guinea; we have not a tent; we have not a horse to draw our four pieces of artillery; the general-in-chief marches on foot; we leave all our baggage behind us; we have nothing but the arms in our hands, the clothes on our backs, and a good courage. We are all as gay as larks. Huzza! I apprehend we are to-night six thousand of the most careless fellows in Europe; for everybody is in the most extravagant spirits on the eve of an enterprise which, considering our means, would make many people serious."*

This was written on the 24th of December. On the 27th, the boisterous weather still continuing, Grouchy was reluctantly compelled to steer for France, without attempting a landing.

When, in 1798, the Directory, without any previous declaration of war, sent an army into Piedmont, Grouchy was appointed commander-in-chief. He took possession of the citadel of Turin, the masterpiece of Vauban, without striking a blow; and compelled the king to sign a convention, by which he engaged to retire to Sardinia, and hand over Piedmont, its army, its strong fortresses, and its treasures to the French government.

* Journal of Wolfe Tone, vol. ii. p. 251.

In August, 1799, at the fierce engagement between Moreau and Suwarrow at Novi, Grouchy was seriously wounded and taken prisoner by the Russians. Upon this occasion he was indebted for his life to the attentions of the Grand Duke Constantine, who sent him his physician, and placed his purse and domestics at his disposal. Restored to health at the end of four months' severe suffering, he was exchanged after the battle of Marengo, and passed to the army of the Rhine, under the orders of Moreau; with whom he fought valiantly at Hohenlinden, and was one of those who most contributed to the success of the day.

At the peace of Luneville Grouchy returned to Paris, and was appointed inspector-general of the cavalry. While the proceedings against Moreau were going on, he did not conceal his attachment to that general, and openly condemned the motives which had induced Bonaparte to put him upon his trial. The fidelity with which he adhered to his friend in misfortune interfered with his advancement, and he was for some time employed only on perilous expeditions.

In June, 1807, he commanded the cavalry of the left wing at the battle of Friedland; and upon this occasion, by Napoleon's own confession, he "rendered important services." He was soon after named grand eagle of the Legion of Honour, and successively created count of the empire and commander of the iron crown.

In 1808 he was employed in Spain; and at Madrid, on the terrible 2d of May, when the French troops were ordered by Murat to charge the inhabitants, he had a horse killed under him. In the first moment of irritation, Joachim ordered all the prisoners to be tried by a military commission, of which Grouchy was the president, which condemned them to death; but the municipality represented the extreme cruelty of visiting this angry ebullition on the people with such severity; upon which Murat

forbade any executions on the sentence. But it is said that Grouchy, in whose immediate power the prisoners remained, exclaiming that his own life had been attempted, and that the blood of the French soldiers was not to be spilt with impunity, proceeded to shoot them in the Prado, and that forty were thus slain before Murat could cause his orders to be obeyed.*

On the renewal of hostilities in 1809, he was employed in the army of Italy, and distinguished himself on the plain of Udina and the banks of the Izonzo. He afterward penetrated into Hungary with the viceroy, and displayed undaunted courage at the battle of Raab. He also contributed to the victory at Wagram; and in July was nominated colonel-general of chasseurs and grand officer of the empire. In 1812 he fought at the battle of Borodino, and was wounded; and upon the retreat from Moscow, when the army was totally dispirited, he commanded what was called "the sacred squadron," especially appointed to watch over the safety of the emperor. But, notwithstanding these proofs of courage and attachment, he fell into disgrace with Napoleon, and lived in retirement till the invasion of France in 1814, when we again find him fighting with desperation at Brienne, and wounded at the battle of Craonne.

On the first abdication, Louis XVIII. confirmed Grouchy in his dignities, but incurred his resentment by depriving him of his command of the chasseurs, and bestowing it upon the Duke of Berri. He was, however, created a knight of St. Louis, and in January, 1815, was made a commander of the order; notwithstanding which, on Bonaparte's return from Elba, he hastened to the Tuileries, and was rewarded with three military divisions, and the government of Lyons. On reaching that city, he issued a proclamation calling on the national guard to join "the

* Napier's Peninsular War, vol. i. p. 25.

great military family," and oppose the approach of the Duke of Angoulême.

Having received his long-expected brevet of marshal, he accompanied Napoleon into Belgium. On the 16th of June he commanded the French right wing at the battle of Ligny, and was left with a corps of thirty-two thousand strong to watch the motions of the Prussians. On the 17th he received orders to attack Blucher, and prevent that general from joining Wellington on the plains of Waterloo. While, however, he was engaged with a single division only, Blucher contrived to assist in the pursuit of the French. In the Mémoires dictated to Gourgaud at St. Helena, he has been severely blamed for suffering the Prussians to depart, and Bonaparte has charged both Ney and Grouchy with having lost that energy and enterprising genius by which they had formerly been distinguished, and become timorous and circumspect in all their operations. "This general remark," observes Sir Walter Scott, "is both unjust and ungrateful. Had they lost energy who struggled to the very last in the field of Waterloo, long after the emperor had left it? Was Grouchy undecided in his operations, who brought his own division safe to Paris, in spite of all the obstacles opposed to him by a victorious army three times the amount of his own numbers? Those who fight with a cord around their neck, which was decidedly the case with Grouchy and Ney, must have headed the forlorn hope; and is it consistent with human nature, in such circumstances, to believe that they, whose fortune and safety depended on the victory, personally brave as they are admitted to be, should have loitered in the rear, when their fate was in the balance."*

On the second restoration, Grouchy quitted France, and embarked for the United States of America.

* Life of Bonaparte, vol. viii. p. 499.

JOURDAN.

Jean Baptiste Jourdan, the son of a surgeon at Limoges, was born April 29th, 1762. At sixteen he was enrolled in the regiment at Auxerrois, and served in the American war. At the peace he returned to France, and in 1791 was appointed commandant of the second battalion of Upper Vienne, which he marched to the republican army of the north under Dumouriez; and in 1792 he fought at the battle of Jemappe with General Egalité, the present King of the French.

In 1793 he was raised to the rank of general of division, and in October gained the victory of Wattignies, after an obstinate contest of forty-eight hours. He was then summoned to Paris by the Committee of Public Safety, to confer on ulterior operations. During his stay in the capital he attended the Jacobin Society, and vowed at their tribune, that "the sword which he wore should only be unsheathed to oppose tyrants and defend the rights of the people." But being declared by Barrère unfit for active operations, he was superseded by Pichegru. He however shortly after obtained the command of the army of the Moselle, and in June gained the famous victory of Fleurus, which a second time opened Belgium to the French armies. In 1795 he crossed the Rhine in three different places, and, after a short but brilliant campaign, consented to an armistice; but having, on the renewal of hostilities in the following spring, been defeated by the Archduke Charles near Ratisbon, and compelled to make a hasty retreat, he was recalled, and the command given to Beurnonville.

Jourdan retired to Limoges, and in March, 1797, was nominated, by the department of Upper Vienne,

to the Council of Five Hundred. On entering it, he was warmly received by the republican party, and soon became the avowed opponent of Pichegru, whose rival he had been in the command of the armies. In July he spoke against a project of Camille Jordan, in favour of the Catholic religion, and proposed the celebration of the 10th of August. He supported the measures which led to the revolution of the 18th Fructidor, and on taking the new oath of fidelity to the republic, he added, "I swear it on my sabre." In May, 1798, when the Directory were anxious to annul the elections, which accorded not with their views, he defended those of his own department, and complained of the violence thus offered to the sovereignty of the people. In September, he presented the project of a law for a new mode of recruiting the army by conscription. The measure, which was justly described as a levy en masse of the youth of France, was passed, and soon put into active execution. Jourdan assured the council, that "in agreeing to it, they had decreed the power of the republic to be imperishable."

In November he was appointed to the command of the army of the Danube. While the Congress of Rastadt was yet deliberating, he, in March, 1799, passed the Rhine, attacked the Archduke Charles, and was defeated at Stockach, after several desperate engagements. In April he was superseded by Massena.

The Directory strove to throw the responsibility of these reverses on Jourdan, who, in his turn, exposed the ignorance of his masters in a "Précis des Operations de l'Armée du Danube," which he published at the time. In May he was rechosen a member of the Council of Five Hundred; and in July he suggested this as the form of a new civic oath—"I swear to oppose, with all my might, the restoration of royalty in France, and every other ecies of tyranny."

In September he proposed his memorable resolution "that the country is in danger," which was the signal for a grand effort on the part of the republicans. "Italy under the yoke—the barbarians of the north at our very barriers—Holland invaded—the fleets treacherously given up—Helvetia ravaged—bands of royalists indulging in every excess—the republicans proscribed under the name of terrorists and jacobins!"—such were the principal traits of the gloomy picture which he drew. "One more reverse upon our frontiers," added he, "and the alarm bell of royalty will ring over the whole surface of France." The motion was negatived by 245 votes against 171.

A few days after this decision, Bonaparte unexpectedly returned from Egypt, and the revolution of the 18th Brumaire ensued. As Jourdan took no part in it, he was excluded from the legislative body, and his name enrolled on the proscribed list. Napoleon having stated, at St. Helena, "that Jourdan and others had offered him a military dictatorship," the general has recently thus repelled the charge—"Bonaparte invited me to dine with him on the 16th. On leaving table we had a conversation, which will be published one day, with other documents relative to the 18th Brumaire; it will then be seen, that, if my name was entered a few days afterward in a list of proscription, it was because, foreseeing how the general would abuse the supreme power, I declared I would not lend him my support, unless he would give positive guarantees for public liberty, instead of vague promises. Had I proposed a military dictatorship, I should have been more favourably received."

In July, 1800, Jourdan accepted the situation of Governor of Piedmont. While there, he repressed brigandage, restored order in the finances, and caused justice to be administered in her courts. So satisfied was the King of Sardinia with his conduct,

that, sixteen years afterward, he sent him his portrait splendidly enriched with diamonds.

In 1802 he was called to the council of state, and the succeeding year saw him at the head of the army of Italy. In May, 1804, he was created a marshal, and grand officer of the Legion of Honour; but in 1805, on the breaking out of the war with Austria, he was replaced in his command by Massena. In 1806 he governed Naples under Joseph Bonaparte; and in 1808 he accompanied that personage into Spain, as his major-general, and has been unfairly charged with causing the reverses which the new sovereign so often experienced. Discouraged and disgusted, at the close of 1809 he demanded and obtained his recall.

He was living in the bosom of his family, when Napoleon, in 1812, on setting out upon the Russian expedition, ordered him to return to Spain, in his former capacity of major-general. He conducted the inglorious retreat from Madrid, and assisted at the battle of Vittoria, though the army was under the immediate orders of King Joseph. In the flight which ensued, the marshal had the misfortune to lose his truncheon, which was picked up by the 87th British regiment of the line, and sent to England.

After this, Jourdan remained inactive till 1814, when he was appointed to the command of the 15th military division. On the abdication of Bonaparte, he sent in his adhesion to the provisional government, and was created a knight of St. Louis. When Napoleon returned from Elba, after renewing his vows of fidelity to the king, the marshal retired into the country, and was for some time undecided as to the course he should pursue; but at length he consented to take his seat in the usurper's Chamber of Peers, and was intrusted with the defence of Besançon; where he was one of the first to recognise the authority of Louis, on his return from Ghent. In 1817, he was placed over the 7th military division,

and in the following year admitted among the new peers.

Jourdan is said to have sustained more defeats than any of the other marshals, and, from his capacity for enduring beatings, has been surnamed "the Anvil." On one occasion, Napoleon, at St. Helena, described him as "a poor general;" but at another time, when a sense of justice prevailed over prejudice, he said, "I certainly used that man very ill: he is a true patriot; and that is an answer to many things that have been urged against him."*

In August, 1830, Marshal Count Jourdan sent in his adhesion to the government of Louis Philippe; and the new sovereign of France, as a token of regard for the veteran, under whom, twenty-eight years ago, he had made his military debût at Jemappe, appointed him governor of that noble institution, the Hospital of Invalids.

JUNOT.

Andoche Junot, the son of a small farmer of Bussy-les-Forges, was born October 23d, 1771. At an early period, in consequence of a dispute with his father, he enlisted into the army. Of his military exploits nothing is known until the siege of Toulon, in 1793. While constructing a battery under the enemy's fire, Napoleon, having occasion to prepare a despatch, asked for some one who could use a pen. A young man stepped out, and, leaning on the breastwork, wrote as he dictated. Just as he finished, a shot struck the ground by his side, and the paper was covered by the loose earth thrown up by the ball. "This is lucky," said the soldier, laughing, "I shall

* Las Cases, vol. iv. p. 3.

have no need of sand." The cool gayety of this remark fixed the attention of Bonaparte, and made the fortune of the sergeant. He soon after obtained a commission, and in 1796 was appointed aid-de-camp to his benefactor.

In the campaign of Italy Junot exhibited undaunted courage, and, it is said, unequalled rapacity: the former advanced him to the rank of colonel, the latter enabled him to indulge in his habits of dissipation. In Egypt, too, he served with distinction. At the battle of Nazareth he commanded a body of only three hundred men, with which he engaged and beat off several thousand Turks. In consequence of this gallant affair, he was promoted to the rank of general of brigade. Soon after his return he went into Burgundy to see his relatives and friends. At Montbard, where he received the little education he possessed, he called on his schoolfellows, whom he saluted with great cordiality; but his emotion was much greater when he met with his former preceptor, whom he had imagined to be dead. He threw his arms round the old man's neck, and kissed him. Surprised to receive such testimonies of regard from a stranger, and one so richly habited, the schoolmaster was unable to utter a word. "Do you not know me?" inquired the young officer.—"I have not that honour, sir."—"What! not know the idlest and most dissolute of your scholars?"—"And am I, then, speaking to M. Junot?" asked the old man, with the utmost naïveté. The general laughed heartily, again embraced his tutor, and, on going away, settled on him a small pension.

Into the Legion of Honour Junot, as a matter of course, soon entered; but to the especial favour of Bonaparte he was indebted for the governorship of Paris. Though his income was large, and the sums given to him, from time to time, by Napoleon very considerable, he was always in embarrassed circumstances. He would fire with anger at the most

trifling demand from a creditor, and threaten to liquidate the debt with his sword. He squandered treasures without discernment or taste, and too frequently in gross debauchery. His extortions were excessive, and he gambled high. In 1804 he was superseded by Murat, and sent on an embassy to Lisbon. Having forced the feeble Don John to purchase peace at a high price, he returned to Paris, as if the object of his embassy were finally accomplished, and permanent concord was thenceforth to reign between the two courts.

In 1806 he was appointed chief aid-de-camp to Bonaparte, and was present at the battles of Jena, Eylau, and Friedland. After the peace of Tilsit, being again sent to Portugal, he extorted another large sum from that besotted government, and insisted that every British resident should be arrested, and all British property confiscated. But, long before the result of his demands could be known, Bonaparte had entered into a treaty with the court of Spain for the dismemberment of the kingdom, and Junot received orders once more to invade Portugal at the head of a powerful army, make prisoners of the royal family, and seize the principal towns and fortresses.

Accordingly, in November, 1807, he entered this ill-fated kingdom; and though his first act was a proclamation, in which he expressed the utmost friendship to the nation, his subsequent ones were uniformly of the most diabolical description. On their march to Lisbon his soldiers seized cattle, provisions, money, every thing they could carry away, and these exactions were imbittered by a wanton scorn, and by acts of sacrilege which, to a religious people, seemed peculiarly horrible.

Before Junot had reached the capital the royal family had embarked for the Brazils. His rage at finding that his prey had escaped knew no bounds. He put down the regency, levied oppressive contri-

butions, severely punished all who ventured to speak against his measures, and allayed revolts by the bloodiest executions. Having sent divisions of his troops throughout the country to take possession of the fortresses, the kingdom lay for a time at his feet. Created, for this sad service, Duke of Abrantes, his ambitious aspirings looked to a still higher elevation. He considered the Lusitanian crown as within his reach, and endeavoured to prevail on the nobles and clergy to solicit a king from Napoleon—that king to be, of course, himself.

But he was soon awakened from his dreams of royalty. Desperation was daily urging the people to insurrection, and an English force, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, was advancing to drive him from the country. The battle of Vimiero compelled him to enter into a convention for the evacuation of Portugal; but before he left Lisbon he so continued to plunder, that he declared five ships would be necessary for the conveyance of his baggage; in which were included many valuable pictures, numerous casks of indigo, several excellent studs of horses, sundry manuscripts and curiosities from the national museum, and a vast quantity of specie. To his sore mortification, Junot was compelled to reland and disgorge this booty; but he nevertheless escaped with plunder sufficient to render him affluent for the rest of his days. In September, 1808, he returned to France, followed by the curses of the Portuguese; and from that time until 1812 he remained in complete disgrace.

In the expedition to Russia, Junot commanded the eighth corps; but this time he gathered no laurels. According to the veteran Rapp, "the brave of the brave slumbered amid the sound of the cannon;" and Napoleon, at St. Helena, remarked, that "he was no longer the same man, but committed some great errors, which cost the army dear." On his return from Moscow, he was sent to Venice. That

species of disgrace was, however, almost immediately softened by his appointment as Governor-general of Illyria. But the blow was struck. The frequent incoherences which had been observed for some time past in his behaviour, and which had arisen from domestic cares, from resentment at not having obtained a marshal's staff, and from the excesses in which he had indulged, broke out at last into complete insanity. One day, making his aid-de-camp get into his barouche, to which six horses were harnessed, and which was preceded by a picket of cavalry, he himself, covered with all his decorations, with whip in hand, mounted the box, and rode for several hours from one end of the town of Goritz to the other, in the midst of a crowd of astonished inhabitants. Actions still more deplorable followed; and the unfortunate Junot was sent back to France, where he died, in July, 1813, at his father's residence at Montbard, in consequence of a paroxysm, in which he threw himself out of a window, and broke his thigh.

KLEBER.

Jean Baptiste Kleber, one of the ablest of the revolutionary generals, was born at Strasburg in 1753. In early life he studied architecture in his native city and in Paris; but preferring a military career, he entered as a pupil the school of Munich, and in 1772 obtained a commission in one of the Austrian regiments in the Low Countries.

In 1783, at the end of ten years' service, he was only a lieutenant. In a fit of disgust he applied for leave of absence, and returned to Strasburg, where his relations persuaded him to relinquish the service and resume his former profession. For six years he

was inspector of the public works in Upper Alsace; but on the breaking out of the French Revolution, he quitted the service of Austria to embark in it, and rapidly acquired both rank and reputation.

He had just been named adjutant to one of the battalions of volunteers of the Upper Rhine, when that corps was called to Mentz, where it remained shut up with the garrison which defended it. He distinguished himself on that occasion, proceeded to La Vendée as a general officer, and afterward returned to serve with the army of the Sambre and Meuse; from which the Directory removed him in consequence of his perpetual opposition to General Jourdan, its commander-in-chief.

Thus matters stood when Bonaparte, on his return from Rastadt, in November, 1797, finding Kleber living in obscurity at Chaillot, obtained employment for him in his own army. After this he followed the fortunes of that general, and accompanied him to Egypt. He there behaved with equal talent and bravery, and gained the esteem of the commander-in-chief, who regarded him, next to Desaix, as the best officer in his army, and at the battle of Mount Tabor, by a masterly manœuvre, saved his honour and his life.

When Napoleon determined to hasten back to Europe, he invested Kleber with the command, and forwarded to him a parting letter of instruction, which is one of the most singular pieces that ever proceeded from his pen. "The important station," he said, "that you are going to hold will enable you to display the talents with which nature has endowed you. There is a lively interest excited as to what passes here, and the results to commerce and civilization will be immense; from this epoch mighty revolutions will take their date. Accustomed to view, in the opinion of posterity, the recompense of the toils and troubles of life, I quit Egypt with the deepest regret. I confide to you an army wholly

composed of my children; at all times, and in the midst of the severest trials, they have ever shown me proofs of their attachment. Keep alive this sentiment in their breasts: you owe it to the very great regard I entertain for you, and to the sincere affection I bear towards them."

The trust which had thus unexpectedly devolved on Kleber was any thing but a desirable one. He had but fifteen thousand troops, and the Turks were recruiting their forces in every direction; yet he had no alternative but to hold out until reinforcements reached him from France. He nevertheless defeated the enemy at Damietta; and in March, 1800, obtained a more signal advantage over them near the ruins of Heliopolis. He then returned to reduce Cairo, which had revolted in his absence, and is acknowledged to have acted mercifully towards the unfortunate inhabitants; but his own days were already numbered.

On the 14th of June, 1800, he was walking upon the terrace of his garden, and in conversation with the architect Protain, respecting some improvements which he contemplated for his residence, when a wretched fellah, who had concealed himself in a cistern, left his hiding-place, and handed on his knees a folded paper to the general. The architect had turned his head to the other side of the terrace while Kleber was unfolding the paper. The wretch availed himself of this moment to stab the general with a dagger, which he had kept concealed under his cloak, and repeated the blows until his victim fell. The architect ran up with the measure he held in his hand, but, having also received a wound, was unable to lay hold of the assassin; his cries, however, drew people to the spot, but it was too late—Kleber was expiring.

The fellah was found concealed in the garden. He was interrogated, brought to trial, and condemned to death. He met the punishment of having his

right hand cut off, and of being impaled, with the utmost indifference. Solyman, the name of the assassin, was a youth of about eighteen years of age; he was a native of Damascus, and declared that he had quitted that city by command of the grand vizier, who had intrusted him with the commission of repairing to Egypt, and killing the grand sultan of the French; that for this purpose alone he had performed the journey on foot, and that he had received no other money than what was requisite for the exigencies of the journey. On arriving at Cairo he had gone to perform his devotions in the great mosque, and it was only on the eve of executing his project that he confided it to one of the scherifs. His body was embalmed, and brought by the French savans from Egypt, to be deposited in the Museum of Natural History at Paris.

The remains of Kleber were interred with great pomp, and a monument was raised to his memory. Bonaparte evinced sincere regret at the loss of this excellent officer by so melancholy a catastrophe, and caused a medal to be struck upon the occasion, bearing on one side the bust of Kleber, with the words, "General Kleber, born in 1753, assassinated at Cairo, the 14th of July, 1800;" and on the reverse, "Surnamed, from his stature and intrepidity, the French Hercules. He braved death a thousand times in the field, and fell at Cairo under the dagger of an assassin." Kleber and Desaix were Napoleon's favourite lieutenants. "Both," he said, "possessed great and rare virtues, though their characters were very dissimilar. Kleber's was the talent of nature; Desaix's was entirely the result of education and assiduity. Kleber was an irreparable loss to France: he was a man of the brightest talents and the greatest bravery." On the very day, and at the very hour, when Kleber was assassinated at Cairo, Desaix was killed by a cannon-ball at Marengo.

LANNES.

Jean Lannes, surnamed, for his impetuous valour, the "Orlando" and the "Ajax" of the French camp, was born at Lectoure, in Normandy, the 11th of April, 1769. His father, who was a poor mechanic, intended him for a similar course of life; but when he was about to be bound apprentice to some humble calling, he absconded, and enlisted into the army. On the breaking out of the revolution his corps was employed on the Pyrenean frontier, where his resolute character and fine soldier-like bearing gained him an ascendency among his comrades. In 1795 he had attained the rank of chief of brigade, in which capacity he served under General Lefebvre; but being for some reason broke by an agent of the convention, he returned to Paris.

One of his fearless character was not likely to escape the notice of Bonaparte; he was employed accordingly in the affair of the Sections, and afterward joined the army of Italy. At the victory of Millesimo, in April, 1796, he so distinguished himself that he was made colonel on the field; and at the crossing of the Po, he was the first to throw himself ashore, at the head of some grenadiers. At the bridge of Lodi he was again the first who reached the opposite side; Napoleon himself being the second. Having taken a standard from the enemy, he was about to seize a second, when his horse falling under him, several cuirassiers raised their sabres to cut him down. Lannes sprung on the horse of an Austrian officer, killed the rider, placed himself in the saddle, and fought his way through the cuirassiers. Promotion could not be withheld from such a man: he was made general of brigade, and soon afterward of division.

In the expedition to Egypt Lannes was ever foremost in danger. At Aboukir he fought gallantly, and at Acre he was desperately wounded. He was one of the officers selected to return to France with the commander-in-chief; whom he assisted in overturning the directorial government. He accompanied the First Consul over the Great St. Bernard; and in June, 1800, added to his already numerous laurels at the battle of Montebello, which afterward gave him his title. In describing the desperate conflict he used this significant expression: "Bones crashed in my division like hailstones against windows." He was selected to present to the government the colours taken at Marengo, and he accompanied the presentation with a speech becoming his own frank and generous character.

The next service which Lannes performed for his master was one which should have been intrusted to other hands. He was sent ambassador to Portugal; where his fierce, domineering conduct obtained from the feeble government of that country all that was at that time demanded. On his return, in 1804, he was made a marshal of the empire, and created Duke of Montebello. He was present at the battle of Wertingen, at the taking of Braunau, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at the capture of the fortress of Spandau, at the sanguinary struggle at Pultusk, at Preuss-Eylau, and at Friedland. He was, indeed, the emperor's right hand, ready for any enterprise, and as prodigal of the blood of others as he was of his own.

In 1808 Lannes joined the French army in the Peninsula. In crossing the mountains near Mondragon his horse stumbled, and in attempting to rise fell on him. He was carried to Vittoria in a state of great danger from the shock and the pressure. A large sheep was immediately flayed, and the reeking skin was sown round the marshal's body, while his limbs were wrapped in warm flannels, and some cups of weak tea were given him. He felt immediate

relief, complaining only of the manner in which the skin seemed to attract every part wherewith it was in contact. In the course of ten minutes he was asleep. When he awoke the body was streaming with perspiration; the dangerous symptoms were relieved; and on the fifth day he was able to command at the celebrated battle of Tudela,* in which 40,000 men under Castaños were beaten and dispersed, with the loss of all their ammunition and baggage.

In January, 1809, he arrived before Saragossa, and took the supreme command. The influence of his firm and vigorous character was immediately perceptible. He found the spirit of the French army at a low ebb. They had laboured and fought for fifty days without intermission; famine pinched them, and the place was still unconquered. "Before this business," they exclaimed, "was it ever heard of, that 20,000 men should besiege 50,000!" Scarcely a fourth of the town was won, and they themselves were already exhausted. "We must wait," they said, "for reinforcements, or we shall all perish among these cursed ruins, which will become our tombs."† Lannes, unshaken by these murmurs, and obstinate to conquer, endeavoured to raise their hopes, and he succeeded. A general assault took place; on the 21st of February from twelve to fifteen thousand sickly beings laid down the arms which they were scarcely able to support, and this cruel and memorable siege was finished.

After the fall of Saragossa, Lannes retired to his estate near Paris; but he had not been there many weeks before the war with Austria recalled him to the field. He fought bravely and successfully at Eckmühl; but at Essling, on the 22d of May, a can-

* Mémoires de Larrey, tom. iii. p. 243. That eminent surgeon had learned the remedy from the savages of Newfoundland, who had applied it to some sailors whose boat had been broken to pieces, and themselves dashed by the waves upon their coast.

† Rogniat, Siège de Saragosse.

to acquaint him with what was going on. The burden of their tale was ever the immense risk of his detection. If he could reach Paris all would be well; for there the allies would readily treat with him. To proceed by land was fraught with danger: it was therefore settled that he should go by sea, in a vessel bound for Havre; and as he could not embark at Toulon, it was agreed that the vessel should take him up by night on a solitary part of the coast.

At night-fall, on the 12th of August, he accordingly left his retreat, and hastened to the coast. About the same time, the captain with whom he was to sail quitted his vessel, and proceeded in a boat to the appointed spot. But fortune seemed to delight in persecuting the fugitive. After he and the seamen had vainly sought each other during a considerable portion of the night, the sea began to swell so much as to endanger the frail boat; and the captain, relinquishing all hope of seeing the ex-king, reluctantly returned to his vessel. At length dawn appeared, and the unhappy Murat perceived the ship out at sea. To remain longer on the beach was perilous: he fled into the woods, and for two days remained there without nourishment or rest. His garments were drenched with rain, and he was exhausted with hunger and lassitude. Perceiving a solitary cabin, he knocked, and was welcomed by an old woman to such humble fare as it was in her power to offer. He gave himself out as belonging to the garrison of Toulon—that he had lost his way, and stood in need of refreshment and repose.

While the wretched wanderer was devouring the food which the good woman had prepared for him, the owner of the cabin entered. He was a French soldier from the garrison of Toulon. The old man welcomed him with as much cordiality as his wife had done, but watched him more intently. At last, remembering that he had seen similar features on

certain coin, the truth flashed on him. He arose, not to betray his guest, but to fall at his feet and offer his services in behalf of the exile. The old woman, in her sudden agitation, dropped the kitchen utensil she held in her hand, and followed his example; and Murat, deeply affected, raised, blessed, and embraced them both.

One night, the ever-watchful dame perceived the light of a lantern approaching the cabin. Alarmed for the safety of her guest, she awoke him, concealed him in a hole outside the dwelling, and covered him with vine-branches; she then returned to the bed he had just left, arranged the covering as if no one had lain under it, and was undressing herself, when a loud knock was heard at the door, and in rushed fifty or sixty gendarmes, who, after ransacking the hut, spreading themselves among the vines, and passing several times by his hiding-place, departed to renew the search elsewhere.

This life at last became, as it must have done to a brave man, intolerable; and Murat took the bold resolution of putting to sea. His friends at Toulon were made acquainted with his wishes through the soldier, and hired a skiff to convey him to Corsica. On the evening of the 22d of August, he embarked on a lonely part of the beach, and, attended by three faithful adherents, sailed for that island. The boat was about ten leagues from land when they saw a passing sloop. They made all signals and supplications; but the vessel shot by, nearly running them down. They were now in imminent danger; night was coming on, the wind was rising, the waves swelling, when they saw the post-office packet-vessel for Corsica bearing up. The captain took them on board, and no sooner had they left the skiff than it sunk.

On the 25th of August the vessel anchored in the port of Bastia. Exhausted by sea-sickness and anxiety, Joachim proceeded to the village of Vescovato

and presented himself to M. Colonna-Cecaldi, the mayor of the commune. "I saw at my door," says that gentleman, "a man wrapped in a great-coat, with a black silk bonnet sunk upon his brows, his beard neglected, and with the pantaloons, gaiters, and shoes of a common soldier. What was my astonishment when I discovered that this was Joachim, the splendid King of Naples! I uttered a cry, and fell on my knees."

The reception of Murat by the Corsicans was most hospitable. Some officers of the garrison, indeed, were inclined to deliver him up to the French government; but so devoted were the inhabitants to the relative of their illustrious countryman, that the bare attempt would have led to an insurrection. His entry into Ajaccio was triumphal; the troops on the ramparts huzzaed him, the populace huzzaed him, the authorities gave no symptoms of disapprobation. All was sunshine; the vessels that were to carry him away had their anchors atrip; the populace were dancing before his door. He had officers surrounding him; nay, a little army of two hundred and fifty recruits, however unaccountably permitted to be gathered. But this very triumph seems to have been the direct cause of his ruin. In the evening of this joyous day, one of his officers, on entering his apartment, observed him in great agitation. He started forward, and exclaimed, "What a reception! Heavens, what recollections it brings! Naples and my people were before me. I thought I saw the crowds and heard their shouts of joy. It was just as they always received me in my capital, when I came back from the grand army." After a few minutes' silence, he clasped the officer's hand, and said, "It is done: live or die, it shall be among my people. We shall see Naples—let us begone!" The officer attempted to reason with him, explained the utter want of means,—his whole royal treasury amounting to but 11,000 francs, a diamond epaulette

worth 50,000, and a diamond button worth about 90,000; but all was ineffectual.

His embarkation was fixed for the 28th of September. On that very day, Macirone, who had been on his staff, arrived with the necessary passports from Austria. The conditions were as favourable as he could have desired. He had only to lay aside his kingly title, to promise obedience to the laws, and engage never to leave Austria without the emperor's consent. In return, he might assume the title of count, and retire with his family to any city in Bohemia or Upper Austria. On being congratulated on this fortunate termination to all his anxieties, "No!" he angrily exclaimed, "I will not be the voluntary object of the triumph of Austria. I reject an asylum offered on such conditions. I will never see the queen but on the throne of Naples." At Macirone's request, however, Murat at last gave him a note, acknowledging the receipt of the passports, and expressed his intention "to make use of them for the destination which they appoint." Notwithstanding this, at midnight, the little fleet which bore Joachim and his fortunes sailed for the conquest of his kingdom. The garrison of Ajaccio, aware of his design, might have frustrated it; but he was so popular among the soldiers, that not a shot was fired after him until the six vessels were beyond the range of the guns. The naval commander of the expedition was one Barbara, who owed every thing to the exking, and who was, in consequence, considered worthy of implicit confidence. The voyage was from the beginning ill-omened. The little squadron was retarded by contrary winds, and did not arrive in sight of Calabria before the evening of October the 6th. That night the vessels were dispersed in a heavy gale, and at daybreak the king's bark was the only one which stood off the coast; but in the course of the morning it was joined by another, and not long after by a third. When night came on, one of the

three captains slipped away, and sailed back to Corsica with fifty of the best soldiers.

Finding at daylight that this vessel was missing, his few faithful followers implored Murat to sail for Trieste, and claim the hospitality of the Austrians. To their great joy he assented; ordered a bag containing five hundred copies of the proclamation he had intended for the Neapolitans to be thrown into the sea, and directed Barbara to steer for the Adriatic. The latter objected his want of water and provisions for so long a voyage, and offered to procure them at Pizzo, which was then in sight. This was assented to; but just as he was departing, he requested to be furnished with the Austrian passports, in case the authorities should attempt to detain him. Murat, surprised at this strange request, refused. The captain declared, that without them he would not go on shore. This refusal irritated the unfortunate king to phrensy. Turning to his officers, he exclaimed, "I am not obeyed: then, since necessity forces me to land, I will go on shore myself, with you at my side." He ordered them all to put on their full uniform. To one who excused his appearing in plain clothes, on the ground that he had no others, he said, sternly, "It is not to follow me into danger that people embark in plain clothes."

The vessel had by this time come up to Pizzo. As she touched the beach, the officers were about to land, when Joachim gallantly stopped them with "I must be the first on shore!" and he sprung from the side, followed by twenty-eight soldiers and three domestics. This was at noonday on the 8th of October. Some mariners, recognising him, shouted, "Long live King Joachim!" The peasantry soon joined the townspeople; and Murat, anxious to make an impression, marched rapidly at the head of his little band towards the principal square, where the soldiers of the district were then assembled to exercise. Considering this a fortunate circumstance, he

boldly approached them, while his followers unfurled his standard, shouting, "Joachim for ever!" But the cry was repeated only by a few peasants. The soldiers readily recognised his person, but preserved an obstinate silence.

One would have thought this sufficient. Joachim, however, continued his course to Monte-Leone, the capital of the province. The road to it from Pizzo is rugged, precipitous, and difficult; and the little party had not made much progress before they were pursued by one Trenta-Capella, a captain of gens-d'armes, at the head of a number of his men. Murat, still in the hope of making a favourable impression, advanced towards his assailants, and hailed them; the only answer was a shower of balls. He enjoined his companions not to return the fire. "I would not," he said, "have my landing cost the blood of one of my people."

Joachim's situation was now become desperate. He saw that his only chance of safety was by reaching the sea; and, leaping from rock to rock, from precipice to precipice, while the shot whistled around him, he at length reached the beach. But there a new misfortune awaited him: the vessel from which he had disembarked was gone! Barbara, who had absolutely compelled him to land, had now abandoned him. A fishing-boat lay on the beach: he endeavoured to push it off, but it was fast. Some of his companions now joined him; but before they could get into the boat, all were surrounded by the infuriate mob. Every musket was levelled at the king, who strangely escaped them all. Seeing that the struggle was hopeless, holding out his sword to the populace, he said, "People of Pizzo, take this sword, which has often been drawn at the head of armies, but spare the lives of the brave men around me." But he spoke to the deaf: the fire became thicker and thicker, and in a few moments almost every one near him was killed or wounded. The

crowd at length rushed upon Murat, and he and the wounded were dragged to the town, and huddled together in the common prison. Here Trenta-Capella stripped the fallen monarch of his purse, his diamonds, his letters of credit, his passports, and, more disastrous than all, a single copy of the proclamation, which he had taken from one of his officers, and had imprudently forgotten to destroy.

Joachim spent a few hours amid his companions, most of whom were wounded, in a manner highly honourable to his heart, labouring to console them, as if he had no sorrows of his own. But he was soon removed from the common room into one more suited to his past dignity, and was there waited on by General Murziante, commandant of the Calabrias, whose duty it was to interrogate him as to his disembarkation. The conduct of this officer was honourable and delicate; he knew how to combine fidelity to his master with a deep sympathy for the fallen. The ex-king's first occupation was to write to his wife, and to the Austrian and English ambassadors then at Naples, to interest them in his behalf; but these letters were detained by the Neapolitan government until the writer was no more.

General Murziante's duty was now about to become more painful. On the 11th, at dinner, he seemed embarrassed, and suddenly said, "There has been a telegraphic despatch; the words were, 'You will consign to —,' then it broke off." He probably meant to prepare his prisoner; but Murat appeared to feel no apprehension. After dinner on the following day, he threw himself on his bed, and, desiring one of his officers to read passages of Metastasio, slept quietly. At midnight the fatal order came, directing Murziante to appoint a military commission to try *General* Murat as an enemy to the public peace, and to allow him no more than half an hour to receive the succours of religion.

A commission, consisting of one adjutant-general,

one colonel-commandant, two lieutenant-colonels, two captains, and two lieutenants, was instantly appointed. Not one of them was competent, under the existing law of Naples, to sit in judgment on an officer of the rank conceded to "General" Murat; nor is it much to their credit that seven out of the eight had been indebted for their commissions to him of whose destruction they were about to be the instruments.

On leaving his bedroom on the morning of the 13th, the captain of the guard announced to the exking that he was to be brought before the commission, already assembled in an adjoining apartment, to answer for the motives of his descent on the Calabrias. Murat addressed him firmly: "Captain, tell your president that I refuse to appear before his tribunal." One of the officers, Starage, a Sicilian, who had been named his advocate for the trial, then came forward, and said, with tears in his eyes, "I am appointed to defend your majesty, and before what judges—"—"They are no judges of mine," replied the king, "they are my subjects. You cannot save my life, but you will allow me to save the royal dignity. The end in view is not justice, but condemnation. You must not say a syllable in my defence: this I command you." But remonstrances and protests were vain: the commission sat, and proceeded.

In this last painful scene Murat behaved with more dignity than might have been expected. When, according to usage, the secretary of the commission entered, to inquire his name, age, and family, he hastily cut short the vain formula: "I am Joachim-Napoleon, King of the Two Sicilies;—begone, sir." He afterward conversed with perfect calmness, and entered into a statement of his conduct. "I own," he said, "that I thought Ferdinand more humane and high-minded. I should have acted very differently had our situations been reversed. I entered Naples the possessor of twelve millions of francs; and after

non-shot carried away the whole of his right leg and the foot and ankle of the left. Napoleon was deeply affected at the intelligence, and ordered him to be conveyed to a retired spot. With his face bathed in tears he embraced his dying friend. Exhausted by the great loss of blood, Lannes said to him, in broken accents, "Farewell, sire; be watchful of a life which is dear to all, and bestow a passing thought upon one of your best friends, who in two hours will be no more." He lingered, however, for nine days, and became delirious. He would not hear of death, and on being told that nothing could save him, he exclaimed, "Not save a marshal of France and a duke of Montebello! Then the emperor shall hang you." He was constantly calling for Napoleon, who paid him a visit daily, and around whom he twined himself with all he had left of life.

In Lannes, courage at first predominated over judgment; but the latter was every day gaining ground, and approaching the equilibrium. "I found him a dwarf," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "and lost him a giant." He had been in fifty-four pitched battles, and in about three hundred combats of various kinds. He was cool in the midst of fire, and possessed of a clear, penetrating eye, ready to take advantage of any opportunity which might present itself. Violent and hasty in his expressions, sometimes even in Bonaparte's presence, he was ardently attached to him; and when the growing grandeur of the latter demanded sacrifices on the part of old companions in arms, there was no change in the blunt frankness of Lannes, who still dared to tell his master the truth without disguise.

Careless of to-morrow, prodigal of his gold as of his blood, he gave away a great deal to poor officers, and to his soldiers, whom he loved as children. When he wanted money, which often happened, he went frankly and simply to the Tuileries, and asked it of Napoleon, who rarely refused him.

The emperor, on his marriage, appointed the Dutchess of Montebello to be lady of honour to Maria Louisa; and the appointment was one of those happy selections which excited universal approbation. His eldest son, the present duke, was recently married at Paris, to Ellen, the daughter of Charles Jenkinson, Esq., the bride being given away by the British ambassador, Lord Stuart de Rothsay.

LEFEBVRE.

François-Joseph Lefebvre was born of humble parents at Ruffach, in the department of the Upper Rhone, the 25th of October, 1755. At the age of eighteen he entered as a private in the Guards. In 1788 he was made a sergeant in the company of Vaugirard, and in 1792 captain of light-infantry. Upon two occasions he interposed in behalf of the unfortunate royal family, threatened by a ruffianly mob, and on both he was wounded. In September, 1793, he was raised to the rank of adjutant-general, and became general of brigade in December, and general of division in the month following.

In Germany and in the Netherlands he fought under Pichegru, Moreau, Hoche, and Jourdan, and on every occasion with distinction. He commanded at the battle of Fleurus, and at the first passage of the Rhine. He distinguished himself at the victory of Altenkirchen; and at Stockach, with only eight thousand men, he sustained for many hours the attacks of thirty thousand Austrians, nor did he give way until he was severely wounded. But bravery was not Lefebvre's sole merit. He possessed great presence of mind and promptitude of decision, and was an excellent tactician. He was also a disinterested man, and a stranger to the extortion then

so unblushingly practised by many of his fellow-officers. In 1796 he was so poor that he could not bestow on his son a college education; and after the peace in 1799, he wrote thus to the Directory—"The definitive conclusion of peace will enable the country to dispense with my services. I beg you to assign me a pension, that I may live in comfort. I want neither carriage nor horse, but bread only. You know my services as well as I do. I shall not reckon up my victories, and I have no defeats to account."

At the period of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, Lefebvre was commandant of the guards of the legislative bodies, and supposed to be devoted to the Directory; but, on the morning of that day, he attended the meeting of officers at Bonaparte's private residence, and declared his adhesion to the general, who thereupon named him his lieutenant. He was present at the stormy meeting of the Council of Five Hundred at St. Cloud, and assisted in the rescue of Lucien Bonaparte. For his devotion on that memorable day he was appointed to the command of the seventeenth military division.

In May, 1804, the dignity of marshal of the empire was conferred on him. He made the campaign of the following year, and in 1806, though more than fifty years of age, he commanded on foot the Guards at Jena. In 1807 he was sent, with sixteen thousand men, to invest Dantzic, which was garrisoned by twenty-one thousand regulars, exclusive of a numerous militia. The place was strong by nature, and rendered still more so by art; and not many days after the trenches were opened, twelve thousand Russians arrived to reinforce the garrison. The besiegers were thus compelled to divide their forces, to avoid being placed between two fires. In an action with the Russians, on the 15th of May, Lefebvre must have been worsted, had not Lannes and Oudinot advanced to support him. In fact, the whole

siege was of the same character: the fortress was defended with great obstinacy. One day the besieged made a desperate sally, and took possession of a redoubt, which it was of vast importance to the French to regain. The marshal thereupon hastened to that part of the field, placed himself at the head of his grenadiers, saying, "Now for our turn, my children!" and rushed to the attack. As the balls showered like hailstones around him, his brave followers wished to protect him, by forming a rampart of their own bodies. "No! let me fight as you do!" was his reply as he led them on. The redoubt was retaken; and when at length it was evident that the place could no longer hold out, with the generosity belonging to his character, he wished Lannes and Oudinot, who had so opportunely assisted him on the 15th, to be present at the capitulation, and enter with him. They were, however, too high-minded to divide his triumph; and, to end the noble contest, they both repassed the Vistula. On the 24th the city capitulated, and, four days after, Napoleon conferred on Lefebvre the title of Duke of Dantzic.

In 1808 he joined the French armies in Spain, and was placed at the head of the fifth corps. He had been directed to keep the Spaniards in check until the emperor should arrive; but his flanks being grievously annoyed by the enemy, he successfully attacked them on the last day of October, and on the following morning entered Bilboa. Napoleon, however, on his arrival in Spain, was displeased at finding that the campaign had been opened, as it interfered with his plan of operations.

In the German campaign of 1809, at Thaun, at Abersberg, at Eckmühl, at Wagram, and among the dangerous passes of the Tyrol, he maintained the honour of the French arms. In the expedition to Russia, he commanded the old Guard, but was seldom called into action; and in the campaigns of 1813

and 1814 he faithfully adhered to the declining fortunes of his master. The chances of war having collected the remnants of the French army on the national territory, the marshal commanded the left wing, and fought at Montmirail, Arcis-sur-Aube, and Champ-Aubert, where he had a horse shot under him.

After Napoleon's abdication he returned to Paris, and was appointed a knight of St. Louis, and peer of France. On his old chief's return from Elba, he accepted a seat in his Chamber of Peers, but took no part in the discussions. After Louis's second restoration, he was comprised in the law of exclusion; but in 1816 he was confirmed in his rank of marshal, and received his truncheon from the king's hand. In 1819 he was recalled to the Upper Chamber; upon which occasion his eulogium was pronounced by the Duke of Albufera.

He died at Paris on the 14th of September, 1820, at the age of sixty-five, leaving no children. To his eminent qualities as a soldier he united many of the virtues of the citizen, a simplicity of manners which never left him, a noble disinterestedness, and great modesty; the Marshal Duke of Dantzic at Montmirail was the General Lefebvre of Fleurus. In early life he married a servant girl, who appears to have made him an excellent wife; but as her education had been entirely neglected, many ridiculous stories concerning the dutchess were current in the drawing-rooms of Paris.

Going one day, with Madame Lannes, the first Dutchess of Montebello, to pay a visit to the Empress Josephine, she was informed that her majesty could not see any one. "How! how! not see any one!" she exclaimed; "inform her that it is Lefebvre's wife, and *la celle à Lannes*." The good people of Paris were for a long time diverted with "*la selle à l'âne*."

The following anecdote, related of her by Las

Cases, bespeaks not only her goodness of heart but delicacy. At the time that her husband was a private in the Guards, Madame Lefebvre had served in a domestic capacity in the family of the Marquis de Valaday. One day she called upon the marchioness, and, in her usual strain, said, "How little generosity there is among you folks of quality! We, who have risen from the ranks, know our duty better. We have just heard that M——, one of our old officers, has returned from emigration, and is starving from want. Now, we were fearful of offending him by offering him assistance; but the case is quite different with you. An act of service on your part will be gratifying to him; so pray give him this as coming from yourself." With these words she presented to her friend a rouleau of a hundred louis.

The dutchess was devotedly attached to her husband, who left her in circumstances limited—and therefore creditable to his integrity. The sale of her jewels enabled her to defray the expenses of the magnificent monument, designed by M. Prevost, the architect of the Chamber of Peers, which she has erected to his memory in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise.

LOISON.

Oliver Loison was a native of Domvillers, but the year of his birth, as well as his early history, is unknown. All that appears certain is, that his father was an attorney, that he embraced the military profession on the breaking out of the French Revolution, that he began his career as a private in the Guards, and that he was among the first of those, in that disgraced regiment, who deserted their king, and joined the standard of revolt.

On the formation of the National Guards at Paris, he solicited Lafayette to be nominated an officer; but as he could neither write nor read, the request was not complied with, and he became, in revenge, the accuser of the general at the Jacobin Club.* On the 10th of August, 1792, he was one of the leaders of the mob which attacked the Tuileries, and received a bayonet wound in his side. As soon as he recovered he obtained from Robespierre the command of a battalion, and was sent to serve in the army of the Ardennes. In 1795 he became general of brigade, and assisted Bonaparte in the affair of the Sections,—a service which was not forgotten. After this he remained for some time inactive, until he joined the army under Massena, in Switzerland. By that able commander he was made general of division, and he certainly justified the promotion by a series of useful services.

In 1800 Bonaparte sent Loison to organize a division of the army of reserve assembled at Dijon; but at the battle of Marengo he wanted either talent or opportunity to distinguish himself, and got into disfavour with the First Consul. On the establishment of the imperial government, he received the cross of the Legion of Honour, and the post of governor of St. Cloud. He behaved so well in the campaign of 1805, that soon after he was placed in the government of the provinces of Munster and Osnabruck, where he remained for two years, and is supposed to have greatly enriched himself.

In 1808 he served under Junot in the unprincipled invasion of Portugal. His march from Almeida to Abrantes was accompanied by pillage, flames, and slaughter. His conduct at Evora was marked by deliberate and sportive cruelty, of the most flagitious kind. The convents and churches afforded no asylum. Not those who had borne arms alone, but

* Gazette de Paris, July 20, 1792.

children and old men were massacred, and women were violated and put to death. The clergy and all inhabitants of monasteries were especial objects of vengeance; they were literally hunted from their hiding-places like wild beasts: eight-and-thirty were butchered, and among them was the Bishop of Maranham. The Archbishop of Evora's intercession with Loison obtained only a promise that a stop should be put to these enormities; no attempt to restrain them was made till the following morning, and then, by an order of the general, what he called "the lawful pillage" was declared to be at an end; but no means for enforcing it were taken, and the soldiers continued their abominations until every place had been ransacked, and their worst passions glutted.*

Loison promised the archbishop that his property should not be touched; but after this promise, he, with some of his officers, entered the episcopal library, took down the books, in the hope of discovering valuables behind them, broke off the gold and silver clasps, and, in their disappointment at finding so little plunder, tore in pieces a whole pile of manuscripts. They took every gold and silver coin from his cabinet of medals, and every jewel and bit of the precious metals with which the relics were adorned. Loison was even seen, in noonday, to take the archbishop's ring from the table and pocket it. These circumstances are stated by Mr. Southey, on the authority of the archbishop himself.† In such detestation was Loison held by the Portuguese, that he was scarcely safe from their vengeance when surrounded by his troops. "The execrations," says Colonel Napier, "poured forth at the mere mention of 'the bloody Maneta,' as, from the loss of his hand, he was called, proves that he must have committed many heinous acts."‡

* Observador Portuguez, 387. † Southey, vol. ii. p. 147.
‡ Napier, vol. i. p. 167.

In 1813 we find the man by whom the massacre at Evora was committed putting into execution the orders of the cruel Davoust at Hamburgh. At the period of Napoleon's abdication, in 1814, he was serving under Soult, and with that marshal gave in his adhesion to Louis; by whom he was placed over the fifth military division. He is supposed to have been deeply engaged in the plot for the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and during the hundred days he served his old master zealously. After the overthrow at Waterloo, he fled to Liege, in the vicinity of which place he possessed a valuable estate, where in 1816, he died.

MACDONALD.

Etienne-Jacques-Joseph-Alexandre Macdonald was born at Sancerre, in the department of the Cher, on the 17th November, 1765. He is the son of a gentleman of the family of Clanronald, who, in 1745, was one of the first to join the standard of Prince Charles Edward, and after the battle of Culloden fled to France. After receiving a liberal education, young Macdonald entered the regiment of Dillon, composed chiefly of Scotch and Irish in the French service.

On the breaking out of the revolution, he declared in favour of the new order of things, but without participating in its excesses. For the zeal and talent shown by him at the battle of Jemappe, he was made colonel, and began to be known beyond the ranks of the French army. He was present at most of the actions fought in the Low Countries. He led the van of the army of the north, under the orders of Pichegru; and one of the most extraordinary deeds of the memorable winter campaign of 1794 was

his passage of the Waal on the ice, under a terrible fire from the batteries of Nimeguen. Made general of brigade in consequence of this gallant exploit, he commanded, in 1796, at Cologne and Dusseldorff, and was shortly after sent, successively, to the army of the Rhine and of Italy.

The French having, in 1798, conquered Rome and the States of the Church, Macdonald was appointed governor. He endeavoured to restore tranquillity in a city which had long been the theatre of strife between the partisans of the old and new orders of things; and in this capacity, like a soldier of fortune, he showed great zeal in executing the order of his employers. Having, at Frosinone, met with a desperate resistance from the insurgents, who made a great havoc of his men from the windows and tops of houses, he, as a last effort, gave directions to set fire to the town, and massacre the armed inhabitants. He published also two decrees, by the first of which every individual who stood convicted of causing the recent insurrection was sentenced to death; and, by the second, all the members of the Company of the Faith of Jesus were to be tried by a court-martial. Upon the approach of Mack, he found it necessary to abandon the Eternal City, but returned to it on the defeat of that general. He once more left it, to carry into effect the iniquitous designs of his government on the kingdom of Naples; but he was ere long driven out of Italy by Suwarrow. He, however, by a masterly retreat, succeeded in leading his army safely into France.

At the period of the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, Macdonald, who commanded at Versailles, rendered considerable service to Bonaparte. For this he was, in 1800, raised to the command of the army of the Grisons; and the following extract from a letter written by him from Trent, in January, 1801, to General Regnier, then in Egypt, well depicts the state of the public mind at this time:

"As I was crossing the snow-capped mountains of the highest Alps, I received with inexpressible delight, my dear Regnier, your letter. Since you left us, we have had to bewail the capriciousness of dame Fortune, and have been everywhere defeated, owing to the pusillanimity of the old tyrannical Directory. Bonaparte at last made his appearance, upset that presumptuous government, seized the reins, and now directs with a steady hand the car of the Revolution to that goal which all honest men wished it to reach. Unappalled at the pressure of the burden, this extraordinary man reforms the armies, calls back the proscribed citizens, throws open the prisons in which innocence was left to groan, abolishes the revolutionary laws, restores public confidence, extends his protection to industry, gives life to commerce; and the republic, triumphant by his arms, assumes at the present day that first rank in the scale which Providence has assigned to her. I am, my dear Regnier, as great a stranger to adulation as to flattery. I condemn what is wrong, with no less candour than I praise what is right; I am not the trumpeter of Bonaparte, but merely pay homage to truth. I deeply regret the loss of our poor Kleber: he was, like yourself, a great enthusiast for your expedition."

In March, 1802, he accepted the embassy to Copenhagen, and did not return till the following year, when he was made grand officer of the Legion of Honour. Shortly after, his favour with the First Consul ceased. He had the honesty to reprobate, in no measured terms, the conduct pursued towards his companion in arms Moreau; and interested persons took care that his language should be repeated to Napoleon. Macdonald no longer showed himself at court, and his innate pride of heart prevented his taking any step to be reconciled to a sovereign who did not treat him with that kindness to which he felt he had a claim. Years of glory passed by, and he

took no share in what was going forward, until the situation of affairs in 1809 decided the emperor to give him the command of a corps under the orders of Eugene Beauharnais.

He penetrated into Styria, compelled the Austrian general, Meerfeldt, to capitulate at Laybach, contributed to the victory of Raab, and at Wagram on the 6th of July forced the enemy's centre, though defended by two hundred pieces of cannon. At two in the day, he had lost fourteen thousand men out of the eighteen thousand who had gone into action. On the following morning, after surveying the field of battle, Napoleon went to place himself in the midst of the troops about to pursue the retreating enemy. On passing by Macdonald, he stopped and held out his hand to him, saying, "Shake hands, Macdonald—no more animosity between us—we must henceforth be friends; and, as a pledge of my sincerity, I will send you your marshal's staff, which you so gloriously earned in yesterday's battle." The general, pressing the emperor's hand affectionately, exclaimed, "Ah, sire! with us it is henceforth for life and for death."

The new marshal was next intrusted with the government of Gratz; in which situation he not only preserved strict discipline among the troops, but so won the esteem of the inhabitants, that, on his leaving them, they presented him 100,000 francs, as well as a valuable box of jewels, intended as a wedding present for one of his daughters. He nobly refused both. "Gentlemen," said he to the deputation, "if you consider yourselves under any obligation to me, the only way to repay it is to take care of the three hundred sick soldiers whom I am compelled to leave behind me."

On his return to Paris he was created Duke of Tarentum, and in April, 1810, was sent into Catalonia, to take the command of the corps of Augereau, who, having recently fallen under Napoleon's dis-

pleasure, had been recalled. The system pursued by Macdonald was worthy of his high reputation. Sparing of the blood of his soldiers, he avoided engagements which, though almost certain of being crowned with success, could have no influence on the ultimate result of the war. "He endeavoured to conciliate the good-will of the inhabitants, and substituted a system of mercy and mildness for one of bloodthirsty vengeance."*

In 1812 the marshal commanded the tenth corps in the expedition to Russia; and the campaign of Saxony, in the following year, again found him at the post of danger and honour. He fought gallantly at Bautzen and Lutzen; but the most signal of his services was rendered at Leipsic. After withstanding the assaults of the enemy for two days, in the midst of the unforeseen difficulties caused by the Saxon defection, on him devolved the perilous duty of protecting the French rear during the retreat. When the time for blowing up the bridge arrived, the crowd of men, urging each other on to the point of safety, could not at once be stopped. "Soldiers and horses, cannons and wains, rolled headlong into the deep though narrow river. Macdonald swam the stream in safety; but the gallant Poniatowski, the hope and pride of Poland, having been twice wounded ere he plunged his horse into the current, sunk to rise no more."†

The Duke of Tarentum adhered faithfully to the emperor's fortunes up to the period of his abdication. At Troyes, on the 30th of March, he gave to Berthier this striking opinion—"It is too late to relieve Paris, at least by the route we follow. I am of opinion, that if the capital fall under the power of the enemy, the emperor should direct his march on Sens, in order to retreat upon Augereau, and give the enemy

* Annals of the Peninsular War, vol. iii. p. 13.
† See Napoleon Bonaparte, vol. ii.—*Family Library*, No. V.

battle on a chosen field. If Providence has then decreed our last hour, we shall at least die with honour, instead of being taken and slaughtered by the Cossacks." He warmly exerted himself to procure from the allies favourable terms for the fallen chief and his family. In a private interview at Fontainbleau, Bonaparte expressed himself greatly satisfied with his conduct, regretted he had not known his value earlier, and proposed that he should accept a parting gift. "It is only," he said, anticipating the marshal's objections, "the present of a soldier to a comrade." And it was indeed chosen with great delicacy; for it was the beautiful Turkish sabre which Napoleon had himself received from Ibrahim Bey while in Egypt.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, the Duke of Tarentum was nominated a peer of France. He proposed in the Chamber, that the emigrants whose possessions had passed into private hands should be indemnified by the formation of a fund, and he calculated that twelve millions of livres annually would pay off all just claims. He also proposed that the grants to Napoleon's veterans, who had been reduced to distress by the discontinuance of their pensions, bought with their blood in so many battles, should be held inviolate, and that three millions more of livres should be set apart to discharge this sacred obligation. There was wisdom, manliness, and generosity in these suggestions. Both were rejected, but with Macdonald rests the praise of having, at this early date, proposed measures which might have conciliated two powerful and discontented parties, and probably prevented the disasters which have since taken place.

On Bonaparte's escape from Elba, Macdonald, though solicited to accept a command, continued faithful to the royal cause. He proceeded to Lyons to join Monsieur in repelling the invader, but soon found that the troops were resolved to desert their

standards. He harangued them, but to no purpose. No sooner did they hear the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" raised by the advance-guard of Napoleon's little band than they flew into the arms of their ancient comrades. He was forced to retire, and would have been taken prisoner by his own troops, had not some of them, more honourable than the rest, insisted on his escape being unobstructed. He thereupon returned to Paris, where he once more hoped to make a stand; but, on Bonaparte's approach, being again abandoned, he accompanied the fugitive Louis to the frontiers.

In 1816 the duke succeeded M. de Pradt as chancellor of the Legion of Honour. He was also soon after appointed governor of the twenty-first military division, and major-general of the royal guard. A few years afterward he passed some time in England, visited the localities of Charles Edward's campaign in Scotland, and showed much kindness to his relatives in the Highlands and Hebrides, most of whom he found in humble circumstances.

On the abdication of Charles X. he lost no time in giving in his adhesion to Louis Philippe. The Duke has been twice married, and has had three daughters. The eldest married Regnier, Duke of Massa; the second, Count Perregaud, the son of the eminent banker.

MARMONT.

Augustus-Frederic-Louis Viesse de Marmont was born of a noble family at Chatillon-sur-Seine, the 20th of July, 1774. His father, who had himself served long and honourably, intending him from his infancy for the army, bestowed on him a suitable education. At the age of fifteen young Marmont was

attached as sub-lieutenant to a regiment of infantry; but this arm of the service presenting too limited a career to his ambition, he, in January, 1792, quitted it for the artillery.

At the siege of Toulon he attracted the notice of Bonaparte; and when that general was, in 1795, invested with the command of the army of the interior, Marmont, who had been serving on the Rhine, repaired to Paris, and was appointed his aid-de-camp. In 1796 he accompanied Napoleon to Italy, and at the battle of Lodi carried away, at the head of a detachment of cavalry, the first piece of cannon taken from the enemy. For this exploit, in which he had a horse killed under him, he received a sabre of honour. He also distinguished himself at Castiglione; and at the desperate battle of St. George, at the head of the 8th battalion of grenadiers, he greatly contributed to the success of the day.

So satisfied was Bonaparte with his conduct, that he selected him to proceed to Paris to present to the Directory the standards captured from the Austrians on that memorable occasion. The ceremony took place, with great form and solemnity, on the 1st of October, when Marmont, in an appropriate address, detailed the recent triumphs of the French in Italy. They had, he observed, in the course of the campaign, taken forty-seven thousand men, two hundred and eighty pieces of cannon, and forty-nine stand of colours. Having executed his mission, he returned to Italy, and commanded the corps of cavalry which, in February, 1797, defeated Colli, and took possession of Loretto.

On the peace of Campo Formio, in October following, he returned to Paris, and married the only daughter of M. Perregaud, the wealthy banker—a match which was arranged under the immediate influence of Bonaparte. He had not, however, been many weeks a husband before he was compelled to leave his youthful bride, and accompany the com-

mander-in-chief to Egypt. On the expedition appearing before Malta, he was the first man to disembark, within cannon-shot of the place. The besieged having made a sortie, Marmont, at the head of his troops, took the standard of the order, and for so doing was immediately made general of brigade.

At the siege of Alexandria he commanded the 4th demi-brigade. When Bonaparte proceeded to Syria, the defence of the town was confided to him; but so anxious was he to be about the person of the commander-in-chief, that he considered the position as a species of disgrace. "I with difficulty," he wrote, "reconcile myself to live absent from my friends, and for an age I have not beheld that family where I had contracted friendships so dear to me. I do not presume that my destiny will soon call me among you, happy in the belief that you all still think of me. The bombardment gives us some distraction in the midst of my vexations, but does not remove them. The general is become harsh towards me." The following letter, written also from Alexandria, does credit to the heart of the young soldier. "I have received letters from my poor Hortensia. She grieves and expects me with impatience. May Heaven grant, my friend, that I may soon be able honourably to see her again! No sentiment of frivolity inspires my eager desire of returning to France, but a prudent calculation which makes me dread misfortunes that to me would be irreparable. Domestic happiness, the peace of a family circle, mutual confidence—these are the only objects worth envying. These blessings I still possess, but risk losing them; and General Bonaparte, under whose auspices the union took place, ought to endeavour to render it happy."*

Marmont was one of the favoured officers selected

* De Bourrienne, tom. ii. p. 296.

by Bonaparte to return with him to Europe. After the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, he was made counsellor of state, and promoted to the chief command of the artillery of the army of reserve. In the arduous passage of Mount St. Bernard, as well as in the affair of St. Barb, he greatly distinguished himself: at Marengo he directed the artillery, which he caused to advance within musket-shot of the enemy's line. At the end of this brilliant campaign he was made general of division, negotiated the armistice of Castel-Franco, and returned to France on the conclusion of peace.

Placed at the head of the artillery, as inspector-general, Marmont introduced many useful ameliorations into the service. On the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, in 1803, he was sent to command the French troops in Holland; and, at their head, he assisted in the capture of Ulm, and effected the conquest of Styria. After this, he was ordered to Dalmatia, during the siege of Ragusa; and, left in the country with a handful of men worn down with misery and disease, he gained, with six thousand troops, the battle of Castel-Nuovo, against seven thousand Russians and ten thousand Montenegrins.

After the treaty of Tilsit, he remained in Dalmatia till the opening of the campaign in 1809; and during the interval of peace he employed his men in constructing seventy leagues of road across the marshes and mountains,—an undertaking not less beneficial to the country, the face of which it changed, than it was serviceable to the French, whose military operations it afterward materially facilitated. In the ensuing campaign he fought at Wagram; and for his gallant conduct at Znaim he was made a marshal on the field of battle, and shortly after Duke of Ragusa. He was next appointed governor of the Illyrian provinces, and, during a residence of eighteen months, he rendered himself dear to the

inhabitants by the benevolent character of his administration.

From Illyria, the Duke of Ragusa was called, in 1811, to replace Massena in the command of the army of Portugal. On assuming it, he found the troops in a deplorable condition; but, by his steady conduct, he succeeded in correcting the disorders which prevailed. He then effected a junction with the army of Soult, and their combined forces marched to relieve Badajos, at that time besieged by Lord Wellington. The English general was not sufficiently strong to oppose them, and retreated towards Salamanca, Marmont following him. For a time they watched each other, neither being willing to strike the first blow. The two armies were now drawn up near Salamanca, on opposite rising grounds, the French having their left, and the allies their right, each upon one of two remarkably rocky points called the Arapoles. Here Marmont, who, confident in his superior numbers, was determined to bring the allies to action, extended his left, in order to turn the right of their position, and interpose between them and Ciudad Rodrigo. Lord Wellington was at dinner in his tent when he was informed of this movement. He saw at once the advantage which had been given; he rose in such haste as to overturn the table, exclaimed that Marmont's good genius had forsaken him, and in an instant was on horseback issuing those orders which won the battle of Salamanca. Marmont was struck by a shell, which broke his right arm, and made two large wounds in his right side, and thus became incapable of taking any part in the command. "It is difficult," he says in his report to the minister at war, "to express the different sentiments which agitated me at the fatal moment when the wound which I had received caused my being separated from the army. I would with delight have exchanged this wound for the certainty of receiving a mortal stroke at the close

of the day, to have preserved the faculty of command; so much did I know the importance of the events which had just taken place, and how necessary the presence of the commander-in-chief was at the moment the shock of the two armies appeared to be preparing."

The wound turned out to be so severe that Marmont was obliged to have the arm amputated, and was not sufficiently recovered until the campaign of 1813; when he commanded at Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, and at Leipsic,—on which last occasion he was wounded in the remaining hand. After this, step by step,—at Brienne, at Champ Aubert, at Vauchamp, at Eloges, at Montmirail, at Meaux, at Gué à Trême, where he had a horse killed under him,—he defended the territory of France against the formidable masses of the enemy, which swept over it from the Rhine to the capital.

Such, up to the 29th of March, 1814, were the efforts of Marmont to defend his country, and to save the falling fortunes of his general and benefactor. To him and to Marshal Mortier, Napoleon had intrusted the defence of Paris; but how was so mighty an object to be effected by a few thousands of troops against the combined forces of the allies, which, at daybreak on the 30th, covered the plain of St. Denis! The efforts of Marmont on that memorable day would suffice to immortalize the name of any commander. He was so forward in the fight, that several men, accounts say twelve, were bayoneted at his side, and his hat was shot through. When, after eight hours' hard fighting, he found that nothing could be done against such overwhelming numbers, he communicated to Joseph Bonaparte, in whom the government of Paris was vested, his perilous situation, and was by him empowered to open a conference with Prince Schwartzenberg and the Emperor of Russia. It was not until he had received this formal authorization to

treat that Marmont ceased his obstinate resistance, agreed to evacuate the city, and thereby saved it from the horrors of an assault. For his troops he stipulated, that they should retire unmolested to Normandy, and he obtained a guarantee for the life and liberty of Napoleon, should the chances of war occasion him to fall into the hands of the allied powers.

By Louis XVIII. the Duke of Ragusa was made a peer of France and captain of the body-guard. When Napoleon returned from Elba, the marshal was denounced as a traitor, for the part he had acted in the drama of the abdication. He commanded the army which escorted the king on his retreat from Paris to Ghent; a retreat perplexed by treachery and bad arrangements. Marmont discovered that in his staff he had one traitor, but he could not fix upon the individual: he was therefore obliged to pen his secret orders himself. His left-hand writing is literally illegible; and when the Duc de Mortemart, who commanded the rear-guard, received despatches, directing the line of march he was to follow, he spent the whole night in vain attempts, though assisted by his staff, to decipher the name of any one town through which he was to pass. The consequence was, that the operations of the two corps were not properly combined, and the Duc de Mortemart and his rear-guard were taken prisoners at Bethune.* After this Marmont resorted, for the restoration of his health, to the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, where he remained until the second restoration.

In 1817, the Duke of Ragusa, as the king's lieutenant, was sent on a special mission to Lyons, where, three months before, a dangerous insurrection had broken out, and much discontent still existed. By his lenient conduct towards the misguided people,

* Quarterly Review, No. lxxxvi. p. 567.

and his just rigour towards the local authorities, by whom it had been violently suppressed, he soon succeeded in restoring tranquillity.

From that period down to the breaking out of the recent revolution in France, Marmont devoted the leisure which peace afforded him to agricultural pursuits, and the improvement of the manufacturing industry of his native department.

On the 25th of July, 1830, the day on which Charles X. issued the three memorable ordinances for abolishing the liberty of the press, annulling the election of the deputies, and abridging the right of election, he signed a fourth, intrusting to Marmont the military command of Paris. His dispositions throughout the week of revolution have been severely censured by professional men. An officer of the guard, and an eyewitness, has described them as being "so absurd, and so contrary to all possible rules, as to create suspicions of treachery;—but," adds the writer, "there is not a shadow of reason for such suspicion,—the truth is, he had *lost his head.*"* When on the 28th a committee of deputies, with his relative M. Lafitte at their head, waited on the marshal, to represent to him the deplorable state of the capital, he replied, "The honour of a soldier is obedience; as a citizen, I might be allowed to participate in your sentiments, but, as a soldier, I have my orders, and have only to carry them into execution." On the abdication of Charles, he accompanied the ex-monarch to England, but his allegiance being then at an end, he quitted the royal family and proceeded to London.

The following letter, addressed by him to a friend, is evidently the production of a soldier who regrets that duty had compelled him to appear in arms against his fellow-citizens:—

* Military Events of the late French Revolution; by an Officer of the Guards, p. 23.

"My dear Friend, *L'Aigle, Aug.* 6, 1830.

"Have you ever witnessed a fatality like that which attends me? Am I not crushed by a hand of iron? You, who know my sentiments, think of what I now suffer! My only consolation is, the reflection that it was not in my power to act otherwise than I have done. You know the disposition of my mind on Monday, the 26th, and how little I dreamed of what would befall me. On Tuesday the king sent for me, told me that there was some disturbance at Paris, and desired me to take the command and restore order. Order, slightly disturbed, was restored without much effort, and the night was quiet. But at five in the morning groups were formed, and had become hostile. I ordered the troops to take up arms; it was necessary for me to try to check disorders committed before my eyes, for fear of being accused of encouraging them,—hence a serious conflict ensued. In the evening, I rallied my troops, giving up all offensive operations, as it was no longer a mere insurrection, but a revolution. By three o'clock my opinion was fixed. I made a report, and I repeatedly asked for orders to treat. On Thursday I abstained from all hostility, but I renounced my defensive position, in order to preserve the Tuileries. We were assailed by the firing of muskets, which we scarcely returned. I did not allow a cannon to be fired, and I sent the mayor to announce that every thing would be settled, in order to appease the assailants. An attack was directed upon the Louvre, which is an impregnable post, but a panic seized the Swiss who defended it; their flight caused that of the troops on the Carousel, and of myself, who had only time to mount my horse. Several men were killed by my side, as I passed under the triumphal arch. I rallied sixty men, to give time to the troops to form themselves again under the clock pavilion, and fought with them in the court of the Tuileries, to drive back

those who had entered it, and I afterward formed the rear-guard with this handful of men. Have you ever seen any thing like it?—to fight against our fellow-citizens in spite of us! Is there any thing wanting to make me completely miserable? And the future! the unjust opinion which will be formed about me! My refuge is in my conscience. I accompany the king to Cherbourg: when he is in safety my mission will be at an end. I shall quit France, and wait to see what the future has in reserve for me. Whatever it may be, I shall have courage to support it. When I shall have left the king, I will publish an account of what concerns me in these fatal events."

Marmont was never considered to be of a sanguinary disposition. On the late occasion, he was but an executive minister of the instructions of his superiors; and it would be hard that the chaplet of his just fame, won in so many sharp contests, should be now torn from his brow, because a stern necessity has put his soldierly faith to a most painful species of proof.

MASSENA.

Andrea Massena, surnamed "the favoured child of Victory," was born at Nice, the 6th of May, 1758. Left an orphan in his infancy, his education was a good deal neglected. At an early age, a relation, the captain of a merchant vessel, introduced him to a maritime life, and he made two voyages; but, preferring the land service, at the age of seventeen he entered as a private in the royal Italian regiment, in which one of his uncles was a captain. So regular was he in the discharge of his duties, that in time

he was made a corporal, and when, long after, he became a marshal of France, he often spoke of the superior satisfaction he had derived from this first step in the way of promotion.

In a few years he was made sergeant, then adjutant; but not being able, after fourteen years' service, to obtain a sub-lieutenancy, he, in 1789, left the army in disgust, married a tradesman's daughter at Antibes, and settled in his native city. The spirit-stirring events of the revolution recalled him, however, to the sphere he had abandoned, and his advancement was now astonishingly rapid. In 1793 he had risen to be general of division, and had acquired a high reputation for skill and bravery. In the army of Italy he served under the generals Dumerbion, Kellerman, and Scherer. In 1796 he was present at every action of note; and so effectual did Bonaparte consider his co-operation, that, on one occasion, he wrote to him, "Your corps is stronger than those of the other generals; your own services are equivalent to six thousand men." He was selected to convey to the Directory the ratification of peace with Austria, and his reception was in the highest degree flattering.

Under the pretext of avenging the assassination of General Duphot, but in reality to annihilate the papal authority, the republican forces had taken possession of Rome. For some months the government had remained with Berthier, but the conflicting passions of the people requiring a firmer hand, Massena was despatched thither. His mission, however, was far from being acceptable to the French soldiery in that city, for, of all the officers in the army, he was the most unpopular with the men. His avarice was insatiable: he plundered, not only the conquered inhabitants, but the troops he commanded. Not a garment, not a cup of wine, not a mouthful of food could reach the private soldier without paying a tax to his rapacity. Complaints to the commander-in-

chief were frequent and loud, but ineffectual. On his approach to Rome, he learned that the officers of the garrison, composed of Bernadotte's division, had assembled in the Pantheon, and drawn up an address to him, in which they demanded the repression of this plundering system, and this they presented to the new commander-in-chief on the day of his arrival. Enraged at this breach of discipline, he ordered all who had put their names to it to leave Rome on the following day. Not one obeyed him. Perceiving that his authority was not acknowledged, he resigned the command and returned to Paris.

During Bonaparte's absence in Egypt, Massena was employed on the eastern frontiers of France. He had the direction of the armies of the Danube and of Helvetia, so that his command extended from the Isère to Dusseldorf. But the tide of victory had turned; and while Suwarrow was driving his brother generals out of Italy, he was so severely handled by the Archduke Charles, as to be alarmed lest France herself should be invaded on the side of Switzerland. Fortunately for him, a misunderstanding arose between the allied chiefs, which enabled him to gain a considerable advantage over the Austro-Russian army near Zurich.

On his return from Egypt, Bonaparte employed Massena to defend Genoa, at that time invested by the Austrians and blockaded by the English. He made several desperate sorties, in one of which he was successful, in another most unfortunate. At length he capitulated, but not until the provisions were exhausted, and the inhabitants had risen to insist on a surrender. He had the mortification to find, that had he held out a little longer the victor of Marengo would have come to his relief.

The next two or three years were passed by Massena either at Paris or at Ruel, where his plunder had enabled him to purchase the magnificent château

built by Cardinal Richelieu. By principle a republican, he was not fond of appearing at the court of the First Consul, and at the sittings of the legislative body, of which he was now a member; he was more inclined to oppose than to support the government. There is no doubt that he disliked Bonaparte and was disliked by him in return, but policy taught both to dissemble, and in May, 1804, on the same day that Napoleon became emperor, Massena found himself a marshal of France.

In the Austrian war of 1805 the new marshal was intrusted with the defence of Italy, then invaded by the Archduke Charles. As his forces were superior in numbers to those of his rival, he lost no time in assuming the offensive. In October he forced the passage of the Adige at Verona, and occupied the town of St. Michael. When he heard that Ulm had capitulated, he resolved on a bolder movement, and assailed the whole Austrian line, which was strongly posted at Caldiero, and, though the enemy fought bravely, he completely succeeded. The archduke was routed with immense loss, and driven out of Italy.

In February, 1806, Massena accompanied Joseph Bonaparte in the march to Naples, and directed the operations of his army. By the reduction of Gaëta, after a long and destructive siege, he consolidated the power of the new king, which had been threatened by the insurrections in Calabria. In 1807 he was called to a larger sphere of action, and one more fertile in glory. The grand army was then opposed to the Russians in Poland. He reached Osterode just after the battle of Eylau, and was placed over the right wing, which he commanded with consummate skill and bravery. At the close of the campaign, Napoleon, anxious to bind this great officer effectually to his interests, created him Duke of Rivoli, and presented him with a considerable sum for the better support of his new dignity.

On his return to Paris, the newly-made duke appeared at court, but he disliked etiquette, and the amusements of St. Cloud were equally unsuitable to his disposition. One day, while hunting with a large party of officers, a portion of shot from the gun of the grand-huntsman Berthier accidentally penetrated his left eye, and destroyed its vision for ever. Thus, by a freak of fortune, Massena, who had exposed his person in fifty pitched battles, received his first wound at a party of pleasure.

In the campaign of 1809 he commenced his brilliant services by falling on the Austrian flank at Pfaffenhausen. At Landshut and Eckmühl he ably supported the emperor, who, a day or two before, had written these flattering words to him: "Activity, activity—quickness! I rely upon you."* But it was at Ebersdorff, where he fought alone, that he displayed the full audacity of his disposition. This is a village with a strong castle, situated on the Traun, and, from its position towards the river, deemed impregnable. The impetuous marshal, however, stormed and took it, in a manner which astonished Napoleon himself. He next commanded at Essling, and conducted the defence of Asperne. The village was soon on fire, and every avenue choked with dead; the market-place, the church, almost every house was taken and retaken several times in succession. All his aids-de-camp were killed or wounded; but, though he was ever in the front, neither ball nor sword touched him. To his obstinate resistance, more than to any other cause, did that portion of the French army which lay on this side the Danube owe its preservation. Well might Napoleon exclaim, while leaning on Massena's shoulder, "Behold my right arm!" The title of "Prince of Essling" shows the sense which the emperor entertained of this splendid service.

* Rovigo, vol. ii. p. 58.

On one occasion, while the marshal was superintending an operation on the banks of the Danube, his horse stumbled, and brought him to the ground. He was so much injured by the accident, that he could not for some time sit on horseback, and in all the ensuing battles he appeared at the head of his corps in a calash, accompanied by one of the medical staff. The agitation of this son of Esculapius, as the balls whizzed around the carriage, afforded the veteran much amusement. It was in this way that he fought at Ergedorff, Wagram, and Znaim. At the latter place the struggle was obstinate, and success for a time doubtful. Resolved to head the attack, Massena insisted on being placed on horseback, and the moment he had quitted the vehicle, a cannon-ball pierced it at the very place where he had been sitting.

In 1810 the "favoured child of Victory," as Napoleon was wont to call him, was appointed to the command of the army of Portugal, and directed "to drive Wellington into the sea." He repaired to the Peninsula, and, taking the command of an army seventy-two thousand strong, opened his campaign by investing Ciudad Rodrigo. Though the garrison did not exceed four thousand, the place was not reduced until it had sustained a three months' vigorous siege. He had promised that they should march out with all the honours, yet he made them prisoners of war. He had promised to respect the liberty and property of the inhabitants, yet he shut up the junta in foul dungeons, confined the clergy in the church of St. Juan, and levied a heavy contribution on the town.* Almeida was next invested, and the explosion of the powder magazine soon led to its surrender. Here, too, the laws of capitulation were perfidiously broken, and a body of twelve hundred militia were compelled to serve as pioneers. Massena, however, did not profit by his dishonesty. Nearly

* Southey's Peninsular War, vol. iv. p. 429.

all the men found means to escape, and Lord Wellington, indignant at a breach of faith so dishonourable, did not hesitate to re-incorporate them with his army.* The marshal then pursued the English general, whose troops were greatly inferior in number, and one-half of them Portuguese, on whom he could not at this period rely. Hence he retreated slowly, and in good order, towards Torres Vedras. In attempting to arrest this retrograde movement, Massena, on the heights of Busaco, lost four thousand killed, and a far greater number wounded. So unexpected was this result, that, on the eve of the engagement he said, "I cannot persuade myself that Wellington will risk the loss of his reputation by giving battle; but if he does, I have him! To-morrow we shall effect the conquest of Portugal, and in a few days I drown the leopard."†

After this specimen of the spirit which animated the English army, Massena was in no hurry to renew the experiment. Still the enemy was retreating, and, as he hoped, to the ships which were lying in the Tagus. As he advanced he found a desert: the Portuguese almost everywhere retired, with whatever they could carry off. He persevered, in the expectation of soon occupying the capital; but what was his surprise on finding that the allies had entered the lines of Torres Vedras, and waited for him to do his worst! On reconnoitring the works his rage knew no bounds, and his situation was, in truth, most critical; for not only were select bands of the allies hovering about his flanks, but the peasantry had risen in his rear, breathing vengeance for the excesses he had committed. His communications with Spain being cut off, the approach of famine, the progress of sickness, and the fear that Wellington might soon be reinforced, so as to act on the offen-

* Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, vol. ii. p. 329.
† Ibid. p. 339.

sive, made him desirous of striking a bold blow. He tried to lure the English general from his lines, but in vain. He threatened to carry the war over the Tagus, and extend his flanks towards Oporto; but all these demonstrations had been foreseen, and he was compelled to retreat to Santarem. After remaining there a few days, finding himself pursued by Wellington, he became convinced, that if he wished to save the remnant of a diminished and sickly army, he must continue his retreat into Spain.

"This celebrated movement, decisive of the fate of the campaign, commenced," says Sir Walter Scott, "upon the 4th of March. There are two different points in which Massena's conduct may be regarded, and they differ as light and darkness. If it be considered in the capacity of that of a human being, the indignant reader, were we to detail the horrors which he permitted his soldiers to perpetrate, would almost deny his title to the name. Military license was let loose in its most odious and frightful shape, and the crimes which were committed embraced all that is horrible to humanity. But if a curtain is dropped on these horrors, and Massena is regarded merely as a military leader, his retreat, perhaps, did him as much honour as any of the great achievements which formerly made his name famous."*

Lord Wellington himself—than whom no one has more readily expressed high admiration of Massena's masterly retreat—states it to have been marked by "a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed;" and Colonel Jones, an eyewitness, maintains, that "the inhuman cruelties which marked every step of it rank him as one of the greatest monsters that ever disgraced the human form."†

Shortly after this Massena received his recall, and so shattered was his health, that in 1812, though

* Life of Napoleon, vol. vii. p. 136.
† Lieut. Col. Jones's Journal, p. 173

he earnestly solicited the honour, he was not permitted to take part in the Russian expedition. He remained in Provence with the eighth military division, and his services were not again required to uphold the sinking fortune of the emperor. On the restoration of Louis XVIII., he was confirmed in his command. He was at Toulon when Napoleon disembarked at Cannes. When he heard of it, he pronounced it impossible, thinking, that if his old master had entertained such a project, he would have made him acquainted with it. "Prince," wrote the ex-emperor, "hoist the banner of Essling on the walls of Toulon, and follow me!" The marshal, however, hesitated, and did not display the tricoloured flag until Bourdeaux, Thoulouse, and Montpellier had set him the example, and the royal cause had become desperate.

During the hundred days he took no part in the military preparations, though Napoleon had ordered him to repair to Metz, to assume the government of that important fortress, and the command of the third and fourth divisions. Indeed, worn out by victories, he had no longer the bodily strength that circumstances required. After the second abdication, and before the arrival of Louis, he was intrusted with the command of the National Guard of Paris, and succeeded in maintaining tranquillity. Chosen a member of the council of war to sit on the trial of the unfortunate Ney, he pronounced for the incompetency of the court. In February, 1816, he was himself denounced in the Chamber of Deputies, by certain inhabitants of the department of the Bouche du Rhone, as having been a leader in a pretended conspiracy to bring about the return of the ex-emperor. He satisfactorily repelled the charge in a "Mémoire Justificatif;" but the disgraceful attempt operated as a mortal blow to the old warrior, who died on the 4th of April, 1817, at the age of fifty-nine. His obsequies were celebrated with an im-

posing simplicity, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, by military men of all grades, and a funeral oration was pronounced over his grave by General Thiébault.

Marshal Massena, Duke of Rivoli, Prince of Essling, had two sons and one daughter. The eldest son, who had accompanied him in his latter campaigns, died in 1820; the second has succeeded to his titles. Shortly before his death, he had married his daughter to Count Reille, his favourite aid-de-camp.

Massena did not favour the establishment of the imperial government. He loved two things—glory and money; but as to honours, he only valued those which resulted from the command of an army. He was among the number of the marshals who wished to see a limit put to the ambition of Bonaparte. He was a daring depredator, and could never keep his hands from plunder. On one occasion, however, the emperor punished him in this way. He drew a bill on the marshal's banker for between two and three millions of francs. The banker dared not refuse the imperial order, nor did he like to honour it without Massena's authority. "Pay the money," said the despot, "and let him refuse to give you credit for it if he dare!"*

"Massena," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "was a superior man: he was eminently noble and brilliant, when surrounded by the fire and disorder of battle. The sound of the guns cleared his ideas, and gave him understanding, penetration, and cheerfulness. He was endowed with extraordinary courage and firmness, which seemed to increase in excess of danger. When defeated, he was always as ready to fight the battle again as though he had been the conqueror."†

* Las Cases, vol. ii. p 231. † Ibid. vol. i. p. 296

MONCEY.

Bon-Adrian-Jeanot Moncey was born at Besançon, the 31st of July, 1754. His father, an advocate in the parliament of that town, gave him a good education; but ere he had completed his studies, he enlisted into the Conti regiment of infantry. At the end of six months the family obtained his discharge; but so great was his attachment to a military life, that he entered the regiment of Champagne, and served as a grenadier till June, 1773, when, finding promotion slower than he expected, he purchased his discharge, returned to his native town, and followed the same pursuit as his father. The study of the law, however, was so little congenial to his disposition, that he a third time returned to the service, in the humble capacity of a private.

In 1789, at the age of thirty-five, Moncey was only a sub-lieutenant of dragoons. When the Revolution broke out, he was draughted into a battalion of light-infantry, and thenceforth his promotion was rapid. In 1791 he was captain; in 1794 chief of battalion; and in the course of the next two years he had risen to be general of division. On the establishment of the consular government, he received the command of the fifteenth military division at Lyons, where his moderation was such as to draw on him the ill-will of the jacobins. But he soon left that city, at the head of twenty thousand men, to join in the war of Italy. He crossed Mount St. Gothard, seized on Bellinzona and Placentia, and fought at Marengo, Pozzolo, and Roveredo.

In 1801 Moncey was appointed chief inspector of the gens-d'armerie; and in 1804 he became marshal, and subsequently grand officer of the Legion of Honour, president of the Electoral College

of Doubs, his native department, and Duke of Cornegliano. In 1808 he was recalled to active warfare; but his operations in Spain were not brilliant. His whole force never exceeded ten thousand men. He nevertheless continued marching and fighting without cessation for a month, during which time he forced two of the strongest mountain-passes in the world, crossed several large and difficult rivers, carried the war into the very streets of Valencia, and being disappointed of assistance from Catalonia, extricated his division from a difficult situation, after having defeated his opponents in five actions. "Moncey," says Colonel Napier, "could hardly have expected to have succeeded against the town of Valencia; for, to use Napoleon's words, 'a city with eighty thousand inhabitants, barricadoed streets, and artillery placed at the gates, cannot be taken by the collar:' although an old man, the marshal was vigorous, active, and decided, and the check he received produced little effect."*

Shortly after this the odious task of besieging Saragossa was imposed on him. On the 30th of December he summoned Palafox to surrender, called on the magistrates to spare the effusion of blood and save so fine a city, and promised the inhabitants every thing compatible with his feelings and his duty. Three days after, he was superseded in the command of the besieging army by Junot, and recalled to France. In 1810 he was appointed to the command of the northern army of reserve; and he was present in the Russian expedition, as well as in the campaign of 1813 in Germany. In 1814 he was left at Paris with the National Guards, to watch over the tranquillity of the capital. On the abdication of Napoleon, he sent in his adhesion to the royal government, by which he was continued in his post of inspector-general of the gens-d'armerie, and made

* Napier, vol. i. p. 99.

peer of France and minister of state. He was also made a peer by Napoleon, on his return from Elba; and if his command was taken from him, this was not from disgust or dissatisfaction, but because he showed little eagerness to retain it. "On this occasion," says Fleury de Chaboullon, "he wrote to the emperor a letter full of fine sentiments, in which he requested him to continue to his son the kindness he had formerly conferred on himself. It was difficult to reconcile the gratitude he owed Napoleon with the fidelity he had promised to the king; in this he was so happy as to succeed."*

On the king's second restoration, he was excluded from the House of Peers, and for his refusal to preside at the trial of Marshal Ney he was stripped of his honours, and confined for three months in the castle of Ham, at the expiration of which time he obtained his enlargement, and was restored to all his dignities. In 1823 he was intrusted with an important command under the Duke of Angoulême in the invasion of Spain. As nothing but treachery, imbecility, and cowardice were exhibited by the constitutional generals, the progress of the French resembled more a triumphant march than a warlike operation; but of the little honour that was to be won the aged Moncey merited and received his full share, and was rewarded with the grand cross of the Order of St. Louis.

Marshal Moncey has throughout life been esteemed an upright and honourable man, unstained by any of the horrible excesses of his period. He carefully abstained from every species of rapacity or oppression, and aimed only at doing his duty in an unostentatious manner. The following unexceptionable testimony to his moral worth was borne, in 1808, by the junta of Oviedo:

"We know that this illustrious general detests the

* Mémoires, vol. i. p. 290.

conduct of his companions. We offer him the tribute of truth and honour; and we invite this generous soldier to aid us, by the addition of his talents and bravery. If the respect which he pays to the mandates of nature do not permit him to take up arms against his unworthy companions, yet he shall be considered by us as a just and honourable man, and our love and our esteem shall follow him wherever, in the vicissitudes of life, his lot shall be cast."*

MOREAU.

Jean-Victor Moreau, one of the most distinguished of the republican generals, was born of highly-respected parentage, at Morlaix, in Brittany, the 11th of August, 1763. A decided passion for the army induced him, at the age of eighteen, to enlist; but his father almost immediately bought him off, and he resumed his studies; so that the period of the revolution found him at the head of the students in law at Rennes, among whom he enjoyed a marked influence.

Pleasing manners and an air of frankness gave additional value to his natural talents and acquired information. He began to play an important part when Cardinal Brienne attempted some important changes in the magistracy. The provincial parliament, supported by a great body of the people, and especially of the legal faculty, came forward in defence of their ancient rights; and in this war of words, and sometimes of blows, young Moreau so distinguished himself on the popular side, that he was usually called "the parliamentary general." The cardinal gave orders for his apprehension; and

* Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, vol. i. p. 150.

not only did the people assist him in eluding the agents of power, but a number of resolute students formed themselves into a sort of body-guard for the defence of their intrepid companion. We nevertheless, in the winter of 1788, find Moreau and the inhabitants of Rennes opposing, as keenly as they had before defended, the provincial parliament, and openly espousing the cause of the court. The undoubted reason of the change was, that the former body was unfriendly to the assembling of the States General—a measure which the king had been induced to sanction, and which the nation at large regarded as the forerunner of liberty.

The approaching crisis altered the destination of Moreau. Abandoning the profession of the law, which he had never liked, he accepted the command of a battalion of volunteers, composed of the youth of Brittany, and hastened to join the army of the north. From the day of his arrival on the frontiers, he devoted himself entirely to military science, and with such success, that he soon became one of the best tacticians in Europe. He by no means approved of the constitution of 1793, and the battalion which he commanded was among the last to send in their adhesion to it. In that year he was raised to the rank of brigadier-general; and in April, 1794, at the recommendation of Pichegru, he was appointed by the Directory general of division. In a short time, at the head of a separate corps, twenty-five thousand strong, he reduced Menin, Ypres, Bruges, Ostend, Nieuport, the Isle of Cassandria, and Fort L'Ecluse. But, at the very time that he was sitting down before the latter place, intelligence reached him that the jacobins of Brest had sent his aged father to the scaffold, as an aristocrat, or a friend of the aristocrats. This excellent old man, whom the people of Morlaix designated "the father of the poor," had, it seems, undertaken to manage the property of some emigrants, and this was suffi-

cient to furnish his enemies with an excuse to destroy him.

Though greatly afflicted at the murder of his parent, Moreau continued to serve the murderers. It is no justification to say, that he was dissuaded from resigning his command by Pichegru; this would only prove that right principles had less effect upon his mind than ambition. Still, it was not without considerable reluctance that he continued to obey the orders of the existing government; and when, by the fall of Robespierre, that authority was overthrown, and a milder though not less rapacious government succeeded, he pursued the brilliant career before him with renewed energy. To his honour, he was not unmindful of the old humanities of war; nor did he refuse to give quarter to the British troops, though enjoined to do so by a decree of the National Convention.

After assisting Pichegru in the conquest of Holland, Moreau, as commander-in chief of the army of the Rhine and Moselle, opened the campaign of 1796 by the defeat of the Austrian general Wurmser. After driving him back to Manheim, he effected a passage across the Rhine by night, dispersed all who opposed him, and hastened to measure his strength with the Archduke Charles, whom he forced from the field, though not without considerable loss. That heroic prince, however, returned to the attack with undiminished courage; until at length, after one of the most brilliant campaigns on record, Moreau found himself so weakened that he could no longer oppose the fresh masses brought against him. Hence his famous retreat through the Black Forest, which filled all Europe with admiration. Though the country through which he retired was often rugged, abounding in defiles, and intersected by rivulets—advantages which were eagerly seized on by the insurgent peasantry—and though his rear was constantly menaced and often assailed by the forces of the arch-

duke, he triumphantly fought his way to the Rhine. This masterly series of movements added more to his glory than the greatest victories he had won.

Scarcely had the next campaign opened, when some light troops of the French seized a wagon laden with the baggage of the Austrian general Klingin. Among that baggage was found a casket filled with letters, which, though written in conventional characters, Moreau found means to decipher, —and which clearly proved that a secret understanding had for some time subsisted between Pichegru and the Bourbon princes. This discovery placed the general in an embarrassing situation. He had to choose between the sacrifice of his old friend and the duty which he owed to the government. For some time he hesitated; but when he learned that, on the 18th Fructidor, Pichegru had been arrested by Augereau, at the instance of the Directory, he despatched the correspondence to Paris, arrested several officers who were compromised in it, and issued a proclamation to his army in which the plot was denounced. This was after a lapse of four months. His conduct on this occasion enraged the royalists, who had previously regarded him with respect and hope; and it at the same time destroyed his credit with the republicans, who, very naturally, could not reconcile so long a silence with a sincere attachment to their cause. The Directory summoned him to Paris to account for the delay. The explanations which he gave were unsatisfactory, and, finding himself regarded with coldness and suspicion, he demanded and obtained permission to retire. He would, doubtless, have been visited with a severer penalty, had not the government stood in fear of his popularity with the army.

Moreau, however, was too useful a man to continue long unemployed. After having distinguished himself in Italy, in the disastrous campaign of 1799, he was recalled to oppose the Austrians on the

Rhine. Before he proceeded to the command, he hastened to Paris to receive his instructions; and while there he was invited to assist in subverting the government, but, after some hesitation, he refused, as Bernadotte had done before him. When, however, Bonaparte returned from Egypt, Moreau placed himself at his disposal, and told him that an hour's notice would be sufficient for him; and accordingly, on the 18th Brumaire, Napoleon gave him the command of the Luxembourg.* He was almost immediately appointed chief of the armies of the Danube and Rhine, and repaired to Swabia to complete his reputation by another campaign. On crossing the latter river, he had four horses killed under him, and received an exhausted ball in his breast; and in December, 1800, he fought on the plains of Hohenlinden that bloody and decisive battle with the imperial forces, in which every one of the French corps were engaged, and covered themselves with glory.

During the armistice which ensued, Moreau went to Paris, and alighted unexpectedly at the Tuileries. While he was engaged with the First Consul, the minister at war, Carnot, arrived from Versailles with a pair of pistols, enriched with diamonds of very great value. They were intended for Bonaparte, who, taking them, presented them to Moreau, saying, "They come very opportunely."† For a time, Bonaparte and the general behaved with apparent cordiality to each other; but both were too ambitious to continue long on terms even of external amity. He married, at the close of the year 1800, Mademoiselle Hulot, a creole of the Isle of France; but though the match was brought about by Josephine, he still, from his retirement at Gros Bois, watched the motions of the First Consul with a jealous eye, and complained, perhaps with more

* Napoleon's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 44. † Ibid. p. 52.

envy than patriotism, of his undisguised approaches towards despotism. Bonaparte retaliated by underrating the military successes of Moreau, whom he styled "the retreating general." This stung the latter to the quick, who retorted, "The First Consul is a general at ten thousand men a-day." When he heard that a descent on the English coast was intended, he ridiculed the "fleet of nutshells," as he called the gunboats at Boulogne. He laughed as openly at the creation of the Legion of Honour, and refused to be a member of it. "The fool!" said he, "does he not know that I have belonged to the ranks of honour these twelve years?"

At length, on the 17th of February, 1804, all Paris was astounded by the intelligence that Moreau had been arrested on a charge of high-treason; and that he was implicated in a plot formed by Pichegru, Georges Cadoudal, and others, for the restoration of the Bourbons. He was imprisoned in the Temple, but his trial did not commence until the end of May. The appearance of the victor of Hohenlinden at the bar, in the midst of a set of rude assassins, electrified all who were present. His demeanour was calm and dignified. There was not the shadow of evidence against him, except that he had been twice in Pichegru's company, since that general's return to Paris. One of the witnesses swore that he was seen with Georges when he got out of a coach; but Moreau affirmed upon oath that he had never been with him; and this it was that saved him. The sentence of the judges was, that he was not guilty of the alleged charges, but that his conduct had been inconsiderate. The president refused to register the verdict. "You wish to procure the liberation of Moreau," cried the regicide Thuriot, "but you will be disappointed." Another judge said that state necessity called upon them to condemn him, even if he were innocent. "You may safely find him guiltv," said Hémart, "he will be pardoned." "And

who will pardon us," answered Clavier, "for a verdict contrary to our consciences?" At length it was decided, by a majority of nine to three, that he should be imprisoned for two years. Moreau petitioned that the punishment might be commuted into exile, and the request was, on the same day, complied with. "I was the person," says Savary, "whom the emperor sent to him in the Temple, to communicate his consent, and make arrangements for his departure. As, by the hasty sale of his property in France, Moreau would have sustained a heavy loss, Napoleon purchased, at a fair valuation, the estate of Gros Bois, and gave it to Berthier; and also the general's house in the rue d'Anjou, which he presented to Bernadotte."*

Moreau was immediately conveyed to Cadiz, and thence he embarked for the United States. On reaching America, he made a tour along the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi. After this, being joined by his wife and child, he retired to an estate which he had purchased below the fall of the Delaware; and here, in the society of a few friends, whose sentiments were congenial with his own, he found a degree of tranquillity which, in some measure, banished the remembrance of what he had lost in Europe.

But, though retired from public life, Moreau was not forgotten. So high was his military reputation, that, on the approach of the great struggle between France and Russia, the Emperor Alexander made every effort to secure the benefit of his talents; and on the opening of the campaign of 1812, brilliant offers were made him through his old companion in arms the crown-prince of Sweden. For some time he declined to take up arms against his country; but when he heard of the reverses of Napoleon in Russia, and of the mighty efforts making by him and

* Memoirs, vol. i. p. 65.

by the allies for the campaign of 1813, he hesitated no longer. He embarked for Europe on the 21st of June, accompanied by a Russian officer, and landed on the 26th of July at Gottenburg. Thence he proceeded to Stralsund, where he was met by Bernadotte, and where the plan of operations for the ensuing campaign was decided on between these two experienced officers.

The reception of Moreau by the allied armies and their sovereigns was enthusiastic. The Emperor of Russia, in particular, made him his bosom counsellor. It may, however, be doubted whether this homage afforded him any solid satisfaction. Meeting one day with a Swiss officer of high rank in the Russian service, who had formerly fought under the tricolour flag, "What singular chance," said he, "has brought you and me together, under the banners of the czar?" "Singular it doubtless is," answered Jomini; "but there is this difference between us,—I am not a Frenchman." Moreau turned from him in silence.

In drawing up the plan of the campaign, he had attached the highest importance to the possession of Dresden. That city was accordingly assailed, on the 26th of August, by the grand allied army; but the unexpected arrival of Napoleon, at the head of a formidable force, suspended its fate, and both armies prepared for a general action on the following day. In the heat of that bloody struggle, and at noonday, Moreau was behind a Russian battery, which was exposed both in front and flank to the fire of the French. Near him were two of our countrymen, Lord Cathcart and Sir Robert Wilson. He was in the act of communicating to the Russian emperor some observations he had made in reconnoitring the left wing of the French, when a cannon-ball struck his right knee, and passing through the body of his horse, carried away the calf of his left leg. He fell into the arms of his aid-de-camp, but

soon recovered his power of perception. Seeing the tears fall from the eyes of his imperial friend, he faintly uttered, "Though I am little more than a trunk, my head and heart are still your majesty's." He was immediately borne away on a litter, made of the lances of the Cossacks, to the tent of the emperor, where his right leg was amputated by Dr. Wylie. During the operation he smoked a cigar, and scarcely a muscle of his countenance was moved. The doctor then examined the left leg, and uttered an involuntary exclamation. "What! must I lose this too?" cried Moreau; "well, well! set to work." This second torture he bore with equal fortitude.

As the allies had been repulsed, the maimed and bleeding general was compelled to be moved into Bohemia, through roads exceedingly rugged, exposed to constant and heavy rains. He was carried in a litter by forty Croats, who relieved each other by turns. At length the escort made a halt at Laun, where he wrote, in a firm hand, a letter to his wife. At this time he entertained some hope of recovery, and expressed a desire to be conveyed to Prague; but during the night of September 1st, he became sensible that his end was near, and at seven the next morning he dictated to a Russian officer the following address to the Emperor Alexander.

"Sire, I descend into the grave with the same sentiments of respect, admiration, and devotedness which I have never ceased to feel towards your imperial majesty since I had the happiness of approaching you—"

Here he stopped, as the officer thought, to consider what he should next say. He made a sign for a glass of water, but expired the moment he raised it to his mouth. Alexander received the intelligence with great emotion. "He was a great man," said the czar, "he had a noble heart!" The body of the general was embalmed at Prague, and interred with

great magnificence in the Catholic church of St. Petersburgh. Alexander himself addressed a feeling letter to his disconsolate widow. "When," said the autocrat, "the dreadful misfortune which befell General Moreau, close at my side, deprived me of the talents of that great man, I indulged the hope, that by care we might still be able to preserve him to his family and to my friendship. Providence has ordered it otherwise. He died, as he lived, in the full vigour of a strong and steady mind. There is but one remedy for the great afflictions of life,—that of seeing them participated. In Russia, madam, you will everywhere find this sentiment; and if it suit you to fix your residence there, I will do all in my power to render cheerful the existence of a personage, of whom I make it my sacred duty to be the consoler and the support." He presented her with half a million of roubles, and settled on her a pension of thirty thousand more.

About a mile from Dresden a monument has been erected on the spot where the general fell. It is a square block of granite, bearing on its surface a helmet, a sword, and a laurel, with the brief inscription,—

"THE HERO* MOREAU FELL HERE, BY THE SIDE OF ALEXANDER."

Moreau will always be ranked among the great captains of an age fruitful in military talent. He was a cautious and skilful, rather than an enterprising general. His manners were simple, unaffected, and pure. Humane and generous, his character was rather yielding than energetic. The only stain

* "An unknown but deliberate hand has tried to obliterate the word *Hero*, and has carved above it, as regularly and as deeply as the rest of the inscription, the word *Traitor*. So professionally has it been performed, that it has not been possible to obliterate entirely this degrading exploit of cowardice and malignity."—*Russell's Tour in Germany*, vol. i. p. 181.

which his enemies attempt to fix on his memory is the fact of his accession to the allied cause; and charity will whisper, that he might justly look on that as the cause, not only of European independence, but of French freedom. "Those," observes Sir Walter Scott, "who, more bold than we are, shall decide that his conduct, in one instance, too much resembled that of Coriolanus and the Constable of Bourbon, must yet allow that the fault, like that of those great men, was atoned for by an early and a violent death."*

MORTIER.

Edouard-Adolphe-Casimir-Joseph Mortier was born at Cambray in 1768. His father, a wealthy farmer, gave him a good education. Being an active citizen at the period of the revolution, he procured for his son, in 1791, a commission in a volunteer regiment of cavalry, and the youth's own good conduct soon obtained him the rank of adjutant-general.

Under Pichegru, Moreau, and Massena, on the Rhine and in Switzerland, he fought his way up to the command of a division. He was no less a favourite with Napoleon, who, in 1804, for the zeal with which he had seized upon Hanover, on the rupture of the peace of Amiens, rewarded him with a marshal's truncheon.

In 1805 and 1806 he added greatly to his military reputation; but he tarnished his laurels by the severity with which, in 1807, he enforced the arbitrary injunctions of Napoleon at Hamburgh. From this plundered and oppressed city he returned to the

* Life of Napoleon, vol. viii. p. 529

grand army, and continued his services until the campaign closed on the plains of Friedland.

Become Duke of Treviso, Mortier, in 1808, was summoned to Spain, where his exertions were not crowned with much success. He captured Badajos, after a siege of fifty-five days; and it is acknowledged, that he treated his prisoners with great kindness, and observed all the humanities of war, in a manner which should always be mentioned to his honour. In the disastrous expedition to Russia, he commanded the young guard, and on him devolved the horrible service of blowing up the Kremlin. He fought gallantly in the Saxon campaign of 1813, at Lutzen and Dresden; and, on the soil of France, in 1814, at Montmirail, Troyes, and under the walls of Paris, he struggled to the last against the overwhelming masses of the allies.

On the abdication of Napoleon he sent in his adhesion to Louis XVIII., and was made knight of St. Louis, peer of France, and governor of the sixteenth military division.

On the news of the ex-emperor's landing at Cannes, in March, 1815, he was appointed to command the army of the north conjointly with the Duke of Orleans. His royal highness laboured hard to secure the fidelity of the troops; but finding his efforts ineffectual, to avoid capture he left Lille, and on quitting the town addressed the following letter to Mortier:—

"My dear Marshal,—I give up to you entirely the command which I have had the happiness of exercising conjointly with you in the department of the north. I am too good a Frenchman to sacrifice the interests of France because new misfortunes compel me to quit it. I go to hide myself in retirement and oblivion. It only remains for me to release you from all the orders which I have given you, and to recommend you to do what your excellent judgment

and patriotism may suggest as best for the interests of France.

"LOUIS PHILIPPE D'ORLEANS."

When the king had left Lille for Ghent, Mortier repaired to Paris, and became one of Napoleon's new peers, and inspector of the northern and eastern frontiers. He was to have commanded the young guard at Waterloo, but was attacked at Beaumont with sciatica, which confined him to his bed. After the king's second restoration he was excluded from the Chamber of Peers. In January, 1816, he was appointed governor of the fifteenth military division, and chosen a member of the Chamber of Deputies, for the department of the north; in March, 1819, a royal ordinance restored him to the honours of the peerage. In August, 1830, on the abdication of Charles X., he gave in his adhesion to the government of Louis Philippe.

MURAT.

JOACHIM MURAT, the "preux chevalier," as he has been called, and by far the most remarkable of the imperial marshals, was born the 25th of March, 1767, at the little village of Bastide-Frontonière, then in the province of Perigord, but now in the department of the Lot. His father was the keeper of an humble country inn, who, having once been a steward of the Talleyrands, enjoyed the protection of that ancient and wealthy family.

In his earliest youth Joachim exhibited signs of that daring spirit which so pre-eminently distinguished him in after-life. He was the first in every feat of daring, and the exquisitely skilful and fearless

horsemanship of the boy was the talk of the neighbourhood.

Through the influence of the Talleyrands he was admitted into the college at Cahors, and thence, after the usual period, was removed to Toulouse to finish his education. But Joachim had too much vivacity of disposition to pursue what he considered as the dull routine of scholastic learning, and abandoned to more patient minds the prizes which he had neither the wish nor the capacity to obtain. Hence, he was no great favourite with his teachers; but in his view this was amply compensated by the admiration of his fellow-students. This daring, open, generous, passionate libertine was more the object of their regard than if he had evinced the most splendid proofs of genius.

As every stage of his life was destined to partake of the extravagant and the romantic, in his twentieth year "the Abbé Murat," as he was designated, fell desperately in love with a pretty girl of Toulouse, fought for her, carried off his prize, and lived with her concealed until his little stock of money was exhausted. This imprudent step for ever put an end to his ecclesiastical expectations. He threw off the sacred habit, and when he had dissipated his last sous, enlisted into a regiment of chasseurs, then passing through Toulouse. His personal appearance was greatly improved by the change: his martial look, his proud demeanour, his firm decided step, his stature, equally lofty and noble, were exhibited to their greatest advantage under his new garb. Having, however, taken a leading part in an act of insubordination, he was ere long dismissed from the regiment. He returned to his native village, and took the charge of his father's stables; but still thirsting after arms, he procured his enrolment into the constitutional guard of Louis XVI., a second time joyfully quitted the paternal roof, and with his young

ompanion Bessières,* afterward Duke of Istria, astened to Paris.

Though now in his twenty-third year, Murat was till a giddy-headed youth. He soon became dis-inguished as one of the most violent enthusiasts of quality and stern republicanism, and these notions e gloried in defending against all who dared to im-ugn them. His zeal furnished abundant food for uarrels; so much so, that in one month he is said o have engaged in six duels. During the reign of error, he successively became lieutenant, captain, nd major. In 1795 he was of service to Bonaparte n the affair of the Sections; and when the young eneral was appointed to command the army of taly, he placed him on his personal staff. If ever nan possessed an instinct almost infallible in select-ng his officers, it was Napoleon; and in no instance id he make a happier choice than in this. Among brilliant staff no one distinguished himself more han "the handsome swordsman," as Murat was alled. The words "Honour and the Ladies" were ngraven on his sword's blade, and from this moment nay be dated the astonishingly rapid rise of his ortunes.

Throughout the Italian campaign—at Montenotte, Millessimo, Dègo, Mondovi, Rivoli, Roveredo, Bas-ano—he was conspicuous. He was selected to resent to the Directory the colours taken from the nemy during this short but brilliant campaign; and aving richly earned the rank of general of brigade, e was chosen by Bonaparte to accompany him on is expedition to Egypt.

But neither Murat nor his companions were pre-ared for the new kind of warfare which awaited hem on the sands of Egypt. So long as legions vere to be routed, or fortresses stormed, no one ad-anced more joyously to the attack; but the harass-

* See page 228.

ing assaults of the Mamelukes, who with the rapidity of the wind rushed forward or retreated, and the immense extent of desert plain, had something in them that both irritated and dispirited him. To him there was something in the everlasting silence of the wilderness more appalling than in the loudest thunder of artillery. He was, besides, wearied and burning with thirst. Both Joachim and Lannes, in the madness of desperation, were seen to dash their cockades on the sands, and trample them under their feet.* It is even said that they were concerned in a plot for returning with the army to Alexandria, in spite of Napoleon.

During the siege of Jaffa, he was sent to make a reconnoissance beyond the Jordan. Miot, who accompanied him, relates that it was Murat's custom, even on an advanced post, always to undress and sleep in sheets. "If the enemy should surprise us," said Miot, "what would you do?" "Eh bien!" replied Murat, "I would mount on horseback in my shirt, and I should be the better distinguished in the dark." Being in the cavalry, he had at this time little to do. "His table," continues the commissary, "was in great request, because of the wine which he had collected on our different incursions. After dinner we took Mocha coffee and smoked Latakia tobacco, lying al fresco under the great tent which we had taken at the Jordan. Our chief conversation was of France and the ladies."†

Having, however, at length an opportunity of measuring his sword against Mourad-Bey, he performed prodigies of valour, and contributed powerfully to the success of the decisive victory at Aboukir. Before the action commenced, Bonaparte said to him, "This battle will decide the fate of the world." Murat replied, "Of the army at least." He now became a greater favourite than ever with his general,

* Las Cases, vol. i. p. 207. † Mémoires de l'Expédition en Egypte.

and was one of the officers selected to return with the youthful conqueror to Europe. Joachim, on his part, feeling the ascendency of his chief to be as irresistible as it was unaccountable, devoted himself with heart and mind to his service.

The signal assistance which he rendered during the memorable 18th of Brumaire, and on the formation of the consular government, procured him not only the rank of general of division, but the fair hand of Caroline Bonaparte, the youngest and most ambitious of Napoleon's sisters.* The marriage was celebrated without ostentation; and as the First Consul had at this time not much money, he only gave to the bride a dowry of thirty thousand francs. In a fortnight after the marriage, reluctantly quitting his youthful wife, Murat accompanied his brother-in-law over the Great St. Bernard, shared in all the successes which followed, and concluded a series of brilliant services by commanding the cavalry at the memorable battle of Marengo, which snatched the domination of Italy from Austria and transferred it to France. For his gallantry upon this occasion, he was presented with a valuable sword by the consular government.

When Napoleon ascended the imperial throne, he found a powerful support in his brother-in-law; who successfully strove to render the innovation popular among the soldiery. His zeal was abundantly rewarded. He was successively made general of the first division, commander of the national guard, marshal, grand admiral, prince of the empire, and grand eagle of the Legion of Honour. The citizens of Paris were not a little amused at seeing this child of the revolution, who had abandoned the clerical robe for the soldier's uniform, and had been most active in destroying the papal authority, gravely distributing the holy bread, on Easter Monday, to the

* See page 104.

parishioners of our Lady of Loretto, in one of the fauxbourgs of the capital.

In the campaign of 1805, Murat commanded the cavalry at Wertingen, Languenau, Amstetten, Vienna, and Austerlitz; and by his reckless valour and splendid success, attracted the admiration of all Europe. In the following year he was invested with the Grand Dutchy of Berg and Cleves, and acknowledged a sovereign prince by the great continental powers. The grand duke was received at Dusseldorff and Cleves with every demonstration of joy. He had little time to devote to the duties of administration, but during that little he contrived to render himself popular among his new subjects. He conciliated their affection and respect by the mild spirit of his rule, and by a deference for existing usages; and the regret of the people was considerable, when he left them for the more dazzling, but less solid, advantages offered by the crown of Naples.

In the campaigns of 1806 and 1807, in Prussia and Poland, the grand duke fought valorously at Jena, Preutzlaw, Lubeck, Golyman, Eylau, and Friedland. In 1808 he was required to head the army destined to overthrow the domination of the Spanish Bourbons. He accordingly crossed the Pyrenees, and on the 23d of March, four days after the mysterious abdication of Charles IV., entered Madrid with a formidable display of force. On the following day the sword of Francis I., which ever since 1525 had lain in the royal armoury at Madrid, was carried in a silver basin to Murat's head-quarters, in a coach and six, and presented to him by the Marquis of Astorga. Upon receiving it, he pronounced a eulogium upon the Spanish nation, and promised to transmit the precious deposite into the hands of the emperor.

The Prince of the Asturias, now become Ferdinand VII., endeavoured to obtain from the French general the recognition of his title; but Murat was too well acquainted with Napoleon's secret intentions to yield

his consent. In accordance with his instructions, he adopted a series of duplicities and treacheries, scarcely exampled in the worst ages of the world. The grand duke did all he could to persuade the Bourbons to go to Bayonne, and with the aid of Savary* he at length succeeded. It is said that his zeal was quickened by the hope, that in case the Spanish royal family were persuaded to abdicate, the vacant crown would adorn his own brow. Having been already constituted lieutenant-general of the kingdom, he continued to exercise all the plenitude of royal power, in the manner he considered best adapted to promote his brother-in-law's interest and his own, which he regarded as inseparable.

But the grand duke's imprudent mien and conversation, coupled with the hasty seizure of the fortresses, and the departure of the king, queen, and Ferdinand for Bayonne, at last convinced the Spaniards that the French had entered their country as enemies. They smothered their resentment until the last members of the royal family were forced from Madrid. Then burst forth their long-stifled rage, and the population rose with the avowed purpose of exterminating the French. Colonel La Grange, an aid-de-camp of Murat, was assailed and maltreated; and the French soldiers, expecting no violence, were taken unawares and killed in every quarter. The cavalry, who came up to the assistance of their countrymen, treating the affair as a tumult, and not as an action, made some hundreds prisoners, and, by the exertions of Marshal Moncey and others, quiet was restored. "In the first moment of irritation," says Colonel Napier, "Murat ordered all the prisoners to be tried by a court-martial, which condemned them to death; but the municipality representing to him the extreme cruelty of visiting this angry ebullition of the people with such severity, he

* See p. 180

forbade any executions on the sentence; but forty were shot in the Prado, by direction of General Grouchy,* before he could cause his orders to be obeyed. The number of Spaniards slain did not amount to one hundred and twenty; while more than seven hundred French fell. This celebrated tumult has been represented as a wanton and extensive massacre on the part of the French; but there was no premeditation on the part of Murat. The affair was certainly accidental, and not very bloody for the patriots; but policy induced both sides to attribute secret motives, and to exaggerate the slaughter."†

The Spanish crown might not improbably have been conferred on Murat, had his political sagacity been at all commensurate with his military talents; but his conduct was so little guarded, so impolitic, so violent in regard to a people whom it was his chief duty to conciliate, that he was considered by Napoleon as the very last person to whom the crown of Spain and the Indies should be confided. The offer was made to Lucien Bonaparte, who wisely declined it; it was then forced upon Joseph, and Murat received the succession to the vacant throne of Naples.

In September, 1808, Joachim-*Napoleon*—the cognomen adopted by all the princes of the imperial family—reached the confines of his new kingdom, and was received by his subjects with all the demonstrations of joy characteristic of a change-loving people. Though esteemed the most cowardly of nations, the Neapolitans can admire bravery in others; hence a portion of their satisfaction at being transferred to the rule of one whose fame in arms was pre-eminent; and the favourable impression was deepened by the noble person, the showy cos-

* See Memoir of Grouchy, p. 256.

† Napier's Peninsular War, vol. i. p. 25. "On the veracity of my statements I have the firmest reliance; and the principal facts were confirmed by the result of my personal inquiries at Madrid in 1812."

ume, and the military frankness of their new sovereign.

One of King Joachim's first acts was not calculated to lessen his popularity, namely, that of driving the Anglo-Sicilian garrison from the hitherto-considered impregnable island of Capri, called "Little Gibraltar," which lay within sight of his palace. The defence made by Sir Hudson Lowe, the governor, is contemptuously spoken of by all the French writers: but we must not too readily give credence to them on this subject. At any rate, an enterprise so daring, and executed with such promptitude and success, did not fail to impress the Neapolitans with an exalted opinion of their new monarch. Another measure, still more welcome, was the abolition of arbitrary imprisonment and the suppression of the special tribunals. He gave also a better direction to public instruction, and encouraged industry and the arts; but his chief care was to increase the numbers and to improve the condition of his Neapolitan troops. He raised them from sixteen to sixty thousand; but to convert cowards into warriors was a task which Joachim could not effect.

An attempt which he made in 1810 on the island of Sicily proved unsuccessful. This disappointment sadly soured his temper; nor was it likely to be restored by a circumstance, to the meaning of which he could no longer be blind. He could not procure the recall of the twenty thousand French troops who held military possession of the country; he discovered that his very ministers were in the interest of Napoleon. He was also aware that his imperial brother-in-law was in the practice of turning him into ridicule, sometimes calling him a "roi de théâtre;" at others, from his fantastic style of dressing, "King Franconi."* All these things so annoyed the

* The director of a minor theatre at Paris. Murat was also much distressed when apprized by the police that his own subjects, following Napoleon's example, had nicknamed him "Tornero," after a riding-

high-mettled Joachim, that he would have been mad enough to declare war against France, had he not been restrained by the counsels of his queen. But the greater the rupture became, the more earnestly did he labour to secure the attachment of the people. Perceiving, however, that he could neither get rid of his foreign masters, nor find in his own subjects a defence against the imperious will of the emperor, he retired to his palace of Capo-di-Monte, where the bitterness of his feelings brought on a severe illness. His malady exasperated his rage; he abused his ministers, his queen, his oldest servants. He passed the whole day in perusing the reports of the agents of police, and in listening to dilators; and while Caroline was displaying character, and gaining that ascendency over the people which beauty joined to magnanimity of soul must ever possess, Murat,—the intrepid Murat,—a prey to panic, was daily losing the popularity which he had so hardly acquired.

But the war which in 1812 broke out between France and Russia aroused Joachim from his lethargy. Sensible that in so desperate a contest he could ill dispense with the services of one whom he had justly designated "the best cavalry officer of the world," Napoleon called him to the command of the grand reserve. He at first hesitated; but drawn by his own natural disposition, as well as by the ascendency which his brother-in-law still preserved over him, forgetting his wrongs, he set out for Dresden, while ten thousand of his best troops directed their march towards Poland. He was the most active of the French generals in the pursuit of the Russian

master, whose sole merit consisted in training a horse and parading the animal with grace along the Strada-Napoleon. Joachim appears to have thought with Lord Orford, that "a nickname can throw a city into a tumult, and shake the foundations of a state."

"In the paintings of King Joachim, in the palace at Naples, he is represented in a fancy dress, ridiculously fantastic, with rings in his ears; but though a fine, handsome man, I doubt whether he has not a little the air of Tom Errand in Beau Clincher's clothes."—*Matthews's Diary of an Invalid*, vol. i. p. 250.

army as they retreated through Poland and Lithuania. He opposed the project of an attack on Smolensko, on the ground that as that city was about to be abandoned by the Russians, there could be no use in risking lives to reduce it. He went further, and condemned plainly the imprudence of proceeding at so late a period of the year. What the reply of Napoleon was has not been recorded; but it stung the brave soldier to the quick. "A march to Moscow," cried Murat, "will be the destruction of the army;" and having so said, he furiously spurred his horse under the fire of a Russian battery. Here for some time he stood immoveable, like one resolved to die, and waiting for the ball which should despatch him. He ordered his officers to withdraw, and all obeyed except Belliard. "Every one is master of his own life," said this general, "as your majesty appears resolved to dispose of yours, I must be permitted to fall at your side." This devoted fidelity at length prevailed on him to retire from his perilous situation.

The desperate action of Valentina exhibited a striking instance of the ascendency held by the King of Naples over the troops. He had ordered Junot to traverse a marsh which lay on the flank of the Russians, and attack them, while he vigorously pressed them in front. As he was charging them with his wonted fury, he was surprised to find that the projected diversion had not been effected. He galloped almost unattended towards the position which Junot still occupied, and censured that officer's inactivity. The general answered, that he could not prevail on the Westphalian cavalry to advance in the face of such perils. Without uttering another word, Murat placed himself at their head, urged them along, charged, and routed the Russian sharp-shooters; then, turning to Junot, he coolly observed, "There! thy marshal's staff is half-earned for thee: do the rest thyself."

It was said of Murat by Napoleon, that when he

advanced to the charge, he more resembled a paladin of old than a modern soldier. In his costume he imitated the ancient knights so romantically described by Ariosto and Tasso; his noble port showed majestically under the chivalric garb; and when to all this is added his more than mortal daring, we cannot wonder that the very Cossacks raised a shout of admiration when he approached them. A striking instance of this occurred on the 4th of September. The king, with a few squadrons, had left Gjatz, followed at some distance by the grand army. In his march he was much annoyed by clouds of Cossacks, who hovered about the head of his columns, and from time to time compelled them to deploy. This troublesome series of interruptions at length incensed him to such a degree, that by one of those impulses worthy of the days of chivalry, he galloped up to them unattended, and in an authoritative voice cried out, "Clear the way, vermin!" It is a fact equally extraordinary and incontestible, that these wild sons of the desert were so awed by his manner as involuntarily to obey the command.

At length the French army reached the heights which overlook Moscow. Glancing at his soiled garments, Joachim did not think them worthy of an occasion so important as that of entering the sacred city. He retired to his tent, stripped, and soon came out, arrayed in the most magnificent of his costumes. His tall plume seen over every thing, the splendid trappings of his steed, and the inimitable grace with which he managed the high-spirited animal as he advanced towards the Cossacks, who were under the walls of the city, produced a loud peal of applause from those wild warriors. As an armistice had been agreed on during the evacuation of the city by the Russian rear, he remained for two hours in the midst of his new admirers, who called him their "hetman," and pressed round him with tumultuous enthusiasm. His vanity was so much gratified with

he homage of these children of the wilderness, that ae distributed among them, first, all the money he ad about him; then, all he could borrow from the fficers of his staff; and lastly, his own watch and hose of his companions.

When Napoleon abandoned the retreating army t Smorgoni, Murat was left in command; but his noral courage appeared to have fled with success; ae was unequal to the duties of so trying a situation. When the wretched, worn-out remnant of the grand rmy was near Posen, an officer just arrived from Naples sought an interview with the king. What assed between them has never transpired. It has een said, that the messenger delivered him a letter acquainting him with the queen's projected usurpa- ion of his authority, and also despatches from Na- oleon, full of reproaches for the errors he had re- ently committed. Irritated at the reverses of the rmy, the ingratitude of the emperor, his own want of influence over the generals, and the intelligence he had received from Naples, on the 17th of January, 1813, he threw up his command, and travelled day and night on his return to Italy.

Murat reached his dominions in a state of mind more easily conceived than expressed. He had not returned many days when "he caused overtures to be made to Vienna, announcing his intention of com- bining his future political proceedings with those of the Austrian cabinet."* In April, the campaign in Saxony commenced, when, dazzled by the victories of Lutzen and Bautzen, he again took the command of the French cavalry, and in August was seen daringly fighting at Dresden. He afterward crossed the Elbe in pursuit of Blucher; "and in this incur- sion," says one of his lieutenants, the son of Wolfe Tone, "I could not help admiring the personal prow- ess of this brilliant warrior. His eyes would sparkle

* Austrian Declaration of War.

at the random discharge of a tirailleur's carbine. Without counting the enemy, he would cry, 'Chassez-moi ces canailles là!'—Drive off that rabble!—nor could he refrain, covered over with gold and feathers, and remarkable as he was by his singular and theatrical dress, from dashing in among the sharp-shooters. He was an admirable swordsman, and when he singled out some wretched Cossack, would dart on him like a falcon on his prey."*

After the terrible issue of the battle of Leipsic, in October, Murat precipitately abandoned the cause of his brother-in-law, and, on his return to Naples, immediately renewed the negotiations respecting his accession to the European alliance, and augmented his army, but gave no intimation of his ulterior objects. At length, on the 11th of January, 1814, he concluded a treaty, by which Austria recognised his right to the dignity he held, and he engaged to furnish thirty thousand troops, in furtherance of the common measures; and, without waiting for the ratification from Vienna, he at once assumed the offensive against the Viceroy Eugene, marched southward, and seized on Ancona and Bologna. When first informed of his defection, Napoleon would not credit the fact. "No!" he exclaimed to those about him, "that cannot be! Murat, to whom I gave my sister! Murat, to whom I have given a crown!"

But, though Joachim had entered into a treaty with Austria, material proofs, which fell into the hands of the allies, left no shadow of a doubt that he still continued secret connexions with France, and among them were the following letters to him from Napoleon:—

"*Nangis*, 18*th February*, 1814.

"You are a good soldier in the field of battle; but, excepting there, you have no vigour and no

* Campaigns of W. T. Wolfe Tone, subjoined to the Life of his Father vol. ii. p. 612.

naracter. Take advantage, however, of an act of eachery, which I only attribute to fear, in order to erve me by useful information. I rely upon you, pon your contrition, upon your promises. I sup- ose you are not one of those who imagine that the on is dead. If such are your calculations, they are lse. I defeated the Austrians yesterday, and am pursuit of the remains of their columns. Another ach victory, and you will see that my affairs are ot so desperate as you have been led to believe. ou have done me all the harm that you could nce your return from Wilna; but we will say no ore about it. The title of king has turned your ead. If you wish to preserve the former, behave ell, and keep your word."

Again, on the 5th of March, just before the battle f Craonne, Napoleon wrote as follows:—

"SIR, MY BROTHER,

"I have already communicated to you my opin- on of your conduct. Your situation had turned our head. My reverses have finished you. You ave surrounded yourself with men who hate France, nd who wish to ruin you. What you write to me at variance with your actions. I shall, however, ee by your manner of acting at Ancona, if your eart be still French, and if you yield to necessity one. Recollect that your kingdom, which has ost so much blood and trouble to France, is yours nly for the benefit of those who gave it you. It is eedless to send me an answer, unless you have omething important to communicate. Remember at I made you a king solely for the interest of my ystem. Do not deceive yourself: if you should ease to be a Frenchman, you would be nothing for e."*

* Parliamentary Debates, vol. xxxi., p. 151, 153.

In less than a month after this was written, Napoleon abdicated. Murat now looked forward to his own recognition by the Congress at Vienna; but he was regarded with little favour by that august body. Austria really wished to acknowledge his kingly character, and England, after the negotiations concluded with him, was prepared to do the same; but the measure was powerfully opposed by Prince Talleyrand, on the part of Louis XVIII. That able minister contended, that to have a creature of the ex-emperor on a throne so important as that of Naples, must be injurious to the security of the neighbouring states, and might endanger the public tranquillity.

While Joachim was anxiously waiting the result, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and triumphantly marched to the French capital. On hearing of his landing, Murat secretly despatched an emissary to congratulate him, and announce that, with a view to second his operations, he was about to attack the Austrians. Bonaparte enjoined him to wait for his giving him the signal before he commenced hostilities; but the impetuosity of the king was such, that he instantly put an army of fifty thousand men in motion, and advanced on Tuscany.* In his proclamation of the 31st of March, 1815, he exhorted all Italians to arm for the independence of their country, and the destruction of all foreign influence. The idea of rescuing the entire soil of Italy from external domination, and of uniting all the states into one powerful kingdom, was magnificent: such an attempt would have been worthy of the genius and power of a Napoleon; but Joachim was never meant for things of this order. Priests and nobles fled everywhere at his approach; and the self-styled emancipator of Italy was only joined by a few of the rabble, and a handful of brainless enthusiasts.

* Mémoires de Fleury de Chaboullon, tom. i. p. 397.

The Austrians and English assailed him at the same time, and compelled him to fall back towards his own kingdom. Most of the men composing his royal guard, with the second and third divisions of his regular troops, forthwith disbanded themselves, and went home. The combats—if, indeed, they deserved the name—of Caprano, Ponte-Corvo, Mignano, and San Germano, consummated the ruin. Seeing that all hopes of resistance were vain, and that the enemy were resolved not to treat with him, Joachim quitted his wretched remnant of an army, and, on the evening of the 18th of May, returned incognito to his capital. As he embraced his queen, he exclaimed with emotion, "All is lost, Caroline, except my own life, and that I have been unable to throw away!"

The news of his arrival soon spread throughout the city. The courtiers repaired to the palace, and he received them with composure and dignity: indeed, never had Joachim been so much a king as he was on the eve of ceasing to be one. During his short stay in the capital the public tranquillity was as undisturbed as if no enemy had been marching against it. He tried to rouse the Neapolitans to some uncommon exertion in his behalf, by promising them a constitutional system, as liberal as the wildest Carbonaro could have desired; but the people remained silent and sullen; and, on the evening of the 19th, Joachim, with a few attendants, all in disguise, left Naples and sailed for Ischia. While there, he heard of the capitulation of his army, which he had intrusted to Carascosa, and that, in the articles, not one word had been inserted in favour of himself. Thus betrayed on all sides, he resolved to sail for France, and throw himself on the generosity of Bonaparte. He landed at Cannes on the 25th, and despatched a courier to Fouché, requesting him to acquaint Napoleon with his arrival. All the reply he received was a recommendation "to

remain where he was, until the emperor's pleasure with regard to him should be known." Joachim burst forth into furious invectives against his ungrateful brother-in-law, for whom, he said, he had lost his army and his crown. However, to be within easier reach of the government, he set out for Lyons on the 25th of June: but, while he was changing horses at Aubagne, near Marseilles, he learned the disasters of Waterloo; and on this, hastily retracing his steps, he returned to the house he had before occupied in the neighbourhood of Toulon.

After Napoleon's second abdication, the situation of the fugitive became hourly more critical. He wished to visit Paris for the purpose of personally conferring with the allied sovereigns; but the roads leading into the interior were closed to one who was considered as the ally of the fallen usurper. He thought of escaping to England; but, though Lord Exmouth would willingly receive him on board, that admiral would not answer for the measures which the allies might adopt respecting him. He next applied, through Fouché, for permission to settle in Austria; and the Emperor Francis generously agreed to receive him, on condition of his laying aside his royal title. Murat instantly despatched a messenger to say, that he accepted the condition, and waited for the necessary passports.

The ex-king now thought his plans for the future finally arranged; but fortune had ordered it far otherwise. While he lay in a little village, quietly expecting the passports, he was alarmed by the intelligence, that a band of men had left Marseilles, with the resolution of taking him dead or alive, and thereby earning the forty-eight thousand francs set upon his head by the Bourbon government. He instantly fled, attended by a single valet, to a lonely retreat a few miles from Toulon, and near the borders of the sea. Every night some one of his friends privately left Toulon (now in the power of Lou's),

nine years of a government which I did every thing in my power to make a paternal one, I came out of it with only two hundred and fifty thousand francs in the world." He afterward spoke of his long military life, of his services to Naples, to her army of eighty thousand men which he had created, and to her navy and trade. "I have made," said he, in an impassioned tone, "all the sacrifices conceivable for the country. I forgot my own interests for those of the Neapolitans." He was then silent for a while, and after a deep sigh, he added, calmly, "Both in court and camp, my only object was the national good. I employed the public revenues solely to public purposes. I did nothing for myself. At this hour of my death, I have no other wealth than that of my actions. They are all my glory and my consolation."

In this way Joachim talked for some time with natural eloquence and loftiness. The officers around him were silent and deeply affected. At length, the door opened, and one of the commissioners entered to read the sentence. He heard it unmoved. A confessor was mentioned, and at his request the king signed this declaration:—"I declare that I have done good as far as it lay in my power; and that I die in the arms of the Catholic religion." He then wrote, with a firm hand, the following letter to his wife:—

"My dear Caroline,

"My last hour is come; in a few moments more I shall have ceased to live—in a few moments more you will no longer have a husband. Never forget me; my life has never been stained by injustice. Farewell, my Achille; farewell, my Letitia; farewell, my Lucien; farewell, my Louise. Show yourselves to the world worthy of me. I leave you without kingdom or fortune, in the midst of my multitude of enemies. Be steadily united—show your-

selves superior to misfortune—think of what you are, and of what you have been, and God will bless you. Do not reproach my memory. Be convinced that my greatest pain in the last moments of my life is that of dying far from my children. Receive your father's benediction—receive my embraces and my tears. Keep always before your memory your unfortunate father, "JOACHIM-NAPOLEON.

"*Pizzo*, 13*th October*, 1815."

He then cut off some locks of his hair, and, enclosing them in the letter, gave it unsealed to Captain Starage, entreating him to have it sent safe to his family, along with the seal of his watch, a cornelian head of his queen, which was found grasped in his right hand after his death. He requested the captain to take charge also of his watch for his faithful valet Amand. He then desired to see his two staff officers; but on being told that this would not be permitted, he said, "Let us delay no longer —I am ready."

When the fatal moment arrived, he walked with a firm step to the place of execution, as calm, as unmoved, as if he had been going to an ordinary review. He stood upright, proudly and undauntedly, with his countenance towards the soldiers, and when all was ready, kissing the cornelian, and then fixing his eyes steadfastly on it, he said, "Save my face, aim at my heart!"

Thus perished one whom death had respected in two hundred combats, and most of whose errors must be ascribed to a wretched education, and a lamentable want of self-government, moral energy, reflection, and patience. Murat was the child of impulse and feeling, not of reason and judgment. Mental discipline might have concentrated his powers, but hardly without destroying the romance of his character. As a soldier, he had never a superior, but he was no general; as a king, he was liberal,

even indulgent, though often arbitrary from passion or caprice, and profusely extravagant, from his fondness for show. As a man, he was generous and open-hearted; as a politician, wavering, ill-advised, and weak. In his domestic relations, he was loved more than respected. Of his wife, whose general talents were far superior to his own, he was fond; as a father, he was affectionate; as a friend, warm-hearted and faithful.

"The leading feature in King Joachim's character," observes an amiable and enlightened traveller, "seems to have been that gallant, generous bravery so becoming a soldier, which he displayed on all occasions. In his very last retreat, he risked his life to save the son of one of his nobles, who wanted the courage to do it himself. They were crossing a river, under the fire of the Austrians—the horse of the young man was wounded, and his situation appeared hopeless. Joachim, moved by the distress of the father, plunged into the stream, and brought the son in safety to the bank. Peace to his manes! That man must have the feelings of humanity shockingly perverted by political enmities who can read unmoved the story of his ignominious death."*

Murat's eldest son has purchased an estate in the Floridas, where he now resides. He is the author of "Correspondence inédite, entretenue par un nouveau Citoyen des Etats-Unis avec un de ses Amis l'Europe." When, in 1823, Lafayette revisited the cradle of his glory, Achille made a long journey to pay his respects to the guest of the United States. The eldest daughter is married to the Marquis Pepoli, of Bologna; the youngest has given her hand to Count Rasponi, of Ravenna.

* Matthews's Diary of an Invalid, vol. i. p. 250.

NEY.

Michael Ney, the "Indefatigable," the "Bravest of the Brave," was the son of a poor tradesman of the little town of Sarre-Louis, beyond the present frontier of Lorraine, where he first saw the light on the 10th of January, 1770. At the age of thirteen he was articled to M. Valette, a notary of the town; but the dull routine of a scrivener's office not being at all suited to his disposition, he, in February, 1787, enlisted as a simple hussar. In this more congenial sphere his activity and boldness did not long go unrewarded. At the battles of Nerwinde, Louvain, Valenciennes, and Grand-Près, his conduct was so excellent, that in 1793 he was made a lieutenant, and in the following year presented with a company.

It was shortly after these promotions that he first attracted the notice of General Kleber, by whom he was employed to head a corps of five hundred partisans—a body capable of great exploits, but receiving no pay, and subsisting chiefly by plunder: to traverse the enemy's line, to reconnoitre his positions, and to cut off his convoys were their usual tasks; and it was in this adventurous service that Ney acquired the surname of "Indefatigable."

In 1796, while serving in the army of the Sambre and Meuse, he exhibited multiplied proofs of courage and good conduct. The engagements of Altenkirchen, Dierdorf, and Montabour contributed not a little to his reputation. With only one hundred cavalry he made two thousand prisoners, and obtained possession of Wurtzberg; and, after passing a river, the banks of which were lined with cannon, he made himself master of Forsheim. For this service he was immediately nominated general of brigade. In the course of these daring exploits he

took many emigrants prisoners, but always contrived to elude the orders for shooting them—a circumstance which induced an agent of the Directory to observe, that "his friend Ney knew both when and how to spill and to spare the blood of his countrymen."

So great was his reputation now become, that in April, 1797, he commanded the cavalry at the battle of Neuwied, and on that occasion he passed through the Austrian lines, and powerfully contributed to the success of the day. He forced the enemy to abandon Giessen, but was at length obliged to retreat in the face of a superior force, and was taken prisoner, in consequence of his horse falling under him. Hoche, however, soon obtained his liberation by exchange, and on returning to the army he was raised to the rank of general of division.

After the peace of Leoben, Ney repaired to Paris, and declared against the Clichian party; but this is the only time that we find his name involved in the political annals of the revolution. Both before and after this period, he appears to have strictly confined himself to the duties of his profession.

On the renewal of hostilities in 1799, we find Ney serving in the army of the Rhine, and commanding the cavalry at the battle of Thur. In November he distinguished himself by one of the boldest adventures even of that adventurous period. The city of Manheim, at that time separated from the French army by the Rhine, was defended by a numerous garrison. It abounded with provisions and stores of every description; and, on every account, to gain possession of what was considered the key of Germany became an object of great anxiety with the French. While the generals were deliberating as to the best mode of making the attack, it struck Ney that a small trusty band might take the place by surprise. But before the attempt was hazarded, he resolved to reconnoitre the situation of the enemy in

person. Accordingly, one evening, assuming the dress of a Prussian peasant, he crossed the river, found means to enter the town, and, after examining all the posts and avenues, returned without discovery; being chiefly indebted for his safety to the facility with which he conversed in the German language. On his return, he selected a hundred and fifty men, and with this small but gallant detachment, he passed the Rhine at eight in the evening. At eleven he fell furiously on the outposts. The garrison having made a sally, which was instantly repulsed, he entered the gates at the same time with the fugitives, and after a short but desperate struggle obtained possession of the place. This brilliant achievement put the seal to his celebrity.

At Worms and at Frankenthal he conducted himself with like ability and ardour; and at the battle of the Iller captured all the enemy's artillery. Soon after this we find him in possession of Frankfort and Stuttgard, and reaping fresh laurels at Zurich and on the plains of Hohenlinden. The impetuous audacity with which he pursued a column of the enemy into the thick of the forest, and the close co-operation of his division with that of General Grouchy, tended greatly to the success of that memorable day.

At the peace of Luneville, Ney returned to Paris, and was appointed inspector-general of cavalry. In 1802 he married Mademoiselle Augné, the intimate friend of Hortense Beauharnais; and with a view of attaching this rising officer to his interests, Bonaparte presented him, on the occasion, with a superb Egyptian sabre—a circumstance trivial in itself, but attended with fatal results.

In 1803 the First Consul sent him into Switzerland, as minister plenipotentiary; where he conducted himself so well, that at the close of his mission the cantons presented him with a medal, expressive of their gratitude for his uniform modera-

tion and justice. On his return, he took the command of the camp of Boulogne. In 1804 Napoleon conferred on him the dignity of marshal, and grand eagle of the Legion of Honour. On the renewal of the war with Germany, he left the seacoast with the sixth corps, traversed France with extraordinary rapidity, and in October, 1805, fought the well-contested battle in memory of which he was afterward created Duke of Elchingen. He then entered Carinthia, where he remained until the peace of Presburg.

But the campaign of 1806–7 was that which, more than all preceding ones, raised the fame of this marshal. Still at the head of the sixth corps, he took a part in all the operations which terminated in the defeat of the Prussians at Jena and Auerstadt, and compelling Russia to make peace at Tilsit. The capitulation of Erfurt, with 14,000 prisoners and 120 cannon; of Magdeburg, with 23,000 prisoners and 800 cannon; the passage of the Vistula and capture of Thorn; the bloody battle of Soldau; the total destruction of a Prussian corps at Deppen; the battles of Gustadt and Amskerdorff; together with his heroic conduct at Friedland, where he drove into the Aller the left wing of the enemy, and decided the victory—such are the trophies of the marshal during this extraordinary campaign, and which obtained for him, with the unanimous voice of an army of heroes, the title of "Bravest of the Brave!"

The next theatre on which we find this great soldier is the Peninsula. In September, 1808, he joined the army of Spain; but he was soon convinced that the war in that country would prove disastrous, and with his characteristic bluntness, he expressed his views to the emperor. One day, after a grand review at Madrid, Napoleon entered the room where Ney and several other officers were assembled "Every thing goes on well," said he; "Romana will be reduced in a fortnight: the English are defeated,

and will be unable to advance: in three months this war will be finished!" None of the other generals ventured to reply; but the Duke of Elchingen shook his head, and with a dissatisfied look, said, "Sire, this war has lasted long already, and our affairs are not improved. These people are obstinate; even their women and children fight; they massacre our men in detail. To-day we cut the enemy in pieces; to-morrow we have to oppose another twice as numerous. It is not an army that we have to fight; it is a whole nation. I see no end to this business." Napoleon replied, "This country is a Vendée; but have I not subdued Vendée? The Calabrians were formerly insurgents; but now Naples is peaceable enough. Here the people are fanaticised by their priests; but the Romans subdued them; so did the Moors; and they are not to be compared to their ancestors. I will strengthen the government, bind the grandees to my interest, and fire on the rabble." Thus spoke Napoleon in the pride of unbounded power; and doubtless he would as surely have subdued Spain as did the Romans and the Moors, had he not been prevented, by his quarrels with Austria and Russia, from bringing the whole of his resources to act in this warfare.

Though Ney was not engaged, while in Spain, in any general action, he destroyed many of the guerrilla parties, overran Gallicia and the Asturias, defeated Sir Robert Wilson, and cut off many convoys of the allies. When Massena undertook the campaign in Portugal, he accompanied the expedition, and in his march reduced Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida. But the campaign was worse than useless to the French: famine, and the impossibility of forcing the lines of Torres Vedras, compelled them to retreat. That retreat, however, was a most brilliant one, and conferred great honour on the Duke of Elchingen, who commanded the rear. He sustained unmoved the incessant assaults of Lord Wel-

lington's overwhelming forces, though the corps which he commanded only consisted of six thousand men; and thus enabled the whole army to retire in perfect order.

At this time a quarrel took place between Ney and Massena. It arose from some reproaches which the commander-in-chief made to Ney for the slowness of his column, which the latter attributed to the number of carts and animals laden with plunder. In consequence of these reproaches, Ney ordered a guard to seize the said plunder and burn it; and the execution was begun on Massena's own share. Shortly after this, the Duke of Elchingen was divested of his command and recalled to France.

In 1812 he was intrusted with the command of the third corps, and had an active share in whatever successes were obtained by the French in the ill-fated expedition to Russia. He soon perceived, that to penetrate, at so late a period of the year, into the heart of that country, must endanger the safety of the invaders; and, as in the case of Spain, he spoke his mind freely to Napoleon, in the council held at Smolensko. After using many arguments, he concluded by advising the emperor to winter at that place, and intrench the remainder of the army on the borders of the Dwina and Dnieper. The advice was rejected: an advanced movement was made, and one of the most sanguinary conflicts in modern times took place, in which "the Bravest of the Brave" surpassed even himself, and nobly earned the title of Prince of the Moskwa, with which his imperial master rewarded him on the field of battle.

But the most signal service he ever rendered his country was in the deplorable retreat from Moscow. His station was in the extreme rear: and in the story of his flight every thing is so wonderful, that posterity would refuse credence to the details, had one contemporary voice been raised against them. That, with a handful of worn-out followers, destitute of

every necessary, he should repel the assaults and arrest the progress of untried, well-provided, and countless legions;—that, while his heroic little band were daily diminishing by hunger, cold, and lassitude, he should yet bid defiance to the whole Russian host;—in a word, that Ney's desperate valour should have secured the escape of any remnant of the grand army must ever command the astonishment of the world. At one time, after leaving Krasnoi, the whole Russian army lay between him and Napoleon; but though he had only three thousand men, he resolved to cut his way through the intervening legions. When summoned by Miloradovitch to capitulate, "A marshal of France never surrenders!" was his only reply, as he fearlessly led his devoted companions against the destructive batteries of the Lozmina. He then made a circuit at midnight to the banks of the Dnieper, which he crossed on blocks of ice, in spite of all opposition; and finally, with fifteen hundred men, joined the emperor once more. Napoleon, on seeing him, exclaimed, "What a man! what a soldier!"—He could not find words to express the admiration which the intrepid marshal had inspired him with. He received him in his arms, and declared he would have given all his treasures to be assured of his safety.* The Prince of the Moskwa had soon after the almost undivided honour of saving the wreck of this once mighty host at the passage of the Berezina.

In the campaign of 1813 Ney faithfully adhered to the falling emperor. He contributed powerfully to the victories of Bautzen, Lutzen, and Dresden; but at Dennewitz he received a severe check from the Crown-prince of Sweden, and it was reported at the head-quarters of the allies that he was killed. "If," said Bernadotte, "the Prince of the Moskwa be dead, Napoleon has lost one of his best captains:

* Mémoires de Rapp, p. 210.

accustomed to war on a large scale, he has long given eminent proofs of rare valour and consummate talents."* Never did he exhibit more bravery than at the fatal battle of Leipsic; and when, in 1814, the allies had entered the French territory, he fought with undiminished zeal at Brienne, Rothière, Troyes, Champ-Aubert, Château-Thierry, Montmirail, Vauchamp, Croanne, Laon, and Arcis-sur-Aube.

On the abdication of Napoleon, Ney was one of the three marshals chosen by the ex-emperor to negotiate with the allies; but the attempt was unsuccessful, and all he had to do was to remain a passive spectator of his benefactor's fall and exile. He now retired to the bosom of his family; but, accustomed to the bustle of camps, and habituated to command, a life of tranquillity soon became irksome. He was too old to acquire new habits; and though he had been married many years, he had never passed more than a few months with his family. Too illiterate to find a resource in books, and too rude of manners to be a favourite in society, he found himself condemned to a life of solitude and inactivity. Plain in manners, and still plainer in speech, he neither knew, nor wished to know, the art of pleasing at court. For dissipation he had no taste; the sobriety of his manners even bordered on austerity. On the other hand, educated at court, his wife had conceived during her childhood, certain ideas of grandeur, which the rank of marechale, at a more advanced period of life, enabled her to realize. She was fond of luxury, and her hôtel, which was furnished in the first style of elegance, was now frequented by all the fashion of the capital. The simple, soldier-like manners of her husband made him avoid these entertainments; so that while the Princess of the Moskwa was presiding at a magnificent repast, Michael Ney would frequently be dining by himself,

* Bulletin, 12th September.

and ruminating on the hot combats he had witnessed on the banks of the Tagus, or the freezing bivouacs he had shared in on the shores of the Borysthenes.

To escape from the monotony of his Parisian existence, he, in January, 1815, when persons of distinction were crowding to the metropolis, retired to his country-seat. He devoted his mornings to the sports of the field; and the guests he entertained in the evening were such as placed him completely at his ease, by rendering formality needless. It was here that on the 6th of March he was surprised by the arrival of an aid-de-camp from the minister at war, with orders for him to join with all possible expedition the sixth military division, of which he was the commander, and which was then stationed at Besançon. In his anxiety to be fully informed at head-quarters, Ney immediately rode to Paris; and there, for the first time, learned the disembarkation of Bonaparte from Elba. He eagerly undertook the commission assigned him of hastening to oppose the invader. Early on the following morning he took leave of Louis with many expressions of loyalty and zeal; and it is said that he even promised to bring the ex-emperor to Paris in an iron cage.

With pain we now approach the dark shade in the life of this great officer. Up to this hour, there is no reason to doubt that he was wholly attached to the king. On his arrival at Besançon, on the 10th, he was told of the disaffection of all the troops that had hitherto been sent against the invader, and perceived that those by whom he was surrounded were not more trustworthy. To a friend, who remarked that they would not fight, he answered determinedly, "They *shall* fight: I will begin the action myself, and run my sword to the hilt in the first who hesitates to follow my example." He was surrounded by incessant shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" Already at Lyons two members of the royal family had

found all opposition vain: the march of Napoleon was alike peaceful and triumphant. At Lons-le-Saulnier, on the evening of the 13th, he had a secret interview with a courier, who brought him a letter from Bertrand, and another from Bonaparte himself, reminding him of their former campaigns and exploits, and summoning "the Bravest of the Brave" to join his standard. Generals Lecourbe and Bourmont, by whom he was attended, advised the marshal not to oppose a torrent which was too powerful for any resistance he could bring against it. While in this state of doubt and indecision, the prefect of L'Ain arrived with intelligence, that his vanguard, posted at Bourg, had gone over to the enemy, and that the inhabitants of Chalons-sur-Saone had seized the park of artillery. All this confirming what Ney had just been told by the courier, he exclaimed, "It is impossible for me to stop the water of the ocean with the palm of my hand." Accordingly, on the following morning he published an order of the day, declaring that "the cause of the Bourbons was lost for ever, and that the legitimate dynasty which the French nation had adopted was about to reascend the throne."* The order was received by the soldiers with rapture; but some of the officers remonstrated, and left their command. One, before he went away, broke his sword in two, and threw the pieces at Ney's feet, saying, "It is easier for a man of honour to break iron than to infringe his word." The marshal then hastened to meet Napoleon, by whom he was received with open arms.

The Prince of the Moskwa was soon doomed to suffer the inevitable consequence of crime,—bitter and unceasing remorse. After inspecting all the strong places from Dunkirk to Strasburg, he re-

* "I have since met," says the Duke of Rovigo, "with a highly respectable officer, who assured me that he had seen M. Bourmont employed at Lons-le-Saulnier in drawing up the order which Ney directed to be read to his troops."—Mémoires, tom. iv. p. 252.

turned to Paris, and assisted at the Champ de Mai; but finding the inhabitants of the capital loud in their disapprobation of his treachery, in abandoning a king whom he had just sworn to serve faithfully, he withdrew, in the bitterness of his heart, to his country seat at Cordeau, leaving his family behind him in the metropolis. There, however, he could not regain that self-confidence, that inward sense of dignity, which integrity can alone bestow. He saw that his honour, his peace, the esteem of the wise and the good were lost to him for ever. Of his distress no stronger proof can be given, than the reply which, on his return to Paris, he made to the emperor, who feigned to believe that he had emigrated —"I *ought* to have done so long ago: it is now too late."

But the prospect of approaching hostilities rekindled the enthusiasm of this gallant soldier, and made him for a while less sensible to the gloomy agitation within. On the 10th of June he received from Napoleon an order to repair to the army at Lille, "if he wished to witness the first battle." From this moment his temper was observed to be less unequal, and his eye to have regained its fiery glance.

The story of Waterloo need not be repeated. Suffice it to say, that on no former occasion did "the Bravest of the Brave" exhibit more impetuous though hopeless valour. Five horses were shot under him: his garments were pierced with balls: his whole person was disfigured by gore and mud: yet he would have continued the contest on foot while life remained, had he not been forced from the field by the dense and resistless columns of the fugitives. He returned to the capital, and there witnessed the second imperial abdication and the capitulation of Paris, before he thought of consulting his safety by flight. He hoped that by virtue of the twelfth article of that convention, he should not be dis-

quieted; but the ordinance of July the 24th terribly undeceived him.

Intending to withdraw into Switzerland, and afterward to repair to the United States, he procured his discharge from Davoust, then minister at war. On reaching Lyons, Suchet tendered him money and passports; but he declined the generous offer, and secreted himself with one of his relatives, at the Château of Bessonis, near Aurillac, in the department of the Lot. But he was discovered by means of the rich Egyptian sabre presented to him on his marriage by the First Consul, which happened to be indiscreetly left on a sofa in a room open to strangers. On learning this circumstance, the prefect despatched some agents of the police, accompanied by an escort of gens-d'armes, to arrest the owner. They surrounded the château, and Ney at once surrendered himself.

He was conducted to Paris. A council of war, composed of French marshals, was appointed to try him; but they had little inclination to pass sentence on an old companion in arms, and declared their incompetency to try one who, when he consummated his treason, was a peer of France. Accordingly, by a royal ordinance of the 12th of November, the Chamber of Peers were directed to take cognizance of the affair. His defence was made to rest, by his able advocates, Berryer and Dupin, on the 12th article of the capitulation; but this was overruled, on the ground of his not being amenable to French laws, since Sarre-Louis, his native town, had recently been dissevered from France. This indeed the prisoner himself rejected: "I *am* a Frenchman," cried Ney, "and will die a Frenchman!" The result was, that he was found guilty, and condemned to death, by the immense majority of one hundred and sixty-nine to seventeen.

The marshal was in bed, and asleep, when he was awaked next morning by an officer, who proceeded

to read the sentence. On hearing the preamble enumerating his titles, he interrupted the recital, by saying, "Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney,—now a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust?" His last interview with his wife and four children was far more bitter than the punishment he was about to undergo. This heavy trial over, he was perfectly calm. "Marshal," said one of his sentinels, a poor grenadier, "you should now think of God."—"Do you suppose," answered Ney, "that any one need teach me to die?" But, immediately giving way to better thoughts, he added, "Comrade, you are right: I will die as becomes a Christian: send for the curate of St. Sulpice!"

At eight o'clock, on the morning of December the 7th, the marshal, with a firm step, and an air as calm as if he had been in a field of battle, descended the steps leading to the court of the Luxembourg, and entered a coach, which conveyed him to the place of execution, outside the garden gates. He alighted, and advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up to despatch him. To an officer who proposed to bandage his eyes, he replied, "Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He took off his hat, raised it above his head, and said, with a firm voice, "I declare, before God and man, that I have never betrayed my country: may my death render her happy! Vive la France!" Then, turning to the men, and striking his other hand on his heart, he gave the word, "Soldiers—fire!"

Thus, in his forty-seventh year, did "the Bravest of the Brave" expiate one great error, alike alien from his natural character, and unworthy of the general course of his life. If he was sometimes a stern, he was never an implacable enemy. He was sincere, honest, blunt even: so far from flattering, he often contradicted him on whose nod his fortunes depended. He was, with few exceptions, merciful to

the vanquished; and while so many of his brother marshals dishonoured themselves by rapine and extortion, Michael Ney lived and died poor.

"This extraordinary man," says Colonel Napier, "was notoriously indolent, and unlearned in the abstract science of war: it was necessary for him to see in order to act; his character seemed to be asleep, until some imminent danger aroused all the marvellous energy and fortitude with which nature had endowed him. He who had fought FIVE HUNDRED battles for France—not one against her—was shot as a traitor!"*

Of Ney's four sons two are in the service of his old companion in arms, Bernadotte, King of Sweden. The present Prince of the Moskwa recently married the daughter of M. Lafitte.

OUDINOT.

CHARLES-NICOLAS OUDINOT was born at Bar-sur-Ornain, the 2d of April, 1767. His father was a brewer, and the son followed for a time the same trade. Like most striplings, he was at first enamoured with the order of things produced by the revolution, but it soon brought excesses of which he could not approve. Bar was the scene of plunder, and would have been burnt, had not young Oudinot and others formed themselves into a sort of military force, and driven away the plunderers. In the pride attendant on his success he resolved to become a soldier. He obtained a commission, and by his bravery and good conduct rose rapidly through the subordinate ranks to be general of division.

He distinguished himself so much under Hoche,

* Napier's Peninsular War, vol. ii. p. 406

Pichegru, Moreau, Massena, and Bonaparte, on the Rhine, in Switzerland, and in Italy, that it excited great surprise among the army when, in 1804, it was found that he was not included in the creation of marshals. He was, however, made count of the empire, and presented with a million of francs. His valour at Wagram procured him the high title of Duke of Reggio; and at length, in 1809, he obtained the baton. In 1812 he commanded the twelfth corps in the Russian expedition; in the course of which he received many severe wounds, which did not, however, prevent his sharing the dangers and difficulties of that memorable retreat.

For some time after his return to the capital the duke remained in a languishing state; but as soon as his health was sufficiently restored, he hastened to the theatre of war, to support the declining fortunes of his sovereign. He fought gallantly at Bautzen; but his want of success in the action with Bernadotte at Grosberen so displeased the emperor, that he was superseded by Ney: notwithstanding, however, this unmerited disgrace, he did not refuse to serve under that marshal; and it doubtless was some consolation to him that even "the Bravest of the Brave" was compelled to retreat at Dennewitz before the same able commander.

On the abdication of Napoleon in 1814, the Duke of Reggio sent in his adhesion to Louis XVIII., by whom he was made colonel-general of the grenadiers, and intrusted with the important military government of Metz. On the ex-emperor's return from Elba, he continued faithful to the royal cause. He would have given battle to the invader, but his troops openly declared for their old leader. On his asking whether he might depend on them, they unanimously replied, "We will not fight against the emperor, nor for the Bourbons."

During the hundred days he resisted the overtures of Bonaparte, never appearing at court, but

passing his time at his seat at Montmorenci. On the second restoration of the Bourbons he was appointed to the chief command of the Parisian national guard, and made a peer of France and minister of state. The last military service performed by him was in the invasion of Spain, under the Duke of Angoulême, in 1823. While governor of Madrid, he zealously exerted himself to arrest the frantic course of the advocates of despotism.

Oudinot has received twenty wounds in battle. Though he has had repeated opportunities of amassing riches, and especially in the Low Countries, he is said to be poor. His wife was for some time lady of honour to the Dutchess of Berri. His eldest son is a colonel in the army. In August, 1830, he gave in his adhesion to the government of Louis Philippe.

PICHEGRU.

Charles Pichegru was born in 1761, at Arbois, in the province of Franche-Comté, of poor but respectable parents; and his education would most probably have been neglected, had not his native town possessed a college and a monastery, at both of which he could study gratuitously. As he showed great aptness, and a decided taste for the abstruse sciences, his superiors prevailed on him to become teacher of philosophy and mathematics at the military college at Brienne; in which capacity he gave lessons to Napoleon Bonaparte when he was about ten years of age.

His destination was to enter into the convent of Vitri, and pass his novitiate there; but, having a natural inclination for a military life, at the age of eighteen he enlisted as a private into a regiment of

artillery. Within the short space of six months he was made a sergeant, and in 1780 he embarked for America, and served there during the last three years of that war. In 1789 he occupied the rank of adjutant; and three years afterward was placed over a battalion of volunteers, and sent to join the army of the Rhine. Here he so greatly distinguished himself, that he was soon promoted, through the partiality of the representative St. Just, to the chief command of the army. Upon this occasion he wrote to the government—"I swear to make the arms of the republic triumph, and to exterminate tyrants, or die in combating them: my last words shall always be, 'Long live the republic! long live the Mountain!'"

When he assumed this important charge the army was in a dreadful state of disorganization. He soon restored something like discipline: he removed many of the officers, and filled up their places from the ranks: he introduced a new system of tactics, which tended to give confidence to his troops: he made a larger use of tirailleurs and flying artillery than any preceding general; and his rapid and incessant attacks did not allow breathing time to the Austrians. Wherever there was an enemy in the field there was Pichegru: instead of wasting his time and his troops in tedious sieges, he beat whole armies, and left the submission of the fortresses to follow as a matter of course.

On his return to France, in March, 1795, he was appointed commandant of Paris, and by the dispositions which he made, he overturned the projects of the terrorists. It is impossible to say by what process the mind of the general reverted to the interests of the royal family; but it is certain that he now lamented the existing state of things: he saw that violence, rapine, murder, deformed the face of his country, and he was not sure of his own head for a single day.

In this state of mind he set off for the army of

the Rhine, and then it was that Fauche Borel, a secret emissary of the Prince of Condé, ventured to visit him at his head-quarters at Altkirk. Pichegru readily undertook to promote the royal cause, but condemned the plan formed by the Bourbons, as one that would inevitably ruin the individuals concerned in its execution. He insisted on being allowed to follow his own judgment, engaging to communicate with the allied generals, and to act in conjunction with them. He formed a design which promised complete success; and he had even begun to act upon it, when the Directory, having received secret information of what was going forward, summoned him to Paris. He obeyed, confident alike in the weakness of the government, the imperfect information it had obtained, and his own popularity. He was right in his conjectures that the Directory dared not to lay hands on him. They deprived him, indeed, of his command, but offered him the embassy to Sweden. This he instantly refused; and retired to Bellevaux, near his native town; where, we are told, "it was his glory to find his relations as virtuous, as poor, and as obscure as he had left them." A small farm was the only fortune of the conqueror of Alsace, Brabant, Flanders, and Holland. Here he passed several months in uninterrupted tranquillity; and here he would probably have remained, had not the department of the Upper Saone returned him, in 1797, its deputy to the council of Five Hundred.

The Directory did not regard without much apprehension the accession of this friend of the Bourbons to that assembly; and their alarm was not diminished when they found him elected its president. They narrowly watched the propositions he made to his colleagues, and were soon convinced that they tended to the organization of a force calculated to counteract the influence of the regular troops, and gradually pave the way for the restoration of monarchy. To such a pitch did their fears increase

that, though jealous of Bonaparte, they applied to him for his advice and assistance. Augereau was in consequence despatched from Italy to the capital the revolution of the 18th Fructidor was effected and Pichegru and many other deputies were consigned to the Temple. To reconcile the public to so outrageous a proceeding, a correspondence which Moreau had intercepted* was published; and soon after, the general and fifty of his colleagues were transported to Cayenne.

After spending eight weary months in the pestilential deserts of Sinamari, and beholding many of his companions in misfortune perish around him, Pichegru contrived to escape with seven of his fellow-exiles, and after a perilous voyage in a frail canoe reached Paramaribo, the capital of Surinam. By the good offices of the Dutch they were provided with a passage to England, and landed at Deal in September, 1798; from whence Pichegru hastened to London, to join the numerous royalists who were at that time closely engaged in planning the restoration of the Bourbons. The hardships he had undergone brought on a long and severe illness, during which he was attended by Sir Gilbert Blane; to whom we are indebted for some characteristic particulars respecting his distinguished patient.

"Pichegru," says the venerable baronet, "had been well educated, both classically and mathematically; and it was evident, from the conversations I had with him, that subjects of science were familiar to him. He was by nature a humane and moderate man, and had much more the appearance and manners of a Swiss than of a Frenchman.

"Though at this time only thirty-six years of age, he had, in conducting armies, done what no general in ancient or modern times had performed in the same climate: he carried on an uninterrupted series

* See page 312.

of military operations in the field for two successive winters, included between the time at which he took the command of the lines of Weissenbourg, in 1793, till he overran Holland in 1795. He said, that though at that time he had not, on the average, more than one hour's sleep in the course of the night and day, he had always enjoyed perfect health, till the illness for which he was under my care; and this is a proof, among many others that have occurred to my observation, of the extraordinary powers imparted to the body by excitement of mind.

"He said, that during all his command his army had never a tent: that they never were sickly, except that part of it which was employed in the siege of Sluys; that in a space of time from four to six hours, an army can build huts to shelter themselves; and that his camp was like a town composed of huts. I asked, whether it was political enthusiasm which reconciled the soldiers to the hardships and dangers of a service into which most of them had been forced? He said, no; but *un esprit de coquinage*, which I take to mean a spirit of idleness, or the love of living independent of honest industry."

At length, in January, 1804, resolved to strike a decisive blow, Pichegru was landed on the French coast by an English cutter. He was there met by Georges Cadoudal, Montgaillard, and Joyaut; and all four hastened to Paris. The design of Georges was to assassinate the First Consul; nor would any of his Chouan friends have hesitated to commit the crime, for they were fierce and savage, and alike inaccessible to justice or pity in the execution of their desperate project: but there is no reason to suppose that Pichegru was prepared to take a part in such revolting extremities.

The conspirators, however, having been betrayed by their associate Montgaillard, were closely watched on their arrival in Paris. The police being privy to two interviews between Pichegru and Moreau, the

moment the latter was arrested a diligent search was commenced after the former. The conqueror of Holland was now a wretched outcast, lurking in obscurity, and venturing abroad only in the darkness. Sometimes he passed whole nights in the open air; and to such a man this sort of existence was infinitely worse than death. Nature demanding support, he ventured to take refuge in a house, the owner of which promised to protect him. But the faithless man betrayed his guest; and at midnight a commissary, attended by six gens-d'armes, came upon his privacy so abruptly, that he could not use either his dagger or pistol, though both were on his table. He wrestled for some time, and then attempted to move compassion; but he was immediately pinioned, and conveyed to the Temple.

Pichegru ere long heard, in his dungeon, of the Duke d'Enghien's murder on the 21st of March. On the 7th of April he was himself found dead in his prison; a black silk handkerchief was wrapped round his neck, and tightened by the twisting of a short stick, like a tourniquet. It was asserted, that he had turned this stick with his own hands, until he lost the power of respiration, and then, by laying his head on the pillow, had secured the stick in its position. It did not escape the public, that this was a mode of death far more likely to be inflicted by the hands of others than those of the sufferer himself; and the rumour spread, that he had been taken off by satellites of the police; or, according to others, by some Mamelukes whom Napoleon had brought from Egypt. "This last assertion," says Sir Walter Scott, "had a strong impression on the multitude, who are accustomed to think, and love to talk, about the mutes and bowstrings of Eastern despotism; but with well-informed persons, its improbability threw discredit on the whole accusation."* The

* Life of Napoleon, vol. v. p. 126.

recent fate of the Duke d'Enghien had, however, prepared men to receive any story of this dark nature; and it was argued, that Bonaparte had feared to bring Pichegru, a bold and dauntless man, into an open court, where he might have said many things well calculated to injure the consul in public opinion.

Such is the version of the transaction given by Napoleon's enemies, and among the rest by De Bourrienne, who had recently been discarded the First Consul's service. The following is Savary's counter-statement:—"Being at the Tuileries, about eight in the morning, I received a note from the officer of the gen-d'armerie d'élite, informing me, that Pichegru had just been found dead in his bed, and that this had occasioned a great bustle in the Temple, where they were expecting some one from the police, to which intelligence of the circumstance had been sent. I forwarded this note to the First Consul; he sent for me, supposing that I had further particulars, but as I had none, he despatched me to make inquiries, saying, 'This is a pretty end of the conqueror of Holland.'"

Finding that De Bourrienne had collected together and adopted all the calumnies circulated at the time against Napoleon, with regard to the death of Pichegru, Joseph Bonaparte, from his retreat in the United States, has recently stepped forward to confirm the statement of the police minister, and expose the misrepresentations of the discarded secretary.

"M. de Bourrienne," says the Count de Survilliers, "does not scruple to charge with a frightful crime the man whom he calls the friend of his youth, in whose service he had been for years, and by whom he sought to be again employed, as long as fortune was on his side. In my conscience, I believe there never existed a man less capable of committing such a crime than Napoleon; yet it is he whom the schoolfellow of Brienne dares to ac-

cuse. On the morning of Pichegru's death, I was in the First Consul's cabinet at the Tuileries, searching for some papers, when Savary was announced, and I heard him detail the particulars of the suicide, precisely as they were afterward published. I read in Napoleon's countenance the surprise which the event created, and little imagined that there were men so base as to charge him with so detestable and uncalled-for a murder; for the meeting between Pichegru and Moreau had been fully established."*

Napoleon himself treated the charge as so absurd, that it would be degrading to attempt to repel it. "What advantage," he observed, "could accrue to me from Pichegru's assassination?—a man who was evidently guilty, against whom every proof was ready, and whose condemnation was certain. The fact is, that he found himself placed in a hopeless situation; his high mind could not bear to contemplate the infamy of a public execution, he despaired of my clemency, or disdained to appeal to it, and put an end to his existence."†

SOULT.

Jean-de-Dieu Soult, now Duke of Dalmatia, and minister at war to Louis Philippe, was born of humble parents, at St. Amand, in the department of the Tarn, the 29th of March, 1769. At the age of sixteen, he entered the service as a private, and, after spending some time in the royal regiment of infantry, became sub-lieutenant of grenadiers.

Under Hoche and Jourdan, he distinguished him-

* Notes sur les Mémoires de M. de Bourrienne, par le Comte de Survilliers.

† Las Cases, vol. iv. p. 258.

self by a bravery always subservient to sound discretion. His talents were strikingly exhibited at the battle of Fleurus. In 1794 he was chief of the staff to General Lefebvre, who headed the advanced guard of the army of the Moselle. When the right wing under Marceau was routed, and that general himself forced to fall back on Lefebvre's division, he entreated, in an agony of despair, a succour of four battalions, that he might recover his lost position. "Give them to me," exclaimed he, "or I will blow my brains out!" Soult observed, that such a step would endanger the safety of the division. Indignant that an obscure aid-de-camp should presume to decide on such a subject, "And who are you?" cried Marceau. "Whoever I am," answered Soult, "I am calm, which you are not; do not kill yourself, but lead on your men to the charge, and you shall have the four battalions as soon as we can spare them." The result proved the wisdom of Soult's advice. The division of Lefebvre was almost instantly assailed by the Prince of Cobourg, and a bloody conflict ensued, in which both Soult and Marceau fought like lions. Towards evening this obstinately contested battle appeared to Lefebvre to be so much to the disadvantage of the French, that he was inclined to make a retrograde movement; but the design was opposed by Soult. "If I am not mistaken," said he, "from what I can judge of the enemy's second line, the Austrians are preparing to retreat." An order from Jourdan to charge confirmed the eagle glance of this soldier. After the battle, Marceau, whose anger had given way to admiration, held out his hand to Soult: "Colonel," said he, "forgive the past; you have this day given me a lesson which I shall never forget. It is you, in fact, who have gained the battle."

In 1796 he was appointed general of brigade, then joined the army of Italy, and made the campaign of 1799 with distinction, until he was shut up in Genoa

with Massena. From this period commenced the friendship which the conqueror of Rivoli ever after entertained for him. Bonaparte, who only knew Soult by report, one day inquired of Massena, whether he deserved his high reputation. "For judgment and courage," replied the veteran, "he has scarcely a superior." The consequence of this honest praise was, that he was intrusted with the command of the chasseurs of the consular guard, and thenceforth honoured with the personal esteem of Napoleon.

When the invasion of England was resolved on, Soult was placed over the army encamped from Boulogne to Calais. The discipline which he established was more severe than had ever been known to exist among the French troops: from daybreak to nightfall he was on horseback, inspecting their various evolutions, or superintending on foot their labours in the intrenchments. Many of them complained; and one day, even the First Consul expressed an apprehension that they would sink under it. The general replied, "Such as cannot withstand the fatigue which I myself undergo will remain in the depots; but those who do stand it will be fit to undertake the conquest of the world." Expressions like these could not but be grateful to one who was meditating so vast a design; and, in May, 1804, Soult was presented with a marshal's truncheon.

At Austerlitz he commanded the centre of the army. On the night preceding that memorable day, when the marshals surrounded Napoleon to receive his instruction, "As for you, Soult," said he, "I have only to say, act as you always do!" In the heat of this battle an aid-de-camp arrived with an order that he should instantly gain the heights of Pratzen. "I will obey the emperor's commands as soon as I can," answered the marshal, "but this is not the proper time." Napoleon, enraged, despatched another aid-de-camp with a more peremptory mandate. He arrived just as Soult was putting his

column in motion. The manœuvre had been delayed because the Russians were extending their line to the left, and so weakening their centre, which was in possession of the heights. Complete success attended the marshal's attack. Bonaparte, who, from his eminence, perceived at once the reason of the delay, and the brilliancy of the movement, rode up to Soult, and, in presence of the whole staff, who shortly before had heard him exclaim against his disobedience, said, "Marshal, I account you the ablest tactician in my empire!"

At Eylau the French army was in a critical situation. Augereau had been routed; the march of Davoust had been impeded; Ney and Bernadotte were at a distance; and the emperor was so much discouraged at the heavy loss he had sustained, that he wished to fall back to effect a junction with his other corps: "Beware of doing so, sire!" exclaimed Soult, with vivacity; "let us remain the last on the field, and we shall have the honour of the day; from what I have seen, I suspect the enemy will retreat during the night." Napoleon complied with his marshal's suggestion, the wisdom of which was fully justified by the event. He was shortly after created Duke of Dalmatia.

But Soult was now called to a scene where his triumphs were to be short-lived, and defeat was generally to attend his ablest measures. In 1808 he entered Spain. His first duty was to pursue Sir John Moore, whose retreat he harassed, but whom he dared not openly attack, until the English reached Corunna. Under the walls of that city he furiously assailed Sir John, in the view of preventing the embarkation of the British troops; but, after a sharp action, was completely repulsed. It was in this engagement that Sir John Moore fell. When the battle was ended, his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours,

and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, ordered the following inscription to be engraved upon a rock near the spot where he fell:—"*Hic cecidit Johannes Moore, Dux Exercitus, in pugna Januarii* XVI., 1809, *contra Gallos à Duce Dalmatiæ ductos.*"*

The Duke of Dalmatia's next step was to invade Portugal. For some time he met with nothing like a combined operation. Oporto was taken, and the fruit of his victory was the capture of immense magazines of powder, and a hundred and ninety-seven pieces of artillery. Thirty English vessels, wind-bound in the river, and loaded with wines and provisions for a month, also fell into his hands. He endeavoured to remedy, as far as it was possible, the deplorable result of the soldiers' fury. Recovering and restoring a part of the plunder, he caused the inhabitants remaining in the town to be treated with respect; and invited by proclamation all those who had fled to return.

His ability in the civil and political administration of the Entre Minho é Douro produced an effect for which he was not prepared. Struck with the evident vigour of his character, the party inimical to the House of Braganza waited on him, and expressed their desire for a French prince and an independent government. They even intimated their good wishes towards Soult himself, and solicited his concurrence and protection. The marshal encouraged the design, and, appointing men to civil employments, raised a Portuguese legion of five battalions. He acted with so much dexterity, that in fifteen days addresses were sent in bearing the signatures of thirty thousand persons.

This transaction formed the groundwork of a tale generally credited, even by his own officers, that Soult aimed at an independent crown; and the cir-

* Napier's Peninsular War, vol. i. p. 500.

cumstances were certainly such as might create suspicion. That the conclusion was false is, however, proved by the mode in which Napoleon treated both the rumour and the subject of it. It came to his ears in October, 1809, while he was at Schönbrunn. "The emperor," says Savary, "treated the whole matter as mere folly: it appeared to him quite absurd, and he laughed heartily at it. To make Soult easy, he made known to him, that the story had reached him, adding, 'I remember nothing but Austerlitz.'"*

But to subdue the country was beyond Soult's power. The very peasantry, ill-armed and undisciplined as they were, arrested his progress; and at last the British, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, advanced against him, and with such celerity, that the marshal was surprised at the passage of the Douro. That he should have suffered himself to be taken by surprise is considered a blot upon his military reputation; but from the commencement of his retreat, all his operations were marked by talent and decision. He unhesitatingly adopted the only measure by which his army could be rescued from their danger; and by the prompt sacrifice of his artillery and baggage he succeeded in evading his pursuers. It was about this time that the despatch was intercepted by the peasantry of Gallicia which has been considered a stain on Soult's character, in which he complained of a moral debility (*affaiblissement moral*) in some of his officers. "In the kind of warfare which we carry on," he said, "and with the sort of enemy whom we have to contend with, it is of great importance that the chiefs at the head of our troops should not only be *impassible*, but possess a force of mind which places them, in all circumstances, above events even the most vexatious."† After the dis

* Savary, vol. iii. p. 138. † Southey, vol. iii. p. 446.

aster of Talavera, he hastened to effect a junction with Ney and Mortier, and, in his turn, pursued Wellington, who could not make a stand against the combined strength of the three marshals; but the pursuit was not continued beyond the confines of Spain.

On his return from this fruitless expedition, the Duke of Dalmatia overran Andalusia. He took Seville, but he failed before Cadiz. About this period it was that a new and unheard-of principle of war was attempted to be established by the French leaders. It was declared by Soult, in a public edict, "that there was no Spanish army but that of his Catholic majesty Joseph Napoleon, and that all bodies of armed Spaniards, of whatever number or description, which existed in the provinces should be treated as banditti, whose object was robbery and murder;" every individual taken in arms was immediately to be condemned and shot, and his body exposed on the highway. When the regency found that this decree was actually carried into effect, they reprinted it with a counter-declaration, ordaining, that for every one who should be murdered by the enemy, the first three Frenchmen taken in arms should be hanged. Soult himself they declared unworthy of the law of nations, as long as his decree remained unrepealed; and orders were issued, that, if taken, he should be treated as a common robber.

When Massena entered Portugal, destined to meet with as little success as he had met before, Soult reduced Badajos, the key of the Guadiana, where he left a garrison, and returned to Andalusia. That fortress, however, being soon invested by the allies, he advanced to its relief; and, on the 16th of May, 1811, gave battle to Marshal Beresford at Albuera, and was forced from his position with immense slaughter. He was, however, soon joined by Marmont, who had succeeded Massena, and both united

were too strong for the allies, who once more retired into Portugal.

In 1813 Soult was called from this diversified scene to support the tottering throne of his imperial master in another region. He was present at the battle of Bautzen, and was treated by the emperor with great confidence. While at Dresden news arrived of the defeat of the French at Vittoria—a defeat which left the Peninsula at the mercy of Wellington, and brought the war to the foot of the Pyrenees. Confounded at this new reverse, which the emperor imputed to the inability of Joseph and Jourdan, he looked around for a general capable of repairing so many errors, and the choice fell upon Soult. He enjoined him to go and rally his forces, and defend, inch by inch, the passage of the Pyrenees. Soult would not have hesitated, had not his wife, recently arrived at Dresden, shown some repugnance to return to Spain, "where," said she, "nothing is to be got but blows." His better-half wished him to refuse the trust; and finding she could not prevail, she determined to try the effect of her rhetoric on the emperor, and obtained an interview, at which she pleaded her spouse's shattered frame and his need of repose. "Madame," replied Napoleon, "recollect, I am not your husband; if I were, you should conduct yourself very differently." He desired her to assist, not thwart, her husband in his duty, and to begone.*

Soult proceeded to Paris with the swiftness of an arrow. He stopped there a few hours, merely to ascertain what resources the war minister could place at his disposal, and then set off to take command of the army, which had nearly arrived under the walls of Bayonne. His first attempt was to relieve Pampeluna; but there he was twice repulsed, and perceived that he could neither avert the invasion

* Las Cases, vol. ii. p. 231. Fouché, vol. ii. p. 144. Savary, vol. iii. p. 98.

of France, nor materially retard the advance of the allies. He, however, did all he could to fulfil the tenor of his instructions. For two successive days he obstinately defended his intrenched camp at Bayonne; but when the English manœuvred to turn his position, he continued his retreat.

On the 27th of February, 1814, he again assailed the allies, and was again defeated at Orthez; and, having published a furious proclamation in behalf of Napoleon, on the 10th of April, he made another stand under the walls of Thoulouse, but with no better success. Conscious that the city was not tenable, he retreated with his whole force, during the night of the 12th, to Ville Franque, and on the following day continued his march to Castelnaudry; where, finding that the cause of his imperial master was irrevocably lost, he gave in his submission to the Duke of Angoulême, and handed over to his royal highness the command of the army.

On his return to Paris, Soult was confirmed by Louis XVIII. in his rank and dignities, and intrusted with the command of the thirteenth military division; and in December he received the portfolio of the ministry at war. On the landing of Bonaparte at Cannes, the successive defection of all the troops created so strong a suspicion that the marshal was not a stranger to so complete a desertion, that the king displaced him. "This suspicion," says Savary, "was a calumny; he had nothing to do with the recent occurrences."* "Soult," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "did not betray Louis, nor was he privy to my return. For some days he thought that I was mad, and that I must certainly be lost. Notwithstanding this, appearances were so much against him, and, without intending it, his acts turned out to be so favourable to my projects, that were I on his jury, and ignorant of what I know, I should con-

* Mémoires, tom. iv. p. 258.

demn him for having betrayed Louis. But he really was not privy to it." He accepted, however, a seat in the usurper's new chamber of peers, and the functions of major-general. He fought at Fleurus and Waterloo, but with less distinction than might have been expected from his former renown; and his name was included in the proscribed list of the 24th of July.

In February, 1816, the Duke of Dalmatia retired to the dutchy of Berg, the native country of his lady, where he remained three years; his time being chiefly passed in the composition of his Memoirs, which the world may one day expect to see, and of the value of which Colonel Napier has given us a foretaste.*

In May, 1819, he received the royal permission to return to France; and in January, 1820, his marshal's staff was restored to him. On the abdication of Charles X., he gave in his adhesion to the government of Louis Philippe; on the 14th of August, 1830, he was raised by his new sovereign to the dignity of a peer of France; and in November he was again made minister at war. On re-establishing his relations with the army, he issued a circular, detailing the principles of his administration. "In succeeding," says the duke, "a minister who has added to the lustre of his splendid military career by the noble part he took in our glorious revolution, it is my intention to imitate him in his acts, his ardent patriotism, his respect for the laws, his love of public liberty, and the sentiment of French greatness. Like him, I felt, that in the first moments of agitation which the miraculous liberation of France necessarily produced, discipline must have experienced some relaxation in

* "Many of the documents which will suffice to give the work interest, although it should have no other merit, I owe to the liberality of Marshal Soult, who, disdaining national prejudices, with the confidence of a great mind placed them at my disposal, without even a remark to check the freedom of my pen. I take this opportunity to declare that respect which I believe every British officer who has had the honour to serve against him feels for his military talents."—*Napier's Peninsular War*, vol. i. p. 8.

a few of the corps. At present, the least irregularity can no longer be excused. The generals, the chiefs, and officers of every rank would be responsible for it, and could not remain unpunished. Rallied round the standard which for twenty-five years shed lustre upon France, we should all feel that obedience to the laws is our first duty; submission and the observance of discipline the rule of our conduct. Under the ægis of these principles, the army may be assured, that impartial justice will protect its rights, repel favour, and ensure to merit alone its reward."

Soult will ever be ranked among the ablest of Napoleon's captains. His life was one of incessant activity, from the breaking out of the French Revolution to the second return of the Bourbons; and throughout that long period few generals have been equally successful. His career was uniformly brilliant, until he measured his sword with one who was destined successively to humble, not only the most skilful of the French marshals, but their great master.

To the Duke of Dalmatia war has not proved an unprofitable game. He possesses valuable estates, and an income sufficiently large to confer splendour on his high rank in the army and peerage. His person is thus described by one who visited, in 1822, his far-famed gallery of Murillos:—"We were received with a plain, frank courtesy by the marshal,—a middle-sized, though somewhat corpulent personage, of from fifty to sixty years of age, whose dark curling hair rendered somewhat conspicuous the bald patch in the middle of his head; while his sunburnt complexion accorded well with his dark intelligent eye. His black stock, plain dark coat, and loose blue trousers, which, capacious as they were, could not hide his bow-legged form, obviously suggested the soldier rather than the courtier, the marshal rather than the duke; though, if I had encountered such a figure in London, I should rather have guessed him to be an honest East or West India captain."

SUCHET.

Louis-Gabriel Suchet, the son of a silk manufacturer of Lyons, was born the 2d of March, 1770. At the age of twenty, he entered as a volunteer into a regiment raised by his native town. In 1793, placed at the head of a battalion, he distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon, and took prisoner General O'Hara. In 1794 he passed to the army of Italy, and was present at the battle of Vado, and at Laono, where, at the head of his battalion, he carried off three standards from the Austrians. In 1796 he commanded the eighteenth battalion under Massena, and took a part in the actions at Dego, Lodi, the Borghetto, Rivoli, Castiglione, Peschiera, Trento, Bassano, Arcole, and Cérea, where he was dangerously wounded. Before he was sufficiently recovered, he joined the brigade, and made the brilliant campaign which led to the treaty of Campo Formio. He was again wounded at Tarvis, and a third time at Neumarckt, in Styria, where he was made chief of brigade on the field of battle.

In 1798, having borne a distinguished part in th campaign against the Swiss, he was sent to Paris with twenty-three standards taken from the enemy. He now obtained the rank of general of brigade, and was on the point of proceeding with the expedition to Egypt, when he was suddenly retained to restore discipline and confidence in the army of Italy. He was afterward sent to the army of the Danube, at the head of which he exerted himself in defending the country of the Grisons. Joubert, his friend, having been intrusted with the command of the army of Italy, Suchet joined him, as general of division and chief of his staff. Throughout these and the ensuing campaigns, he was remarkable for the disci-

pline of his troops. Though active and firm, and confident both in himself and his followers, he never suffered himself to be betrayed into any step where success appeared doubtful. Sometimes his corps formed a part of the grand army, at others he manœuvred at a distance from it; but whether acting in obedience to precise orders, or left to his own sound judgment, he uniformly gave satisfaction to the general-in-chief.

After the treaty of Luneville, he was made inspector-general of the infantry; in 1803 he was named a member of the Legion of Honour; and in 1804 appointed governor of the imperial palace of Lacken. But he was soon summoned to the campaign in Germany, where, at Ulm, at Hollabrunn, and especially at Austerlitz in 1805, at Saalfeld and Jena in 1806, and at Pultusk in 1807, he greatly contributed to the success of the French arms. In 1808 he was rewarded with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, with an endowment of twenty thousand francs, and raised to the dignity of count of the empire.

He was next sent to Spain, and placed at the head of the forces in Aragon. The weakness and the discontented and dispirited state of his army gave him some uneasiness; "but Suchet," says Colonel Napier, "was no ordinary man; and with equal prudence and vigour he commenced a system of discipline in his corps and of order in his government that afterward carried him, with scarcely a check from one success to another, until he obtained the rank of marshal for himself, and the honour for his corps of being the only one in Spain that never suffered any signal reverse."* In 1809 he covered the siege of Saragossa, and twice defeated Blake. In 1810 he took Lerida, defeated O'Donnell, and reduced Mequinanza and Tortosa. In 1811 he reduced

* Napier, vol. ii. p. 97.

San Felipe, and, after fifty-six days' vigorous siege, Tarragona. Monserrat, Oropeza, Sagunto followed the same fate, and Blake was a third time defeated more disastrously than before. But the most important of his conquests was the city of Valencia, which surrendered in January, 1812. He ended this brilliant campaign by the reduction of two fortresses, which completed the subjugation of the ancient kingdom of that name. To mark his sense of Suchet's distinguished services, Napoleon bestowed on him the title of Duke of Albufera, with the investiture of that rich domain.

But his career of victory was now over. The decisive battle of Vittoria, which forced a great proportion of the French troops to flee beyond the Pyrenees, compelled him to evacuate Valencia; but he contrived to maintain himself for some time in Catalonia. One of his last acts was to receive Ferdinand, who had been released from Valençay, and conduct him to the Spanish army.

Receiving official intelligence of Napoleon's abdication, he caused Louis XVIII. to be acknowledged by the army, and handed over his authority to the Duke of Angoulême. By the restored monarch he was made a peer of France, and governor of the fifth military division at Strasburg, at which place he was when Bonaparte returned from Elba. He maintained fidelity among the troops until the king had left France, when the current of opinion and events was too potent to be resisted: he hastened to Paris, and was persuaded to accept a command under his old master. At the head of the army of the Alps, consisting of only ten thousand men, he beat the Piedmontese, and afterward the Austrians. The advance of the grand Austrian army, however, one hundred thousand strong, compelled him to fall back on Lyons; but he saved his native city from plunder by an honourable capitulation. For a time he lost his civil, but not his military honours; and in 1822 the

peerage was restored to him. He died at Marseilles on the 3d of January, 1826, ere he had completed his fifty-sixth year.

Suchet's military career was unstained by rapine and inhumanity. Though compelled to maintain his troops by contributions on the vanquished inhabitants, he never tolerated excesses. His severe discipline, his love of justice, his moderation, and his humanity have rendered his name estimable even in Spain. Shortly before his death, he drew up an historical memoir of his campaign in that country, which has since been published.

Napoleon said at St. Helena, that "if he had had two such field-marshals as Suchet in Spain, he should not only have conquered, but kept the Peninsula. His sound judgment, his governing yet conciliating spirit, his military tact, and his bravery had procured him astonishing success. It is a pity that a sovereign cannot *improvise* men of his stamp."

VICTOR.

Victor Perrin, known for many years by the name of Victor, and now by that of Duke of Belluno, was born of humble parents at Marche, department of the Vosges, in 1766. At the age of fifteen, he entered the army as a private in the artillery, and first distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon. He conducted the attack on Fort Aiguillette, the reduction of which led to the evacuation of the town by the allied army.

Passed to the army of the eastern Pyrenees with the rank of general of brigade, he was present at the siege of St. Elmo, and at all the actions previous to the treaty of Bâle. Having joined the army of Italy,

he displayed great bravery at the battles of Laono, Cossaria, Dego, La Favorità, St. George, St. Lucia, Villafranca, Alexandria, Novi, and lastly at Marengo. A sabre of honour was the reward of his services on that memorable day.

At the peace of Amiens, he was sent ambassador to Denmark, and remained there till the war with Prussia. He was wounded at the battle of Jena, and, in the following year, his gallantry at the great action of Friedland at length procured him a marshal's baton.

On the peace of Tilsit, he was appointed governor of Berlin, and, during his fifteen months' residence among them, succeeded in conciliating the esteem of the inhabitants. In 1808, being ordered to join the army in Spain, he made the campaign of Madrid, and distinguished himself in the engagements at Espinosa, Somnio-Sierra, and Madrid. In 1809 he gained the battle of Ucles, and took fifteen thousand of the advanced guard of the Duke del Infantado prisoners. The victory was so bloodless, that neither the marshal nor his soldiers could have had any cause to be in a ferocious state of excitement. The prisoners taken in battle were, however, marched to Madrid. Some of these poor wretches, according to M. de Rocca,* expired from hunger; many of them sank down exhausted with fatigue; and when they were unable to go farther, they were mercilessly shot. This sanguinary order was given by Victor, in retaliation for the death of the French prisoners whom the Spaniards had hanged. "If so," says Colonel Napier, "it was a barbarous and a shameful retaliation, unworthy of a soldier; for what justice or honour is there in revenging the death of one innocent person by the murder of another?"†

Shortly after this, Victor was ordered to march to the support of Soult in Portugal; but he had scarcely

* Rocca's Memoirs, p. 79 † Napier, vol. ii. p. 16.

set foot on the Portuguese territory, when he found it necessary to retreat. He effected, however, a junction with Joseph Bonaparte and General Sebastiani, and resolved to attack Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was advancing into Spain in pursuit of the Duke of Dalmatia. The two armies met in front of Talavera, and a sanguinary combat ensued. Victor was completely routed, with the loss of about ten thousand men. Yet he did not retreat far. Having effected a junction with another marshal, and perceiving that he was not pressed by Sir Arthur, who indeed had retreated before the alarming numbers of Soult, Mortier, and Ney, he retraced his steps, and took possession of Talavera. And here we readily record an instance of humanity on his part, which makes us the more regret that he should have sullied himself so fearfully at Ucles. When he entered the town, he found some of the wounded, French and English alike, lying on the ground in the Plaza.—He spoke kindly to the latter, complimented them on their observance of the courtesies of war, but said there was one thing they did not understand—how to deal with the Spaniards. "He then," says Mr. Southey, "sent soldiers to every house, with orders to the inhabitants immediately to receive and accommodate the wounded of the two nations, who were lodged together, one Englishman and one Frenchman; and he expressly directed, that the Englishmen should always be served first."*

After an unsuccessful, though tedious siege of Cadiz, the marshal, whom Napoleon had now created Duke of Belluno, was summoned to the Russian campaign. At the Berezina, at Dresden, at Wachau, and at Leipsic, he fought nobly; and he bore his part equally well in the obstinate attempt to defend the French territory in 1814. After incredible efforts at Nangis and Villeneuve, on the 17th of February,

* Southey, vol. iv. p. 49.

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